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## WHO OF US ARE INSANE?

IN this paper I propose to show that mental and moral diseases are much more frequent in community than is commonly supposed; that persons afflicted with the incipient and milder phases of what we call insanity are all about us, on every hand, and mingle with success in the various relations of life; and that only in the severer and exceptional cases is it found necessary to confine them in public institutions, or place them under any form of special treatment or surveillance.

That all forms of mental and moral disease are symptoms of morbid conditions of the brain, is now as well established as any fact of science. The elaborate researches of Professor Schraeder van der Kolk, and other European observers, have shown most clearly that the brains of patients who die insane, idiotic, or imbecile, give evidence, on microscopic examination, of diseased conditions sufficient to account for all the symptoms they may have exhibited. Insanity, being then a symptom of disease of the brain, is not found among the inferior species, who have little or no nervous system, and only exceptionally among the higher orders of animals. It is comparatively rare among wild and barbarous tribes. As would logically be expected, its manifestations are

most frequent and most severe in civilized communities, and among the intellectual or ruling classes. Insanity increases in frequency and in violence with the progress of civilization, and is indeed a part of the price that we pay for intellectuality and refinement. It was never before so common as at the present day, and it appears to be rapidly increasing and multiplying its phases in direct proportion to our progress in art, in science, in literature, in trade, in finance, and in all the departments of modern activity through which the brain is so constantly harassed and overworked. While we escape or recover from many of the inflammations and fevers that decimate the savage tribes, and are, on the whole, healthier and longer-lived, we are yet afflicted with a thousand phases of insanity to which they are comparatively strangers.

In order to understand the nature and the range of diseases of the brain, we should compare them with those of the other bodily organs. Take for illustration the very familiar symptom of disorder of the stomach and digestive apparatus—dyspepsia. In nearly all of the essential particulars it will be found to be analogous to insanity. Dyspepsia is not a disease as such, but is merely a symptom of some organic or functional

disease of the digestive apparatus; so also insanity is merely a name given to the severer symptoms of disease of the brain. The diseases of the digestive organs are indicated by a wide range of symptoms, such as pain in the region of the stomach, headache, constipation, nervousness, and general debility; the disorders of the brain are also manifested by a complication of symptoms of which insanity is only the most marked and most commonly observed. Disturbances of the digestive tract sympathetically affect all other portions of the system; the same is true of disease of the brain. Dyspepsia is very often, and perhaps usually, the consequence of general debility; it is now well understood that attacks of insanity are preceded by constitutional feebleness. Dyspepsia is most frequent among civilized lands, and among those classes who are inclined to abuse their stomachs and overtask their nervous systems; insanity is preëminently the disease of civilization, and is very rarely met with except among those classes who overwork and over-worry their brains. Dyspepsia, in its early stages, is amenable to treatment, but when long continued is very obstinate, and often incurable; insanity and all other manifestations of cerebral disease are relieviable, and even curable in the early stages, especially in the young, but after they have become firmly seated in the aged, are exceedingly intractable. Dyspepsia is best treated by remedies directed to the stomach, combined with constitutional tonics; insanity likewise yields most rapidly to remedies that have both a specific action on the brain and a strengthening influence on the entire system.

It will be seen, then, that in their causation, their frequency, the circle of their influence, their duration, their influence on the general system, in the variety of the symptoms by which they are manifested, and the indications for and results of treatment, the diseases of the brain and digestive apparatus are closely parallel. *Insanity is, in short, a dyspepsia of the brain.* Any injurious cause acting in the brain—such as poi-

sons in the blood, congestion, or the opposite condition, anæmia, wounds of the skull that affect the cranial contents, thickening, softening, atrophy, or sympathetic irritation from other organs, may render the processes of the mental and moral nature difficult and painful, just as analogous causes acting on the digestive system may similarly disturb the processes of digestion. The abnormal symptoms in the one case are commonly known as insanity, melancholy, hypochondriasis, imbecility, mania, and nervousness; in the other as dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver-complaint, heartburn, and debility.

But the parallel between the diseases of the brain and digestive system may be extended still further, for it is evident, in view of what has been said, that the range of insanity and dyspepsia must be as wide as the morbid conditions of which they are the symptoms. We all know that there are almost innumerable degrees and varieties of dyspepsia, from the acute spasm that annoys us but for an instant to the protracted agony and emaciation of a lifetime. Between these two extremes there is an almost interminable variety of phases and degrees that dyspepsia may assume, corresponding to the different morbid conditions of the digestive organs. Just so there are innumerable varieties and degrees of insanity, from the momentary attacks of ungovernable rage to the perpetual frenzy of the madman. Between these two extremes there are as many phases and degrees as there are different morbid conditions that may be supposed to exist in the brain. But, as has been already remarked, the susceptibility of the brain to disease is as much greater than that of the digestive apparatus as its structure is more complicated, and its functions more important and more various. We should expect then that the symptoms of cerebral disease would be more numerous, more subtle, and more complicated than those of the diseases of digestion. We should expect that the incipient, transitory, and completely harmless cases of insanity (that term being used to cover all symp-

toms of disease of the brain), would be very common among us, would complicate, to a greater or less extent, the every-day life of civilization. If now we look closely enough into this matter, if we study minutely the eccentricities, the vagaries, the manias, the passions, and the crimes of society, we shall find that, in many instances, they are explainable only on the theory I have here advanced. We shall find that among the higher orders of society, among our leaders in business, in literature, in art, in science, as well as among the ignorant, the simple, and the abandoned, there are thousands of sufferers from the incipient and fleeting or milder disease of the brain, who are thereby rendered more or less eccentric and whimsical, or ill-balanced and positively dangerous.

That eccentricity often becomes absolute mania is now conceded by all students of mental disease, and is pretty well understood by the people at large. The only question is, how great a degree of eccentricity may be allowed to co-exist with a perfectly healthy brain. The true and philosophical answer to this query is, in general, that *any* desire, passion, emotion, or special aptitude may become a disease when indulged in too long, or too exclusively, or under unfavorable conditions. It is, of course, oftentimes very difficult to decide, in any given case, whether any marked peculiarity is the result of a very active and one-sided development of the brain, or of actual disease. The general principle on which our decisions must be based is, that when any feeling, passion, emotion, or even a special aptitude becomes absolutely ungovernable, so as to make its subject regardless of his own interests, or of the well-being of his friends; when, as it were, it absorbs the whole being, so as to destroy what we call common sense, blunts the reason and conscience, and urges on to a manner of life and to special deeds that are repugnant to the average intuition of mankind, then we have reason to suspect the existence of disease of the brain.

It will be objected, and with good reason, that the average sentiment and experience of mankind is a very indefinite standard by which to test the sanity of an individual. But, after all, it is by this same standard that we judge that any internal organ of the body is diseased. Recurring to our illustration of the diseases of the digestive apparatus, how is it that the physician can ascertain whether his patient is suffering from dyspepsia or not? Obviously, only by comparing the symptoms that the patient exhibits, and the feelings of which he complains, with the symptoms and feelings experienced by the average of persons who are free from dyspepsia. In precisely the same way we become informed of the existence of disease in all organs of the body that are hidden from actual inspection or physical examination. In our examination of the lungs we are, it is true, assisted by auscultation and percussion, but even the principle on which the diagnosis is made is simply the comparison of the sounds heard in the chest of the patient with those that obtain in the average of healthy lungs. The brain is enclosed by bony covering, and cannot be inspected during life, except in cases of injury. Its diseases can therefore only be studied through the general symptoms.

It will also be objected to this test, that it has, over and over again, been proved to be very fallible; that the grossest mistakes have been and are continually being made through its use; that it has caused some of the most original and gifted minds of the world to suffer persecution as criminals or lunatics. This practical objection is a very serious one, but it will apply just as truly, though not to the same degree, to the ordinary methods of diagnosing the maladies of any of the internal organs. Physicians have been making terrible blunders in regard to diseases for thousands of years, but in the main we rely upon them, and, in the main, they are pretty nearly correct. One important distinction, however, should not be forgotten. The dyspeptic patient

can, in a measure, study his own symptoms, and decide for himself in regard to the existence of disease; the lunatic, on the other hand, by the very nature of his affection, is usually rendered incapable of making a proper comparison between his own condition and that of the general average of mankind. It is usually one of the symptoms of cerebral disease, that the patient does not suspect and will not believe the nature of his malady. To this general rule there are exceptions, and there are those who have watched and appreciated the slow progress of disease of their brains, during the earlier stages, just as calmly and just as unerringly as they would have traced the symptoms of disease of any other organ of the body.

The illustrations of these incipient and milder stages of cerebral disease, or of what is called partial insanity or monomania, are so numerous that when we begin to adduce them we find it difficult to make the selection. As I have already stated, any passion, emotion, and thought, of which the brain is capable, when perverted from the recognized average common sense and intuition of mankind, may give rise to the suspicion of disease of that portion of the brain of which it is the function.

All the noblest qualities of human character may become perverted by disease.

The domestic affections are exceedingly liable to be perverted, and thus may lead to the most hideous crimes. Not a week passes in which the journals do not contain accounts of suicide or murder—the results of disappointed or frenzied love. A short time since a young man, who had long and desperately paid court to a lady, at last invited her to ride with him in a lonely wood, and there deliberately shot her through the head. The tenderest of all earthly passions had been so long over-exercised and thwarted, that disease of some kind had been engendered in that portion of the brain of which it is the special function. Love disappointed had turned to hate, and hate impelled to crime.

Even the love of a mother may be-

come perverted. The cruel and most unnatural treatment that the English poet Savage received from his mother—his early expulsion from home, and her attempts to take his life—can only be accounted for on the supposition that she was the victim of cerebral disease. The common expression, "love is mad," is very often a literal, scientific truth, and applies to every form of affection, from the lowest to the highest, from the fondness toward the animal creation to the love of God himself. When love turns to hate it should be regarded always and invariably as a symptom of disease. This was well illustrated by the conduct of King Frederic of Prussia toward his son and sister. Without any reason whatever he treated them, for a long time, with the most unnatural and brutal severity. He kicked them about the room, pommelled their heads with chairs, compelled them to eat the most repulsive food, and in every way made their lives wretched. His insanity, in this respect, was absolute, and should have sent him to the mad-house. The illustrations of this type of cerebral disease are almost innumerable. History abounds with them, and they are increasingly familiar to every-day life.

Unnatural and absurd fondness for any one kind of domestic pet is apt to be the result of disease. I knew of an old woman who kept in her house fifteen or twenty cats, to all of whom she had given names, and whom she fed and watched over with almost as great assiduity as though they had been her children. Instances even more marked than this are recorded, where people have conceived a fondness for animals that are not usually introduced into the household, and whose entire life has been concentrated on the exercise of their strange affection. These peculiar fondnesses are more frequently observed among old maids or widows, or bereaved mothers, who have so long and so deeply grieved over the want or the loss of proper objects of affection, that their brains have gradually become diseased.

The appetite for food and drink may



also become perverted by disease, and sometimes to the most astounding degree. Bulimia, or excessive appetite for food, and methomania or dipsomania, or inordinate desire for intoxicating drinks, are now fully recognized as diseases. The late Dr. Francis, in giving a brief sketch of the character of one of the prominent citizens of old New York, said that charity compelled him to believe that his enormous appetite was the result of disease. Excessive appetite is one of the characteristic symptoms of epilepsy, and it is oftentimes as uncontrollable as are the paroxysms themselves. Epileptics will rise from the floor, after a severe attack, during which they have frothed at the mouth, and exhibited the most violent contortions, go to the table and eat with a rapidity and ferocity that can only be explained by the supposition that the nerves which connect the central nervous system with the digestive apparatus are in a morbid condition.

Ungovernable attacks of passion, violent temper, and unnatural cruelty, are the results of insanity far more frequently than will probably be admitted by those who have not given this subject close and special attention. This class of patients are all about us, and are oftentimes all the more disagreeable and dangerous from the fact that in their calm moments they may be perfectly sane, upright, and kindly. Their disease has its exacerbations, its paroxysms of attack, and during the intervals their bearing may be entirely courteous, and their whole disposition sweet and tender. Some of the greatest and noblest men of history have been the victims of these paroxysmal attacks of insanity, and for that reason have been oftentimes terribly misjudged. They have been accused of inconsistency, of hypocrisy, and their strange conduct has caused many to lose all their faith in truth, purity, or virtue.

It may be remarked, by the way, that this paroxysmal character is not peculiar to insanity. Diseases of the lungs, stomach, and other organs, are liable to exacerbations, or paroxysms of attack, just

as much as diseases of the brain, and, during the intervals, the patient may appear to be entirely well.

Howard the philanthropist, who crossed seas and mountains to relieve the distressed, was a brute and a tyrant in his own family. Dr. Winslow says of him: "His cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. He was in the habit, for many years, of doing penance before her picture. He had an only son whom for the slightest offence he punished with terrible severity, making him stand for hours in a grotto in the garden. The son became a lunatic as the result of this brutal treatment." I am strongly inclined to the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease in his brain, for insanity may have good as well as evil manifestations, and such exceptional self-sacrifice as his, so blind, so persistent, so life-enduring, is just as liable to proceed from a morbid state as the directly opposite qualities of ungovernable rage, intense hate, or cruelty. There is a point beyond which not only forbearance, but also the manifestations of benevolence, charity, self-sacrifice, devotion, spirituality—of all the higher and nobler qualities of humanity—may cease to be virtues.

Very much of the cruelty that we meet with in every-day life is the work of the partially insane. I know some really good men who sometimes, under peculiar circumstances, act more like lunatics than like reasonable beings. I knew a farmer, a conscientious and worthy man, who was at times attacked with paroxysms of rage so violent and irresistible, that he would beat his oxen most unmercifully, and without provocation. An acquaintance of mine told me that his father, who was one of the kindest of men in his family, very often whipped his children almost to death, and that, too, despite the tearful appeals of his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached.

Much of the tyranny and despotism of the world have been the result of cerebral disease, and, if justice had been

done, not a few of the rulers of history would have been confined in asylums for the insane. Caligula, the beastly Roman Emperor, was certainly a lunatic. His accession to the throne was greeted with joy by the Roman people, and he afterwards became so popular, by the generous and conciliatory acts of his reign, that when he was attacked with sickness, sacrifices were offered in the temples for his recovery. His brain undoubtedly became diseased during his sickness, for from that time he became a changed man. The remaining four years of his reign were disgraced by some of the most unnatural and capricious tyranny recorded in history. He put to death a large number of his senators. Every ten days he delivered human victims to be devoured by wild beasts, and jocosely termed this horrid act "clearing his account." He caused divine honors to be paid to himself, in a temple erected expressly for that purpose, and under the superintendence of priests of his own appointment. He invited his favorite horse *Incitatus* to dine at the royal table, where he was fed on gilded oats and drank wine from jewelled goblets, and but for his premature death this animal would have been raised to the consulship. In a more enlightened and liberal age Caligula would have been deposed and sent to an insane-retreat. The Romans endured his cruelty for four years, and then put him to death by a well-planned and successful conspiracy. The career of Nero was somewhat like that of Caligula. In youth he was notably clever, kindly, and amiable, and for the first five years of his reign he ruled with clemency and justice. He was at this time so harassed by the attempts of his mother to wrest the sceptre from his hands, that his brain probably became disordered, and he was metamorphosed into a tyrant. He poisoned his own brother at a feast to which he had invited him. His mother, Agrippina, he murdered in her own bed. He relentlessly persecuted the Christians, on the plea that they had set fire to Rome. He caused to be executed Lucan the poet

and Seneca the philosopher, and kicked his own wife to death. Nor was his insanity manifested by acts of cruelty alone. He had a silly rage for music, and in his morbid ambition to be thought the greatest singer of the world, he appeared on the stage in the character of an operatic performer.

Domitian, Heliogabalus, and possibly also some of the tyrants of Rome, must have been of unsound mind. Domitian, like Caligula and Nero, began to reign with generosity, and under the pressures and worryings of government he developed into a monster. Heliogabalus made his horse consul, appointed a senate of women, forced the Romans to worship a black stone, and prepared golden swords and daggers, and cords of silk and gold, in order to put an end to his own life whenever he saw fit. All these were the freaks of a madman. Alexander the Great behaved like a lunatic in the latter days of his reign, and the supposition is plausible, that if he had survived a few years longer he might have become a most implacable and capricious tyrant. From being very abstemious he gave himself up to debauchery. His lust for power became a disease, and he strove for gigantic impossibilities. Robespierre and some of the other leaders in the French Revolution were probably made more or less insane by the exciting events in which they took part. It is certain that Robespierre was natively kind-hearted and considerate, for he began life by endeavoring to procure the abolition of capital punishment.

Louis XI. of France was insane both in his despotic cruelty and in his caprices. He shut up his nobles in cages or hung them on the trees of the forest. He lived in constant fear of death, kept in seclusion in his castle, was on intimate terms with his hangman, amused himself by watching battles between rats and cats, drank the blood of young children, and tried various and abominable compounds in order to lengthen his life.

Jeffreys, the notorious English judge, was a raving maniac; and that he was

allowed to preside at the circuits is a severer comment on the scientific ignorance than on the political cruelty of the age.

We are compelled to believe also that Queen Christina of Sweden, who murdered her paramour, was in a morbid mental condition when she committed the deed; and on the same theory I account for the hideous and unfeminine cruelty of Catherine de Medici.

Of the insanity of Frederic William of Prussia I have already spoken; but his unnatural and whimsical treatment of his son and family was only one of its symptoms. He was inconsistently avaricious, scrutinizing every household expense with absurd attention, and lavishing fortunes on his army of giants. He would run through the streets caning the loungers and workmen who fell in his way until they roared for mercy.

Theodore, the late king of Abyssinia, was probably a madman. All accounts agree in representing him as being at first a just, considerate, as well as enterprising, ruler; but under the excitement and anxiety of domestic afflictions and the rebellions that took place in his realm, he became changed to a monster like the Roman emperors Nero, Caligula, and Domitian. The latter acts of his reign gave every evidence of a disordered brain.

Fortunately, our own country has thus far been mostly free from the rule of partial lunatics. Whether the inconsistencies of President Johnson's administration are due to cerebral disease or to native obstinacy, prejudice, and ignorance, cannot, at present, be well determined.

Extreme avarice may often be regarded as a symptom of disease of the brain. All very great misers are more or less insane. The desire of money is so absorbing and so constant, and the affliction of poverty is so perpetually dreaded, and the financial trials, successes, and surprises of life are so frequent and so exciting, that the love of acquisition, which is in itself a virtue, becomes so far perverted as to be an actual symptom of disease.

There are people who are perfectly sane on every subject except those in which money is concerned. Such persons deny themselves and those nearest to them of the plainest necessities of life, toil early and late, beyond their strength, in extreme old age, even when they and their heirs are beyond the possibility of want; or constantly worry about the future, living in continual fear of the poor-house; or incessantly count and re-count their possessions, under the apprehension that they are slipping from their grasp; or commit the greatest extravagancies in useless directions while denying themselves of daily comforts. A common symptom of this form of insanity is to imagine oneself to be poor even in the midst of wealth. Most of the eccentric wills that now often attract the public attention are the creation of brains that have become diseased by long dwelling on matters of finance; and it is just to assume that our institutions of charity are considerably indebted to the insanity of the rich for some of their most important legacies. I knew a man, of education and rare ability, who, for a long number of years, hoarded a fortune that he possessed in order that he might leave it to a number of benevolent societies. That the amount at his disposal might be as large as possible, he scrimped his wife, his children, and his servants, even in the minutest acts of expenditure; imposed on the hospitality of friends and the forbearance of his kinsmen; and in short, by his lifelong acts of meanness, made his name a bye-word and a reproach wherever he was known. Yet during most of these years he was actively engaged in responsible duties, and was justly regarded as a man of unusual ability and attainments; and not until his later and declining years did his friends ever suspect that he was a monomaniac. My own view is, that, from the first, his avarice was with him a symptom of cerebral disease, and the acts of imbecility and weakness that he committed, and the abandonment into which he fell, finally convinced those who knew him best that in matters of

finance he was not a morally responsible being.

Great and unexpected success as well as failure may give rise to financial insanity. Sudden wealth as well as sudden poverty may so excite the brain as to induce monomania or complete madness.

A striking case of this form of insanity is thus related by Dr. Winslow :

"A young gentleman having £10,000, undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the £10,000 realized £60,000. An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation until the day of his death was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words, "*Sixty thousand ! sixty thousand ! sixty thousand !*"

Insanity may manifest itself by great extravagance as well as by meanness. A medical acquaintance relates that, during the height of the petroleum excitement, he was consulted by a gentleman, who, by fortunate speculation, had suddenly become a millionaire. The first time he came he handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill, saying as he did so, "Your fee, doctor, I prefer to pay as I go." Nothing was thought of this, for it was precisely what any grateful and free-hearted patient might do ; but on the next visit, which was but two or three days afterward, he again handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill, with the same remark as before. His disease was of a chronic nature, and demanded a protracted course of treatment. He visited the doctor at his office several times a-week for a number of months, and each time invari-

bly offered a fifty-dollar bill. The doctor was afterwards informed that he became so reckless in his expenditures that it was necessary for his wife or some friend to travel with him, in order to keep him from throwing his money away. He would throw a ten-dollar bill to the porter who carried his trunk upstairs, or to the boy who blacked his boots. A year's travel in Europe ultimately restored him to a measure of health, and, at last accounts, he was fully capable of managing his affairs.

Conscientiousness itself may become morbid, and when associated, as it so often is, with religious melancholy, is a very obstinate form of insanity. Much of the petty tyranny of school-teachers, guardians, and others in authority, is the result of disease of this faculty, and it is quite unfortunate for society that this fact is not better understood. I have known of two instructors for the young, whose administration of the government of the schools over which they presided was characterized by most unreasonable and inconsistent severity, and by that absurd regard for the title of mint and anise and cummin, which is so peculiarly distressing to children, and to all who are in any position of dependence. They enacted and enforced useless regulations, restricted their pupils in the exercise of the commonest privileges, and, under the mistaken plea of duty, made life a burden and a sorrow to themselves and to all who were in any way subject to them. Both of these teachers held important positions, one as teacher in a large academy, the other as principal of a ladies' seminary. Both were regarded, by those who did not know them too intimately, as faithful though somewhat injudicious teachers, and both were hated and despised by their pupils. Both have since given such unmistakable proofs of mental alienation, as to compel them to abandon their calling, and one, at least, has gone to an asylum.

These cases presented no remarkable features, but were simply typical of their class.

Religious mania is a very frequent and harassing manifestation of cerebral disease, and one which requires the largest tact and patience in its management. Not a little of the extraordinary self-sacrifice and voluntary renunciation of the common enjoyments and aspirations of existence, so often exemplified under both the true and false religions, is due to disease of the brain, which is brought on by over-exercise, and over-excitement of the religious nature. This form of insanity is so familiar that it is hardly necessary for me to cite instances that illustrate it. It is met with in India, amid the darkness of paganism, among the Mohammedans, as well as in all Christian countries both Catholic and Protestant. It appears among all nations who have any distinct idea of a God and a future state, but is especially liable to visit those who are possessed of a deep and earnest and absorbing religious nature that is wrought upon by trials and the influence of a partial or one-sided mental training.

Among the symptoms of religious monomania are the constant fear of the wrath of an offended God, and a disposition to perform extraordinary acts of self-mortification, extravagant dread of approaching death, and a painful consciousness of sin and unworthiness that can find no consolation in the Divine promise of mercy, persistent and wasting melancholy, and constant temptations to commit suicide. Some have a directly opposite experience, and are subject to agreeable and inspiring hallucinations. They imagine themselves in heaven, in direct communion with God. They declare that they are divinely commissioned to proclaim His will to men, and go forth to found sects and reform the universe. They experience the most extravagant and ecstatic joy, break forth into rapturous songs or ejaculations in the midst of public assemblies, and by gestures, dances, physical contortions, recklessly violate the customs of society and public decorum. Sometimes religious lunatics are possessed with the idea that they should not only mortify their own flesh, but, so

far as possible, should persecute to the bitter end all who differ from them in matters of faith. There is no doubt that the cruelty of the religious wars and persecutions of the world has often-times been greatly intensified by the insanity of those who were engaged in them. Dr. Winslow thus narrates a typical instance of this manifestation of insanity:

"A person who had been very active in leading and encouraging the bloody deeds of St. Bartholomew's day at Paris, when confessing on his deathbed his sins to a worthy ecclesiastic, was asked, 'Have you nothing to say about St. Bartholomew's day?' He replied, '*On that occasion God Almighty was obliged to me!*'"

Some of the most successful founders of religious sects were more or less insane. Francis d'Assisi, Loyola, and Mahomet, and some of the founders of our modern religious orders and denominations, exhibited very suspicious symptoms of cerebral disease. Religious excitements, such as attend the starting of new sects and the advance of proselytism, and even our most useful revivals, give rise, especially among the lower classes, to temporary or permanent attacks of insanity. The rise and spread of Spiritualism and Mormonism have been attended with a very painful increase of religious insanity among all those classes who were influenced by these creeds, or who were drawn into the discussions which they called forth. There are about us, in every walk of life, persons who, in matters of religion, are unable to think a rational thought or speak a rational word, and yet, on all other subjects, uniformly show themselves to be perfectly sane and true. It would be hard to conceive of a severer form of earthly misery than is experienced by some of the religiously insane. A gentleman who was at one time under my observation used to depict the horrors of his spiritual condition in language that was at once graphic and appalling. He was harassed, as the religiously insane often are, with fearful doubts and skepticism in regard to the



truths of inspiration, the destiny of man, and other dark problems of existence, and neither the advice and sympathy of his friends, nor his own honest efforts, seemed to afford him any ray of hope or joy. He would represent himself as "hanging by one arm over the verge of a precipice, that his strength was gradually failing, and that he must soon fall and be dashed to pieces;" as "surrounded on every side by a cordon of raging fires that were rapidly closing in upon him, and from which there could be no escape." But all this time he was pursuing his regular duties, and not even his intimate friends suspected him of insanity. By my advice he took an interval of rest; but before a year had elapsed it was found necessary to send him to an asylum.

Self-brooding, and deep-seated, persistent melancholy that is not traceable to any special exciting cause, is always evidence of a *tendency* to disease of the brain, that may or may not develop into positive insanity. Disease of the moral faculties may assume an entirely different form; and instead of oversensitiveness, and morbid apprehensions, there may be an utter callosity of the moral perceptions. This type of disease is most frequently observed among merchants, speculators, and public men, because these classes are subjected to great pressures that severely task the strength of the moral nature. It is a very suggestive fact that statesmen and politicians who during their early manhood and maturity have been pure, courageous, and upright, become in their old age extremely corrupt, cowardly, and unprincipled. It is clear to me that in some instances, at least, this shocking demoralization of our aged politicians is due to actual disease of the brain. The continuous strain and draft to which the moral faculties are subjected by the temptations and crises of political life are sometimes sufficient to overpower the brain and render it, to all appearance, insensible to moral impressions. In this way we may account for some of the instances that have been so often and so recently ob-

served, of deflection from moral rectitude and desertion of life-long principles on the part of the most trusted and most beloved of our public men.

This leads us to the consideration of insanity in its relation to crime. This subject is too wide for discussion in an essay like this, but I may say in general, that the insanity which leads to the commission of crime is to be adjudged by precisely the same standard as any other manifestation of cerebral disorder. There are certain limits of criminality that no one can overstep without rendering himself liable to the just suspicion of insanity. When men who have sustained even a tolerable reputation in community suddenly commit some hideous outrage at which a professed scoundrel would revolt, or execute some great fraud that is certain to be detected, or attempt any sort of crime that is repugnant to the general average of criminals, or from which they cannot reap any advantage, it is pertinent to inquire whether they may not be the victim of some type or degree of disease of the brain. Each individual case must, however, be studied by itself, and both judges and juries should be enlightened by the testimony of competent and reliable experts. The time is certainly not far distant when some of the judicial decisions of the past and the present will be regarded as barbarous. There are sometimes arraigned before our courts unfortunate prisoners whose execution by the arm of law would be a greater crime than that for which they were convicted. We have no more right to take the life of a lunatic whose disease has allowed him to violate the laws of society, than we have to enter an asylum and drag its inmates to execution. The fault in such cases, if there be any, is with society itself, so far as it allows unrestricted and unwatched liberty to citizens of dangerous tendencies. It must be confessed, however, that many of the dangerous classes give no evidences of mental disease until they shock community by some terrible fraud or outrage, and therefore cannot in all cases be success-

fully guarded against. This fact is, perhaps, the weightiest of all arguments in favor of the substitution of imprisonment for hanging in all capital offences. In cases where, in spite of unprejudiced care and the skill of experts, a lunatic may have been condemned to suffer punishment, a course of imprisonment might give opportunity for a full understanding of the culprit's mental condition, and the subsequent exercise of executive clemency.

The record of judicial murder is at best a dark and gloomy page in the world's annals. Insanity was not as common in the earlier eras and among barbarous nations as at present, but during the past few centuries the number of unfortunates who have been hanged and guillotined for the crime of having a diseased brain must be very great indeed.

Although the advanced minds in both the medical and the legal professions are now agreed that insanity is not only a possible, but a very frequent, cause of crime, yet the great mass of the people are opposed to the acquittal of criminals on any such ground.

When Mary Harris was acquitted in Washington on the plea of insanity, the press and the country were bitterly and sincerely indignant; but the decision of the jury was justified by the facts of the case at the time, and has been more than confirmed by the subsequent career of the unfortunate lady. Miss Harris continued to give positive symptoms of cerebral disorder, and was finally obliged to take shelter in an asylum. It is possible that the decision in the case of Miss Harris was influenced more by her personal appearance and the sympathy that she inspired than by considerations of science and law; but, if so, it is by no means the first instance where justice has been done from the most unjustifiable motives.

If the journals give us the real facts in regard to the recent diabolical murder in Eastern Massachusetts, it is clear that the murderer must have been a lunatic. We are told that several of his near relatives were violently insane, and

that his own conduct before and after the horrible deed was extremely inconsistent and suspicious. No disease is more markedly hereditary than insanity, and no single act is more decidedly symptomatic of this disease than the commission of crime from which it is not possible to obtain any temporary or permanent advantage. Similar illustrations almost without number might be adduced from the records of crime all over the country. If it be objected, as it may be by some, that the views here advocated would, if logically followed out, lead to the acquittal of many of our criminals, I can only give the familiar reply, that the worst use a man can be put to is to hang him. Confinement is a sure punishment for the really guilty, and a safe probation for the insane. It should be considered, however, that those who are affected with cerebral disease are oftentimes, and to a certain extent, responsible for their condition. When a man commits crime under the influence of ardent spirits, we hold him responsible for getting thus intoxicated. Insanity is likewise preventible in many instances, and those who from carelessness or wickedness allow themselves to fall into it, are to that degree responsible for the crime they subsequently commit. But the same can be said of all the diseases from which we suffer, and yet it is the recognized custom of our civilization to treat all cases of sickness—even those which directly result from vice and crime—with as much care and attention as though they were produced by causes entirely beyond the patient's control. The intuitions of humanity teach us that any other course would be unchristian and brutal.

In conclusion, I have to speak of the relation of insanity to genius. It was long ago observed that men of original and creative mind were apt to be eccentric, melancholy, and to commit acts that in ordinary individuals would hardly be tolerated.

Dr. Moreau (de Tours) has written a work in which he contends that genius arises from the same organic conditions

as insanity, and is, in fact, synonymous with it. His theory substantially amounts to this, that genius, like insanity, is a symptom of disease of the brain. Without conceding all that is claimed by Dr. Moreau, it cannot be denied that a very large number of the geniuses of the world have been either melancholic or very eccentric, and, in some instances, have been the victims of violent and repeated attacks of insanity.

Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and in various ways gave evidence of a morbid condition of the brain. At the early age of twenty he became the victim of melancholic delusions, and from that time forward was never happy. On one occasion he exclaimed, despairingly, "I would consent to have an arm amputated, to recover my spirits." Wretchedness like this, when it is temporary or spasmodic, may signify but little; but when it is persistent and lifelong, it must be regarded as the symptom of cerebral disease that may and often does advance to absolute madness. The violent impetuosity of Dr. Johnson, his unreasonable, almost furious prejudices, may be accounted for on the same theory.

Some of the brightest geniuses in literature have been at intervals subject to attacks of madness. Southey lived for years in perpetual dread of insanity, and when at last he kneeled in the furrow, worn out through mental excitement and fatigue, he composed that most instructive and useful of his works, "The Life of Cowper." That Rousseau was a lunatic will be admitted without question by those who studied his life and writings, however ardently they may admire his genius.

Pascal was one of the most original thinkers of France, but no inmate of any asylum ever presented more indisputable proofs of mental disease than those which characterized his whole career. All his life he walked in darkness, knowing not at what he stumbled, in constant fear both of the present and the future. He was the victim of absurd delusions, was harassed by excessive nervousness, and was the slave of

uncontrollable eccentricities. On examination after death, his brain was found to be very seriously diseased.

Our American poet, James Gates Percival, was troubled, I think, with a slow and chronic type of cerebral disease. It would be hard, indeed, to find any other theory on which to account for the thousand and one eccentricities and inconsistencies of his enigmatical career. His absurd fear of women was certainly full evidence of monomania, but when we take this fact in connection with his life-long melancholy, his early and repeated attempts at self-destruction, his unnatural ingratitude to those who befriended him in distress, and his anomalous love of solitude, we find it impossible to accept any other interpretation of his life than that he was never an absolutely sane and responsible being.

The poet Cowper declared expressly that he translated Homer in order to relieve his wretchedness, and we are led to believe from the facts of his biography, that if he had been a happy man he would not have been a poet. Some of his finest poems were written while he was suffering the bitterest form of melancholy. Burton wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy" out of his own experience, and as a means of intellectual diversion. The great positive philosopher, August Comte, was attacked with insanity in 1826, and for one year was compelled to withdraw from his usual duties. Two years afterwards he published the work on "Positive Philosophy" that has immortalized his name. Haller, the distinguished physiologist, was a religious monomaniac, and, in the latter part of his life, he sought relief in opium-eating. Swedenborg was a brilliant writer and thinker, but he was subject to hallucinations that are never experienced by those of sound mind. His fantastic visions of heaven and hell, and his imagined interviews with the Almighty, find their counterparts in the experience of many in our asylums. Cardinal de Richelieu was subject to maniacal attacks, during which he lost all his self-control, and behaved like a

silly child. When the attack was over he had no recollection of what had passed. It is said of Fourier, the chimerical social reformer, that he passed almost his entire life in a state of hallucination. Zimmerman, the author of the essay on solitude, was a wretched hypochondriac, and, in the latter portion of his days, was practically insane. Lavater was always characterized by an overplus of enthusiasm, that of itself was symptomatic of an unnatural condition of the brain; and, as is so often the case with such geniuses, became more and more absurd and inconsistent as he grew older. According to Dr. Moreau, he came to believe that by the power of prayer he could identify himself with Christ. I think it may be said in general that all those who imagine themselves to be angels or gods, or that they visit heaven or hell, and have direct revelations from the Almighty, are to an extent insane, however brilliant and rational they may be in all other particulars. Therefore Francis d'Assise, who passed days and nights in communication with God, Francis Xavier, to whom Saint Jerome appeared in a vision, Savonarola, who fought with imaginary demons and professed to have revelations from Heaven, are to be classed among the religiously insane. The inspiration of Joan of Arc was the inspiration of cerebral disease, and was only a remarkable symptom of organic conditions that in various degrees of advancement are to be found in every-day life. Tasso was a positive maniac, and, like many other unbalanced geniuses, believed that he was attended by a familiar spirit. "I shall die at the top first," ejaculated Dean Swift, as he sadly gazed on a tree whose branches were decaying; and he realized his terrible prediction. He was more or less insane during all his active life.

Beethoven was one of the most despairing of hypochondriacs; and the gifted poet Collins was at times a sad and moaning lunatic. The eccentricities and melancholy of Lord Byron were probably the uncontrollable manifestations of disease, and during his short

and brilliant career he gave sufficient evidence of insanity to more than justify the suspicions of his wife at the time of their separation. Voltaire was precocious, brilliant, and original; but the general conduct of his life can hardly be made consistent with perfect soundness of mind.

The phrase "mad poet" has passed into a proverb, and has from time to time been applied to a number of eccentric geniuses. It was applied to Nathaniel Lee, who was for a time confined in Bethlehem Hospital, in England, and to McDonald Clarke, in our own country.

Lucretius wrote his celebrated "*De Rerum Natura*" while suffering from an attack of insanity, and Cruden compiled his "Concordance" while in the same mental condition. Madame de Stael had a masculine and powerful intellect, but she was a slave to idle fears and silly eccentricities, that in ordinary persons would certainly have been regarded as symptoms of disease of the brain. Nothing seems clearer than that the irritability, hypochondria, and meanness of Alexander Pope were the results of organic cerebral conditions which he could no more control than he could remedy his physical deformity. Lady Stanhope and Balzac, Hood and Chatterton, all displayed eccentricities that are hard to be reconciled with perfect sanity, and the latter, as is well known, died by his own hand.

The public would be astonished if it were known how much that is interesting and valuable both in our ephemeral and our permanent literature is the work of minds partially insane. A few years since considerable excitement was occasioned by the report that many of the editorials of one of our daily journals were written by the inmate of an asylum. The story itself may not have been literally true, in the instance there adduced, but it was based on probability, nay, on actual fact. Some time since one of the most prominent of our magazines published an essay of great interest and value that was prepared by one of the inmates of an insane-retreat.

Says Dr. Winslow, "Some of the ablest articles in 'Aiken's Biography' were written by a patient in a lunatic asylum."

Instances are recorded where attacks of insanity have been accompanied by extraordinary and marvellous manifestations of intellectual power. I quote a few typical cases from the valuable work of Dr. Winslow on the "Mind and Brain."

"A young gentleman had an attack of insanity caused by rough usage whilst at school. This youth had never exhibited any particular talent for arithmetic or mathematical science; in fact, it was alleged that he was incapable of doing a simple sum in addition or multiplication. After recovering from his maniacal attack, and when able to occupy his mind in reading and conversation, it was discovered that an extraordinary arithmetical power had been evolved. He was able, with wonderful facility, to solve rather complex problems. This talent continued for several months, but after his complete restoration to health, he relapsed into his former natural state of arithmetical dulness, ignorance, and general mental incapacity."

Dr. Rush, quoted by this same authority, declares that "talents for eloquence, poetry, music, painting, and uncommon ingenuity in several of the mechanic arts, are often evolved in this state of madness. \* \* A female patient who became insane sang hymns and songs of her own composition during the latter stage of her illness, with a tone and voice so pleasant that I hung upon it with delight every time I visited her. She had never discovered a talent for poetry or music in any previous part of her life. Two instances of a talent for drawing evolved by madness have occurred within my knowledge."

Similar though perhaps less striking instances have been observed by all who are conversant with insanity. In view of all these facts it seems to be clear that the familiar verse, "great wit to madness is allied," is the literal ex-

pression of a scientific truth, and that certain types and conditions of cerebral disease give rise to unnatural activity and brilliancy of the intellect. Recurring to our original illustration, we know that some morbid conditions of the digestive apparatus and of the general system—such, for instance, as appear in epilepsy—are attended by a most unnatural appetite and power of digestion. This theory—which is amply sustained by analogy—also accounts for the extraordinary mental phenomena that are experienced by those who are nearly drowned, and for the supernatural visions and ecstasies of those who are on the point of death. This same theory also helps to explain many of the wonderful manifestations exhibited by patients in a magnetic sleep, or in the so-called clairvoyant state.

Admitting all that has been claimed in this essay, it is evident that our asylums contain but a very small minority of those who are affected with disease of the brain. The insane are all about us, on every hand, and fulfil with success the various relations of life. We find them at the bar, in the pulpit, in legislative halls, and on the throne; among our laborers, our artisans, our husbandmen, our merchants, and especially among our poets, scholars, and men of letters. To isolate these unfortunates from society, in the confinement of an asylum, would, in the great majority of cases, be unjustifiable, and especially so since recent experiments have clearly shown that lunatics of all kinds may be successfully treated in the quiet of country homes. But if it were thoroughly understood and appreciated by the profession and the laity, that the milder and subtle phases of insanity are thus frequent among us, there would be far greater charity for the meannesses and crimes to which they give origin, and much might be done to modify or prevent their evil consequences to individuals and to society.



## LORENZO DAPONTE.

INQUIRIES were recently made in New York, at the instance of the municipality of Ceneda, "a small but not obscure city of Venetia," to ascertain the date of the demise of a native of that place, long a resident among us, to whose memory the authorities intended to erect a monument. This reminiscent honor to their eminent citizens, so characteristic of Italians, has been revived under the impulse of recovered nationality: while the Austrians trod their soil and the hated emblem of their supremacy insulted their vision, the honored dead were suffered to repose without any fresh memorial; but when Italy became united and free, the sentiment of patriotism kindled in the hearts of the people new love and pride for those who, having deserved well of their country, had died before the consummation of her nationality. Florence had her grand Dante festival, which was but the expression of a feeling that ran through the peninsula and manifested itself in various tributes to departed patriots, poets, scholars, and statesmen, all over the land; and thus it happened that Ceneda began to inquire about the exile and decease of Lorenzo Daponte, of whom perhaps many of our readers never heard; yet not a few elder Knickerbockers associate his name and image with their first acquaintance with and love for Italian literature and music, and will not be displeased to recall the incidents of his life. He was the first Italian of culture who brought these claims and triumphs of his country into genial relation with our people. Of handsome presence and attractive manners, he made warm friends among our leading men and women. His portrait may be seen in the library of Columbia College, where he was, for several years, professor of Italian literature. His life was one of remarkable vicissitude and no

little distinction; he was the author of the *libretto* to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, an *improvisatore* in Venice, an operatic poet in Vienna, a bookseller in London, a country-trader in New Jersey, and a professor in New York—in each epoch and career, fertile in resources, urbane, combative, less practical than poetical, eminently social, ardent, fighting fortune and winning friends, intrepid for his country's claims, full of anecdote, *brio*, and magnetism,—of large experience, strong prejudices, vital enthusiasm. In his old age he wrote his memoirs in his native language—now a very scarce book—with the extreme frankness and animated complacency which distinguished that kind of literature at the beginning of the century. Of Hebrew origin, and the native of a small and stagnant ecclesiastical town in Northern Italy, with a father of humble occupation, there must have been some fine hereditary instincts, and some rare aspirations in Lorenzo, or he would not so readily have grown out of and beyond the inauspicious circumstances of his lot: as a young convert to Christianity, and with a freshly-adopted name—that of his childhood's benefactor, Monseigneur Lorenzo Daponte, the good Bishop of Ceneda—he succeeded in obtaining educational and social advantages; and, but for his poetical aspirations and adventurous disposition, might have finished, as he is believed to have begun his career, in the church.

One of the most amusing and characteristic episodes of his youth is the story of his mother-in-law's attempt to force him into a repulsive marriage: she was a virago, and it was only by the clandestine manoeuvres of his subjugated father and faithful old nurse, that he was released from confinement and taken mysteriously, at night, beyond the reach of farther matrimonial persecution. These and similar adven-

tures remind the reader of those memorable Italian autobiographies written by Cellini, Alfieri, and Goldoni—vivid and curious pictures of domestic and social life in Southern Europe before the days of steam, cheap journals, and policemen.

Lorenzo Daponte was born at Ceneda, on the 10th of March, 1749. His father was a leather-dealer, and the boy once attempted to purloin some of that commodity in order to buy books; his mother was devoted in her care of him; his first literary impressions were derived from Bible stories and Metastasio—a singular combination, but one not unaccordant with his subsequent development; for from the one he drew precedents as a *raconteur*, and from the other hints for the facile and melodious versification of the *improvisatore*. He was placed in the same seminary with his brother, and the Bishop undertook their education. Latin was the principal study, and while, on the one hand, it disciplined the mental habits of the youth, its acquisition enriched his vocabulary, and gave emphasis to the metrical use of his vernacular, which Byron aptly called the "soft bastard" of the classic tongue. Daponte seems to have been instinctively a rhymist, if not a poet; for, at a very early age, he wrote smooth and sentimental verses, celebrated every salient event and unwonted emotion in a sonnet; and cherished through life a passionate admiration for, and intimate acquaintance with, the bards of his country.

The instruction in the seminary of Ponta Guadio was very limited in scope. Indeed, the educational privileges of Daponte's early home were not fitted to expand the mind or breed earnest convictions; as his taste for poetry increased, he found it difficult to obtain books; a pedantic devotion to the dead languages then prevailed, and Italian literature was not widely appreciated as a means of culture. Upon the death of the Bishop, Lorenzo went to Venice; and from this moment his life-record becomes adventurous and dramatic, reminding us of Gil Blas and Goldoni's

comedies. His remarkable personal beauty and agreeable manners, his gift of poetic composition, his susceptibility to the beautiful, and eagerness of purpose, and especially his quick and absorbing sympathy with whatever immediately attracted or inspired him, led to numerous love-affairs, escapades, social triumphs, intrigues and vicissitudes, the story of which reads now like a romance, now like a comedy, and, at last, enmeshes the gallant and reckless, but gifted and fascinating, youth in what appears like hopeless misfortune and dissipation. The scene of these exciting episodes adds to their piquancy; the mystery and the mirth of Venice—her gay carnival and masked amours—the jealousies, passions, pride, and pity of an Italian life-drama—all gleam before the imagination as we read. The curious Venetian gossip, the local fame of an *improvisatore*, the literary success, sentimental perplexities, adulation and persecution; friends, enemies, and loves, rivals, satires, tributes, tenderness and penitence—are elements such as we associate with a mediæval tale or a dramatic adventurer, and nowhere to be recognized in actual life so pervasive and picturesque as in the career of an amorous Italian poet a century ago in Venice. Lorenzo gambled, loved, quarrelled, wrote and recited verses, communed with men of letters and ladies of pleasure, with the utmost abandon, in his feverish youth at Venice: the caffè, the piazza, the church, the gondola, the professor's study, and the gaming-table alternate in his naïve but not unremorseful retrospect; obliged to leave the City of the Sea, because of an imprudent satire and more than imprudent intrigue, he passed the Friuli frontier, and finds that romantic adventures are his destiny; for, without money, he meets with the most generous and delicate hospitality at a wayside inn; is in love with three women at the same time, and wins the affections of a fair *locandiera* in a manner and under circumstances "as good as a play." He arrives at Dresden, gains reputation by his versification of the Psalms, is em-

played by the composer Saliari, who presents him to the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, where he is installed as the opera-poet, and becomes an Imperial minstrel.

The unpublished history of the Italian opera is full of controversies, scandal, and imbrolios. The sensitive nature of gifted vocalists, the exactions of composers, the tyranny of *impresarios*, and the legal power of royal patrons, to say nothing of fashionable caprice and musical rivals, necessitate more or less of misunderstanding and dissension. Accordingly the period which Daponte passed at the Austrian court was one of alternate vexation and triumph. Befriended by the Imperial family, he was often at issue with the opera-managers; he wrote *librettos* for Saliari, Martini, and Mozart, whose musical experiments were variously successful, and not always remunerative; intrigues and persecution, the right and wrong of which it is difficult for the reader to determine, are recorded by Daponte at this time, and give one a vivid idea of the troubles and turmoil incident to operatic enterprises; a fierce controversy with Casti, and numerous difficulties, finally drove the poet into exile, although he had been Latin Secretary to Joseph, and written the lyrical drama made immortal by Mozart's genius. To those who appreciate this wonderful composition, and have often enjoyed its adequate representation on the stage, and who cherish a peculiar interest in the genius and career of Mozart, it is singularly provoking and unsatisfactory to find so few details and so little personal charm in the reference of Daponte to the first production of this memorable opera. We infer from the lukewarm account thereof and the moderate success attending what to many lovers of music is a great epoch in its history—that the refined, aspiring, and gifted composer was scarcely appreciated even at the height of his achievements—an impression his recently published "Life and Letters" fully confirm. Daponte is quite graphic in his story of the *finale* of his Vienna sojourn; interviews with

royalty give it dramatic emphasis, and the desperate result is summed up with a genuine Italian medley of privation and love: "my purse being exhausted," he writes, "I began to sacrifice my wardrobe—five piastres only remaining; yet, let it not irk thee, courteous reader, to read even yet this story of my loves."

Few, even among those who most intelligently enjoy Italian music, give much thought to the words of the lyric drama. They are usually so subordinate to the melody, and so frequently destitute of high finish and originality, that it is not surprising the *libretto* is so little regarded in comparison to the score. In the days of Zeno and Metastasio this was not the case. The career of the latter is, indeed, as significant as that of many a famous composer. The *attaché* of a court, and long the recipient of a pension, his mellifluous verses were a serious occupation and a vital renown. As far as regards exquisitely adapting a soft and musical language to vocal triumphs, Metastasio deserved his celebrity and success; and however his dulcet rhymes may pall upon our taste, now and then is encountered so perfect a verbal gem as to elicit admiration even from the sternest ally of Dante and Alfieri. Of late years Felici Romani has won laurels in this comparatively humble sphere of the muses; his *libretto* of *Norma* has poetical as well as dramatic merit, which associates itself worthily with Bellini's beautiful composition. Daponte was at first regarded as the rival and then as the legitimate successor of Metastasio; and perhaps we are so accustomed to identify the language and music of *Don Giovanni*, that we seldom realize the tact, spirit, and harmony of the former, wherein the bard so effectively seconded the composer. The *Nozze di Figaro* created a strong friendship between the authors. Had Daponte cultivated this vein he might have achieved a lasting reputation; but after his curious and characteristic interview with Leopold at Trieste, failing to retrieve his position as operatic bard at Vienna, his connection with the London opera was

brief and disastrous; and although he twice established the expensive pastime in New York, its success was casual and temporary.

With true adventurous hardihood, this climax of pecuniary disaster, in Daponte's youth, is coincident with his marriage; but, in view of his temperament, tendencies, and subsequent career, we cannot but deem it a fortunate circumstance that his wife was an English woman with a good native stock of common sense and affection; especially as at this period (1772) he turns his face towards London, where the Italian opera again claimed his muse. Before reaching there, however, there occurred another exciting episode of travel; he was cheated, robbed, assisted by extraordinary friends, and annoyed by pertinacious enemies. As an operatic writer in London he enjoyed a brief interval of successful industry, soon followed by the apparently inevitable troubles associated with the production of the lyrical drama—that costly exotic which flourishes on a foreign soil only through bold enterprise and incessant obstacles. Daponte imprudently became security, was unable to meet his obligations, and baffled, as he narrates, by the intrigues of the theatrical employers, went to prison for debt, and emerged resolute to change his vocation, and turn from music to literature—not as a profession, but as a commodity. He opened an Italian bookstore in London, and his intelligent enthusiasm for the gifted writers of his country soon brought him into genial contact with the few cultivators of his native literature; among them Matthias, then prominent as the author of a metrical plea for the study of belles-lettres—which had a transient popularity, and is still quoted as a significant memorial of the taste of his day. This prosperous author paid Daponte's most pressing endorsement; and, once at liberty, he went to Italy as the operatic agent to engage a new company. This visit was a charming experience, and is depicted in roseate colors; for, although the French armies occupied his native soil, he found no

impediment to a reunion with his family, and the occasion was made a long *festa*, which he describes in detail and with great zest. He is jubilant over the misfortunes which had overtaken his old enemies, who have been either struck with lightning, languish in prison, or suffer some other chastisement of Providence. He again finds cause to realize the truth of the maxim—*non si vince amor se non fuggendo*; has a long conversation with Ugo Foscolo at Bologna and with Metastasio at Vienna, and is delighted with his sojourn at Florence, whose people he eulogizes as *ospitali senza ostentazione, instrutti senza pedanteria, affabili senza bassezza*, "hospitable without ostentation, learned without pedantry, affable without baseness." He is half frozen going across the Apennines, thence to Bologna, has a desperate quarrel with Williams, his English partner, in engaging and transporting the singers, and returns to London to find new suits instituted against him, and once more to enter a debtor's prison. His bookstore and influence revive the scanty interest in Italian literature, and he is patronized by some of the nobility, and befriended by men of letters; but discouraged, at last, by the succession of writs growing out of his unfortunate security for the opera-lessee, he accepts bankruptcy as the only issue, sends his family to a kinsman in America, and prepares to follow and test his blighted fortunes in the New World.

Daponte's voyage to the United States was long and comfortless, and he was reduced to a pork-diet before it was over; he arrived at Philadelphia on the 4th of June, and immediately joined his family in New York. With fifteen thousand dollars capital saved from the wreck by his prudent wife, he established himself at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in what promised to be a successful trade; but a dishonest partner caused its speedy failure. Reverting to his educational resource, he took pupils in New York, and was befriended there by Prof. Clement Moore and several leading families, so that he enjoyed a brief period of professional success and

social pleasure; but when the season arrived—as it inevitably does, in all such vocations, when there comes a lapse in the attendance and a diminution of classes—the alert professor was again induced to change the, to him, congenial sphere of literary occupation for the hazards and the cares of trade—for which, according to his own confession, he was singularly ill-adapted. This time he prepared to deal in certain Italian commodities, the more choice kind of liquors and confections, and Sudbury in Pennsylvania was the scene of his new enterprise. The account he gives of his experience here forms a curious contrast with that at Venice and Vienna: he accumulates bad debts; is annoyed by old claims; he is robbed; he goes to law; *delitti*—crimes, *usurpazioni*—encroachments, *tradimenti*—swindles—form the burden of this record of the attempt of an Italian poet to do business in an interior American town. There is something so exaggerated in the style of complaint, and so petty in the nature of the grievances, that the “pity of it” is almost lost in a kind of serio-comedy. To add to his troubles, the poor Signore is thrown from a gig, and, for a while, is in the hands of those famous and benign Philadelphia surgeons—Physic and Barton. At last he sells out his stock, but apparently with no “good-will” included; and declares himself, though terribly fleeced by the lawyers, only too happy to escape from the care and persecution of what he calls *un nuovo Egitto*, and return to his beloved New York. He blesses the day, as did Petrarch that on which he first saw Laura; eloquently describes the cordial reception he received from old friends; he marks the fourteenth of August, 1818, as a white day; “*benedetto sia il giorno!*”—for then he bade Sudbury *l'estremo addio*; and declares it was an *ispirazione celeste* that drew him to study, teaching, and educated society in the metropolis. Indeed, Daponte seems to have then first fairly entered upon a congenial life in America; he describes it with zest and enthusiasm; the Italian

language and literature was a novelty then, and some of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the city and suburbs, as well as many of the most intelligent gentlemen, took up the pursuit with zeal: Daponte's geniality and ardor made it attractive. He draws the most flattering portraits of his favorite pupils, dwells gratefully on the kindness of which he was the recipient, and mentions the names of several leading families as associated with his instructions; specimens of the correspondence, interspersed with his reminiscences, indicate remarkable proficiency in Italian among his fair scholars. Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, have rarely found so eloquent an expositor. He experienced, in the midst of this agreeable life, a deep affliction in the loss of his son. He passed his summers at a delightful country-place near his friend Livingston's, on the Hudson: some of his pupils were domesticated with him, and no one better improved the opportunities thus afforded than his beloved Enrico Anderson, subsequently professor in Columbia College, who eventually married the daughter of his Italian friend and instructor. In the meantime Daponte presented Italian books to the Public Library, and imported many standard authors from Italy—thus disseminating a taste for his native literature.

He was as staunch and eloquent an advocate of the claims of Italian music as of those of literature. He discussed the former subject with much intelligence and ardor, and soon, with the coöperation of a prominent gentleman in society, Dominic Lynch, enlisted the sympathies of a few influential citizens, who had learned to enjoy the opera abroad. The first company were welcomed and initiated in New York by his enterprise; and it was a great personal triumph, and delightful social excitement, when the *Barbiere* and *Don Giovanni* were first successfully represented in his adopted home; his *libretto* of the latter, written originally for the original representation of Mozart's masterpiece, was translated when



that was introduced to the New World; and the *improvisatore* of Venice and operatic poet of Vienna was the hero of the day. At that time society in New York, properly so called, was limited, but cordial and united, and, therefore, there was more unanimity and mutual interest in every social experiment. Daponte's fair pupils were in a state of sympathetic expectancy, and their husbands and fathers embarked generously in the attempt to establish the most *recherché* amusement of Europe in their thriving city. Numerous are the racy anecdotes, and memorable the lyric triumphs of that occasion. Not only did the popular Italian professor encourage the artists, win over the wealthy patrons, and glory in the whole phenomena, but he came gallantly to the rescue where ignorant critics, or perverse objectors, found fault and breathed discouragement. Indeed, he had become the champion of his country almost to a Quixotic degree; Queen Charlotte's trial, then enacting, had led to many unjust estimates of the Italian national character; Prescott, afterwards our renowned historian, in his early literary essays, chiefly written for the North American Review, had ventured on some critical views of the poets of Italy; both the general and the specific animadversions aroused the sensibility of Daponte, who replied with elaborate, and often exaggerated emphasis, to what he considered slights and slurs on his country's fair fame. In the retrospect the controversy is more amusing than conclusive. Meantime, knowing the delicate organization of the vocalists, he had taught a worthy American woman the mysteries of the Italian *cuisine*; so that *soprano, contralto, basso*, and *baritone*, were agreeably surprised to find the viands and cookery to which they had been accustomed at home, provided in a New York boarding-house. The establishment retained its *prestige* long after the first, second, and third operatic enterprises had failed; for no Italian or old *habitué* of that classic land, who had ever dined at Aunt Sallie's, was likely to forget the soup,

maccaroni, or red wine, to say nothing of the bread and vegetables—so like what he associated with the *trattorias* of Florence and Rome; indeed, to dine there, as was my fortune occasionally, and hear *la lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, on all sides, with furious discussion of Italian politics and delectable praise of composers and vocalists or pictorial *critiques*—transported one by magic from Broome-street to the *Piazza Vecchia* or the *Via Condotta*. The death of Aunt Sallie, a few years ago, dispersed the few survivors of the circle that succeeded Daponte's singing-birds; and the alimementive associations of his active and magnetic sojourn have no more a "local habitation." It is otherwise, however, with the social vestiges. Some of our elder citizens yet describe his tall figure and handsome face at the opera, "monarch of all he surveyed," infecting others with his enthusiasm, and serving as a vital bond between the musical strangers and the fascinated public. Alternating from his *piccolo Eden di campagna*, as he calls it, to his winter-classes in town; carrying on the war with malignant compatriots and rivals; struggling with debts; presiding at private theatricals; making Alfieri and the modern Italian writers known to cultivated New Yorkers; enjoying congenial intercourse with his friends; revelling in the nascent enthusiasm for Italian opera and growing taste for Italian literature; his *bon-mots*, his greetings, his verses, his friendships, his scholars, *protégés*, and domestic amenities made up a varied, exceptional, and complacent life. Corn-beef *versus* maccaroni, was the problem he loved to state and solve; and the success which attended his efforts to make the Italian element, literary, musical, and prandial, familiar and appreciated in the commercial metropolis of the New World, was certainly a rare triumph of personal zeal and social attraction.

Since those days, when Daponte was the unique representative and isolated advocate of Italy, her music, her letters, and her language, these have be-

come known and endeared, through the many cultivated and patriotic exiles from southern Europe, who have found a congenial home among us—including the favorite veteran Foresti and the noble Garibaldi; a succession of *prima donnas* have won the suffrages of two generations of opera-habitues, and the Academy of Music, just risen from its ashes in new splendor, attests the permanent hold that amusement has upon the regards of the people. The improvements in the press incident to steam-navigation and newspaper enterprise, have also kept us *au courant* with the remarkable political development of Italy, during the last twenty years; and among the most popular modern fictions, are the historical and local novels of Guerazzi, d'Azeglio, and Rufini, while every year the number of American winter sojourners in Rome and travellers in Italy increases; so that Ristori found instant and wide appreciation in New York, both professional and social;—all of which is in strong contrast to the times when Daponte was the Italian pioneer.

The little volumes entitled *Memorie di Lorenzo Daponte da Ceneda, Scritto da esso: Nuova York, 1829-30*, are a literary curiosity—detailing, as they do, with extraordinary egotism, naïveté and vivacity the incidents and emotions of a long and curiously varied life, and written and published in the Italian language in the old age of the author, and in a city whose bustling trade and absorption in the practical and immediate, form such an absolute contrast to the reminiscences of an old Venetian poet. Compared with the autobiography of Franklin, for instance, or any of the familiar memoirs of our self-made men, there is a dramatic contrast which brings the spirit and results of the two extremely opposed nationalities into zestful juxtaposition. The Italian, like the American, has his own way to make in the world, but while the one depends on shrewdness, the other relies on manners; while one is thrifty, the other is amorous; this one is good at a bargain, that at a song. Daponte colors

his most commonplace experience with the hues of sentiment; he consoles himself for the few customers who frequent his Italian bookstore, with an appeal in behalf of which he closes his memoirs, by rejoicing that some of the most beautiful women and intelligent men of the city like to come in for a chat; and calls the late benign and beloved author of the "Visit of Saint Nicholas," his *angelo tutolare*. Now and then he strikes the balance of his account with fortune, and it is always either flush and flowing, or barren and bankrupt. Complacently he writes at one time that he is *amato dalle donne, stimato dagli uomini, accarazzato da miei protettori e pieno di buona speranza*,—"loved by women, esteemed by men, caressed by patrons, and full of good hope;" at another moment, he is the victim of malicious persecution, despoiled, cheated, forlorn; the choicest companionship alternates with the most sordid cares and the most child-like literary and musical enthusiasm, with the most unreasonable economic enterprises; while, through operative imbroglis, unfortunate speculations, and bitter personal controversies, glows a keen relish of social delights, a sustaining self-esteem, a warmth of heart and sensibility to beauty, which strangely unite the real and the romantic. With genuine Italian consistency the sincere in emotion is its justification with Daponte. Alluding to his numerous love-affairs, he says, *Dal primo momento in cui ho cominciato ad amare, il che fu all'età di diciotto anni, fino al quarantesimo anno, della mia vita, in cui preso una compagna per tutto il rimanente di quella, —no ho mai detto a donna—ti amo, senza saper di poter amarla, senza mancar ad alcun dovere*;—"from the moment I began to fall in love, which was at the age of eighteen, until my fortieth year, when I took a companion for the rest of my life, I never said to a woman, *I love you*, without knowing that I would do so, and never failed in a single duty." An old pupil of Daponte's tells me that his faith was sometimes a question with his intimates on account of

the inconsistent views he expressed; and when his wife died—an excellent woman, and a great bereavement—he wrote an ode, in which the heathen mythology was singularly blended with the Roman creed, although at the close St. Peter was made to acknowledge that the virtues of the excellent *sposa* entitled her to heaven, independent of all ecclesiastical dogmas,—she being an angel even while on earth. The appendix to the *Memorie* contains specimens of Daponte's letters to his pupils, his translation into Italian verse of a portion of Gil Blas, and that of Byron's "Prophecy of Dante," dedicated to his lordship; with some specimens of criticism and controversy—making altogether a singular *mélange* and an unique record. But a limited edition was printed, and the author did not carry out his intention to add a concluding volume. His accomplished son, who was an endeared professor in the New York University, died in his prime, and we believe a single grandson—young Anderson, who nobly distinguished himself in the War for the Union—is the nearest living descendant of the genial old Italian poet.

It might almost seem a prophetic coincidence of destiny, that at different epochs of his chequered life, Daponte translated "The Vanity of Human Wishes," so well illustrated by the vicissitudes of his career,—“Gil Blas,” of whose adventurous experience he was at times the rival, and the “Psalms of David”—fit type of that Hebraic ardor and aspiration which lent dignity and occasional triumph to his influence and enterprise.

Although sixty years old when he arrived in the United States, such was his vigor of mind and body, and his elasticity of temperament, that, besides his *nobilissimi allievi*, to whom much of his time was devoted, he engaged in a spirited defence of Rossini in the journals, and embarked in the importation of Italian books—a losing speculation, many of them having been eventually sold to the Government, through the intervention of a literary gentleman of New York. Occasionally the veteran teacher

and poet delivered a discourse to his friends and pupils. Of one of these Dr. Francis remarks: "It was published in 1821, and entitled '*Sull'Italia. Discorso Apologetico in risposta alla lettera dell'avvocato Carlo Phillips.*' I was of the audience when Daponte delivered this discourse in English before a large assemblage, with all the earnestness and animation of a great speaker. The copious stores of Daponte's reading can be estimated by a perusal of this vindication of his country and his countrymen. In reference to his native tongue he thus speaks: 'To her good fortune, Italy for five hundred years has preserved her charming language—that language which, from its united sweetness, delicacy, force, and richness, compares with every ancient language, and surpasses every modern tongue; which equals in sublimity the Greek, the Latin in magnificence, in grandeur and conciseness the Hebrew, the German in boldness, in majesty the Spanish, and the English in energy; that language, in fine, which Providence bestowed on the Italians, because so perfectly adapted, in its almost supernatural harmoniousness, to the delicacy of their organs and perceptions, to the vivacity of their minds, and to the complexion of their ideas and sentiments, and which was formed so justly to illustrate their character.' On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the evening of the 10th of March, 1828, he addressed his pupils with affectionate eloquence in praise of classic Italian, and in advocacy of the literature of his country as a means of culture and intellectual enjoyment. Two incidents are noted in the latter part of his memoirs with emphasis;—an accidental fall on the ice which kept him two months under surgical care, and the arrival of his brother and niece, after thirty years' separation from Lorenzo. When the New York University was founded, a professorship was proposed to Daponte, but the interest in his native tongue was too limited, and the resources of the institution too small, although subsequently his son was made professor; bookselling

and teaching, as before, were his most available resources.

At the age of ninety Lorenzo Daponte was still a fine-looking man; he had the head of a Roman; his countenance beamed with intelligence and vivacity; his hair was abundant, and fell luxuriantly round his neck, and his manners combined dignity and urbanity to a rare degree. His adventurous operatic career in Venice and London culminating in the bankruptcy of the manager in the latter city, involved him in years of financial difficulty. His attempts to retrieve his fortunes by trade in New Jersey and Pennsylvania were, as we have seen, lamentable failures; but, in 1811, a better prospect opened for him. Teaching, in the best sense of the word, was his vocation; with him it was no technical process, but a labor of love; he won the affections of his pupils, of whom he had, at various times and places, as many as two thousand; "the sweetest moments of existence," says one of them, "were those passed in literary conversation and sympathetic study of the leading authors of Italy with the *caro maestro*." This taste was critical; its exercise and exposition his glory. It was his latest triumph to introduce Garcia and his gifted daughter—destined to bear the palm of vocalism for years, in Europe—to the, to him, endeared public of New York; he regarded himself as a kind of bridge whereby the melody and the lore he loved could pass, by social magnetism, from the Old to the New World; and many a fond reminiscence in music and poetry yet attests the permanent influence of his enthusiasm and knowledge; many a classic author or euphonious impromptu, or gracious personal memory, are cherished among his few surviving pupils, as tokens of those days of æsthetic zeal and pleasure. In one of his letters Daponte observes that he "hoped to kindle a new light in his old age, by the introduction of the Italian opera, and that the allurements of its songs would in some induce, and in others reinvigorate, the desire of comprehending

a language which is the most delightful vehicle for the transmission of the melody of the voice." Indeed, the advent of the Italian opera in New York rejuvenated Daponte; the enthusiasm when Signorina Garcia was crowned reminded him of the popular ovations in his native land. He had lived through memorable years—in the times of Washington and Mirabeau, Napoleon and Byron, Scott and Mozart. His youthful aspect is described in Kelly's *Reminiscences*, and his first operatic poems in the memoirs of Mozart, while his old age was identified with the social culture of New York. A life of more interesting personal associations and greater vicissitudes it is difficult to imagine. It closed with serenity and under the most benign auspices. He had so entirely the command of his faculties, during his last illness, that he wrote tributary verses to his kind physician, Dr. John W. Francis, and translated with accuracy and grace a portion of the poem of Hadad by Hillhouse. His death was not unexpected: "Two days before that event," writes one of his admirers, "his sick-chamber presented an interesting spectacle; his attached medical attendant, perceiving symptoms of approaching dissolution, notified his numerous friends of the change in the venerable patient. It was one of those afternoons of waning summer, when the mellow sunset foretells approaching autumn. The old poet's magnificent head lay upon a sea of pillows, and the conscious eye still shed its beams of regard upon all around him. Besides several of his countrymen, were assembled some remnants of the old Italian troupe, who knelt for a farewell blessing around the pallet of their expiring bard; among them might be seen the fine head of Fornasari, and Baglioli's benevolent countenance. All wept as the patriarch bade them an affectionate and earnest farewell, and implored a blessing on their common country. The doctor, watching the flickerings of the life-torch, stood at the head of the couch, and a group of tearful women at the foot, completed a

scene not unlike the portraiture we have all seen of the last hours of Napoleon."

The obsequies of Daponte were impressive. His funeral took place at noon of the 20th of August, 1838. Allegri's *Miserere* was performed over his remains at the Cathedral; the pall-bearers were his countryman Maroncelli, the companion of Pellico's memorable imprisonment at Spielberg, his old friend Prof. Clement C. Moore, and two eminent citizens—the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck and Dr. Macneven; on the coffin was a laurel-wreath, and before it, on

the way from the church to the Roman cemetery in Second avenue, whither it was borne,—followed by a long train of mourners, led by the officiating priests, and the attendant physician,—was carried a banner, and on its black ground was this inscription: "*Laurentius Daponte. Italia. Natus. Litterarum. Reipublicæ. et Musis. Dilectissimus. Patriæ. et Conciolorum. Amantissimus. Christiana. Fidei. Cultor. Adsiduus. In. Pace. et. Consolatione. Lustrorum. XVII. Die Augusti. MDCCCXXXVIII. XC. Anno. Etatis. Sux Amplexi. Domini. Ascendit.*"

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### ANTHEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

#### I.

AROUND Jehovah's great white throne supernal,  
Unto His high command,  
The innumerable worlds expand,  
And sweep in bright obedience, hand in hand,  
Through the deep heart of space, glad with His light eternal.

#### II.

And infinite and vast the central sires  
Lead on their children gleaming,  
Bright offspring of fierce suns, which streaming  
Wheel on their satellites in pale broods beaming—  
A golden chain of circling and intercircling fires.

#### III.

And flashing in their orbits swift of flame,  
One with His holy will,  
They tread all tremulous with the thrill  
Of His creative word, which, echoing still  
From sun to sun, hurls the universal frame.

#### IV.

And, aye, renewed their circles still are trod;  
And, choiring as they go,  
Sweetly their solemn anthems flow,  
The spheres above calling to those below,  
All rapt and thundrous with the awful theme of God!

#### V.

And gazing on the unfathomable ways  
Which to the Lord belong,  
With well-tuned harps the Angel-throng  
Forever swell the universal song,  
And sound with suns and moons and stars accord of praise!



## TOO TRUE—A STORY OF TO-DAY.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE BARON'S ANTECEDENTS.

It was hardly to be expected that a knowledge of the suspicious circumstances attending Mr. Dassel's flight should continue to be withheld from the family whose peace he had destroyed. Mr. Cameron heard of them within a few days, and at once had an interview with the members of the firm. He was as convinced as they of Dassel's guilt. They told him they had employed detectives—had even sent one abroad, for they felt that the career of so subtle and dangerous a villain ought to be arrested. Mr. Cameron could not but agree with them, and hoped that they might be successful. All his prayer now was to get his darling away from that man, to take her back home—for he no longer had confidence in her husband's kindness to the poor child. That she would be abandoned as soon as he grew weary of her, was the father's agonized belief. Her fortune, in the shape it was in, was completely in his power, and he would have no motive for remaining true to her.

The wretched truth was known also to Elizabeth, for the burden was too great for her father to bear alone; but Mrs. Cameron was spared, for the present, any knowledge of Dassel's rascality. Bitterly did Mr. Cameron reproach himself with having introduced an adventurer into his domestic circle—given him friendship, and, what was more, the friendship of his wife and daughters. Surely, he needed not to reproach himself, for the exile had appealed to his love of liberty and his love of humanity—had approached him as one who suffered for republican principles—and won his esteem as a gentleman of the finest manners and the rarest accomplishments. Louis Dassel, if an adventurer, was not of the common stamp. All that birth or education could do for a man had been done for him. He had

talents, which, put to a better use, would have given him a distinguished position in any country. His smile, his manner, won all hearts.

It was impossible for Mr. Cameron to convince himself of this man's wickedness; and, alas! it was equally impossible for him to disbelieve it. To Elizabeth the father confided his changing moods; she bore the weight of his cares, and a still heavier care of her own. The energy of her character asserted itself. She became the comforter of her mother, relieving her of household cares, affecting a cheerfulness she did not feel, and was to her father a solace greater than he could express. Suddenly she had become the stay of home.

How many, in the last few years, when the shadow of war hung over us, have waited for footsteps which never came? have watched the inexorable mails for the well-known handwriting, which was never again to gladden their eyes? Thus the little family started when a foot sounded on the walk, turning pale if the door-bell rung suddenly, waiting for the letters, which were so plentiful, but never one from *her*!

About the middle of December there arrived a second letter from Robbie.

"Robbie is partial to you," said her father, playfully, as he handed a sealed missive to Lissa, which had come in the envelope containing his own. "He has always something private for your ear."

She made some reply, she could not have told what, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead as she took the package and thrust it in her pocket. They were at the dinner-table, and she had no intention of reading that communication in the presence of others. Her mother was deep in the affectionate pages which Robbie had penned for her, her pale face lighted by a brighter smile than it had worn for days.

"Am I to go without my coffee?"

asked Mr. Cameron. He, too, had been cheered by hearing good tidings of his boy, and was less constrained and absent-minded than usual.

"Let me help you, dear father. It gives me such pleasure to see mamma enjoying her letter."

The coffee-urn was placed before Lissa; she measured the white crystal lumps and the golden cream in those exact quantities which he approved; and when she had given him his cup, chatted about a dozen pleasant trifles.

"But why don't you read Robbie's letter, Lissa? Poor boy! he will not write so gayly another time, when he hears what Milla has done,—he loved her so tenderly. I never saw a brother so thoughtful and considerate. Alas, we have none of us any thing to do, now that we no longer have our pet to wait upon!"

Thus every little gleam of sunshine would always glide into the cloud of that overshadowing trouble.

"I have more respect for Robbie's prejudices, now that his dislike for a certain person proves to have been so well-grounded," continued Mr. Cameron, in a lowered tone, to his daughter.

"He had sharp eyes, for a boy, certainly," she said.

"Have you a letter, too?" asked the mother, when she had fondly scanned, the second and third time, every word her boy had written.

"Yes, mother; but I have not broken the seal yet. It is about some little affairs of our own, I know."

By some strange magnetism warned of its contents, not when any human eye was upon her would Elizabeth read that communication. After they had returned to the library, and her mother was busy with the pages of a new magazine, she slipped up to her own room, turned the key, lighted the gas, drew forth the envelope, and broke the seal, to read:

"DEAR LISSA: My suspicions were correct. Louis Dassel and Count Konigsberg are one and the same person. Before beginning my studies, I carried out

the plan which I spoke of to you. I took two weeks to investigating a matter which so nearly concerns our own happiness and honor. I went to Baden Baden. Of course, I was very discreet. No one knew that I had any object in asking questions, except to gratify a natural curiosity to hear about a person of whom every one likes to speak, and of whom a thousand stories, both dreadful and amusing, are told. There is a portrait of him to be seen in the house of a person of rank in that city. I contrived to see that portrait, as well as numerous *cartes-de-visite*, which the photographers have preserved, and of which they are very choice. Those *cartes* command an enormous price. They are, both portrait and photographs, the 'form and image' of Louis Dassel. Yet, they are the likeness of Karl Konigsberg, a real count, of excellent family and high position, who ran through with his fortune at the gaming-table, married a beautiful heiress of a rich merchant, attempted to murder his wife, was arrested, escaped, fled the country, and is now, no one knows where, nor whether dead or alive, except you and I.

"Lissa, my dear sister, that woman whom he attempted to murder, and who is his lawful wife, is still alive. She lives, in great retirement, at one of her father's country-seats. She is said to be in a decline, her heart having been broken by the treatment of her husband. Lissa, I am absolutely choked with rage when I think of it. If I were back in America, I am afraid I should shoot that man. As it is, I feel it my duty to denounce him to the authorities. But before taking this step, I think I will wait to hear again from you. Think of it—if it had not been that his attention was diverted to sweet, dear little Milla's humble legacy, you would, before this, have been married to him—you, a Cameron, and my sister, would have gone to the altar with this murderer and bigamist! Never mind my writing, for my hand trembles, I am so angry. I only hope and pray that poor Milla's affections can be untwined from

him, without fatal injury to her delicate frame and sensitive heart. I trust father will thrash him within an inch of his life.

"Still, you ought not to give the alarm, so as to allow him to escape. It is our duty to check his career, and you must be prudent until you hear again from me.

"Lissa, I cannot tell what possessed me that night on the porch. Was it the spirit of prophecy? Was it a touch of clairvoyance? I do not wish to attribute it to remarkable sagacity on my part. But the moon shone full against Louis Dassel when he was telling that horrible story of Count Konigsberg. It seemed to illuminate him through and through,—to render him transparent; and I saw and felt and was convinced that the teller of the tale was the chief actor in it. I was fascinated by a certain expression in his eyes,—you could not see him from where you sat. He saw how I was looking into him, and attempted to turn away; but, as I said then, like the Ancient Mariner, he was obliged to go on with his frightful confessions. I could hardly restrain myself from then and there accusing him. I almost shouted it after him, as he ran to catch the train.

"I was never happy after that. Every thing was poisoned by my suspicions. I felt that I must tell you. You remember, I approached you once, and you were offended, and repulsed me. It was a dreadful thing to put into words. And I had no proofs of what I said.

"It was not until after Dassel began to show the cloven foot, by reaching it out after Milla's jewels, that I brought my long-planned resolve into action. I saw no way to prove my own convictions, and to force them upon others, except to come to this country, and gather up the facts. My pride in the name of Cameron, my love for my sisters, would not permit me to rest until I had satisfied myself. I displayed some energy, did I not, in getting here?

"But, Lissa, that man suspected me,—at least, he feared that, if I came to

this country, I might stumble on the truth. He came very near having another murder on his soul. He tripped my foot on the gangway, in hopes of sending me to Davy Jones' locker, *by accident*, and thus keeping me out of his native land, in whose behalf he is such a martyr! Did you suspect it, at the time? I thought, by your face, that perhaps you did. I only hope he has taken the alarm, and deserted our pleasant neighborhood, before my accusations arrive. Not that I wish him to escape justice; but I do wish him to let my little sister alone. Sweetest, dearest Milla! give her a thousand kisses from Robbie. How wilful the little witch can be upon occasion! But do you know, dear Lissa, I love her the better for it. You had better take father into our confidence. Perhaps he will have Count Konigsberg arrested at once.

"They tell the most extravagant stories of his beauty, his talents, his recklessness at the gaming-table, his taste in dress, his skill as a horseman, what a favorite he was with the ladies, etc. He is a sort of hero, despite his crime—into which, they say, he was led by despair at impending poverty. But it looks to me like cool, deliberate deviltry. However, I am sick of him, heartily, and will say no more.

"Having finished up this unpleasant business, I intend, now, to apply myself to my studies with all my brains, and to remain here, father willing, the appointed time.

"As ever, your own

"ROBBIE."

The letter slid from Lissa's nerveless hands on to the carpet.

"Poor Milla! poor Milla!" she sighed.

And presently the weary, worn-out girl, who had bravely borne so much, slipped after the letter to the floor. She lay there some time, not unconscious, but stupefied and listless, wishing she never might have to arise and confront this new sorrow.

What was there left to pray for now? Only that Milla might die, and never

learn of her own false relation to the man she loved.

Mr. Cameron was disturbed by Elizabeth's long absence, connecting it with something in Robbie's letter. Misfortune had made him nervous and apprehensive. She was aroused from her half-swoon by his knock at her door, and voice asking for admission; and, rising, she admitted him.

"What is it?" he asked, reading ill-news in her face.

For answer she gave him the letter.

She was frightened at the white-heat of anger which glowed through his face.

"I shall set out at once. I shall not rest until I find him, and get my child. When we meet, let him look out for himself! I will sell house and home to get the means for pursuing the search."

"But think of dear mother, father. We can keep this from her; we *must* keep it from her."

"It is of no use to talk," he said; "to-morrow I shall see what can be done. Yes, keep the main fact from her, mother, if you can; but to-morrow I shall prepare myself to set out in search of my child."

The next day Mr. Cameron consulted again, as he had done several times before, with the firm of Borden & DeWitt, chiefly to learn if they had received any information of the fugitive.

"Nothing positive," said Mr. Borden; "but we have some reason to suppose that he has never left the country. No doubt he led your daughter to suppose they were going abroad, and allowed her to say so in her note, in order to mislead pursuit. In fact, we are almost certain that he is now hiding in St. Louis. An officer went on from here yesterday. It is now our theory that the journey he made last summer, to St. Louis, in the capacity of a detective, was really taken by him in order to convey away the goods stolen from our store. Doubtless his trunk contained the silks and laces after which he and the policeman who accompanied him were looking so sharply. Quite a joke

on us, wasn't it?—doubly at our expense! He has probably gone to that city now, thinking to safely dispose of them after this length of time. Your daughter's jewels, say \$40,000, Mrs. Grizzle's, \$12,000, and what he obtained from us, would keep the gentleman in ready-money for some time! We think he remained secreted in our store, the night the robbery was committed, allowing himself to be locked in; that he filled a carpet-bag or two with the goods, and placed the remainder in his desk, which he always kept under lock and key, and with which we did not think of meddling, afterward actually walking out in broad daylight with them, as if they were bundles of soiled linen. We do not think he had any accomplice, nor do we think he intended to kill the watchman, as he was not armed. He expected the fellow would drop into a sound sleep, during which he would effect the robbery, and then leave by the man-hole. But he was probably suddenly confronted by the unlucky watch, who, knowing him by sight, would of course betray him to his employers. To escape this, he murdered the man."

"Every body is disposed to put the best construction on his crimes," muttered Mr. Cameron, as he walked away from the store. "They cannot shake off the glamor of his personal attractions."

That same night found him on the express-train which left New York for the West. He had kissed his weeping wife farewell, with the words,

"Cheer up, my dear, we ought to feel happier now that we think we have positive trace of our darling. I hope not to be away over a fortnight. I hope to be home, and my little girl with me, before then. Lissa, you must have the house bright for us when we come back."

How desolate they felt when he had gone! Yet there was the future to look to. In a few days he might be back with that dear child, whose

"Foot seems ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er."

Louis and Milla! Mrs. Cameron expected *both*—talked of both. Each mention of their names in conjunction was like a wound to Lissa's consciousness. She could not endure it. Besides, her mother must soon know that such a thing was not to be, as their returning together; and it would be best to prepare her for the fact. So one day Lissa said to her, very gently,

"Mother, if Milla comes home, Mr. Dassel will not be with her. He has done things which make him an out-cast. Father will have no communication with him."

"Then I am afraid Milla will refuse to come."

"I think she will come. At least, we will prepare for her."

The days were brief and bitter cold, the evenings long and lonely. Mrs. Grizzle would persist, in her good-natured way, in being a "comfort" to her neighbors. Unwelcome as her intrusions sometimes were, they were wholesome, and the dreary little household would have fared ill without them.

Sam, too, happened upon one more opportunity to urge his suit, and again opened his mouth and spake.

"Why couldn't you a' said No, out and out, the first time?" he asked, reproachfully, when Elizabeth put a stop to his eloquence. "I had no idea you'd trifle with a fellow, Miss Cameron,—I hadn't, indeed. I built high on your takin' several days for an answer."

"There's where I did wrong, Mr. Grizzle," she said; "and I am glad to have an opportunity to acknowledge it. The truth is, that I came very near accepting you. I did place a camelia in my hair, the evening of Miss Bulbous' party, *but it dropped out. I am glad it did.* That chance has saved us both much unhappiness. For I did not wear it because I had made up my mind I could love you, but because I was not contented at home, and wished to go away. Then, my parents did not seem to need me, as I expected that Milla and Mr. Dassel would always live with them; now, you see how dependent they are

upon me. I am resolved never to marry, and never to leave them. This is my final determination; and I shall be annoyed if you refer to the subject again."

"It's hard on a fellow—" began Sam.

"May I give you a piece of advice?" interrupted Lissa.

"Why, yes. Advice is said to be cheap."

"It is to offer what you have offered me—your heart, hand, and fortune,—to another young lady that I know of, and who is sweet, beautiful, and talented,—who would prize your heart, be proud of your hand, and find your fortune a blessing."

"For the land-sake, who can she be?"

"You can easily discover it, if you set about it."

"*Camille Bulbous?*"

"No; she doesn't need your money. Not but that you might have her, for all I know to the contrary. But if I were to choose a wife for you, I should prefer the other. She is amiable, and she loves you."

"Who is it?" cried Sam, eager, and well-pleased.

"She has dark hair and eyes, and is not rich."

"Do you mean Miss—"

"Bayles."

"Sho! *she ain't* in love with me! I asked her to have me, long before I saw you, Miss Cameron, and she wouldn't."

"But she has changed her mind. The fact is, you have improved, vastly, Mr. Grizzle, and she is sensible of it. You remember, I was over at your house, the other day, when she came in. I saw, in a few moments, that she loved you. But, of course, she's not going to say so, until you ask her. I like her very much. Your mother is greatly attached to her, I can see. It is true, she has not money, like Camille Bulbous; but think, Mr. Grizzle, what a pleasure it will be to confer every thing upon her,—to be conscious that *you* have surrounded her with comfort and luxury."

"That's so!" said Sam, delighted.

"Will you promise me to think it over?"



"Well, y—yes!"

"Ask your mother, too. I believe her advice will agree with mine. Your mother is rather fond of style; but Miss Bayles will be as stylish as any of them as soon as she becomes Mrs. Grizzle. Don't you see how pretty she is growing? All she wants is handsome clothes to make her a belle."

"Sho!" murmured Sam again, but in an asserting voice.

"Try it, and see."

"If I thought she was really in love with me, I should hate to disappoint her."

"Well, you ask her the next time you see her. That will be the shortest way to find out. She's a sweet girl, and a lady, Mr. Grizzle; and if you marry her, you must love her with all your heart."

"It's a cunning way of getting rid of me," soliloquized the young gentleman, as he wended his way home. "But it isn't a bad idea, after all. Miss Bayles was my first love, and she might as well be my last. If ma's suited, I am."

So Miss Cameron saved herself by providing her adorer with another lady-love.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE BREAKING OF THE GOLDEN BOWL.

THE snows of winter lay over our country neighborhood. Miss Bulbous, despairing of Sam, was said to have engaged herself to a Southerner, whose acquaintance she had made at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she and her father were now stopping. The fine carriages, the gilt buttons, prancing horses, and coats-of-arms, had many of them disappeared from the railway-station. The fashionable country was in the city. Even Mrs. Grizzle was talking of shutting up Rose Villa, for a couple of months, immediately after New Year's.

The beautiful white-winged ships, too, no longer hovered over the blue river, which had drawn its coverlid of ice above it, and was sleeping a sleep disturbed by dreams of summer, if one were to judge by the sighs and soft

moans which might be heard by ears bent close to listen. The gray Highlands were capped with white. Christmas had come and gone; and the whole neighborhood had been gay with bells and wreaths and candles. Mrs. Grizzle had put some of her money to good use, by decking a Christmas-tree for poor children, upon which she had hung several hundred dollars' worth of substantial presents, as well as some dainties which were of no greater worth than to make the children's eyes dance and their mouths water, and their little hearts beat high for one bright hour.

During all these festivities a shadow had brooded over one house. For the first time since its walls came together there was no Christmas merry-making in the home of the Camerons. What could those two desolate women do, who sat there, watching the wintry clouds and listening to the wintry wind, awaiting, they knew not what fresh blow of misfortune? The joyous brother far away, the father still absent on his melancholy errand, the "flower of the family" blooming or perishing in some unknown atmosphere: they could do nothing but that dreariest of all things—sit and wait.

Mrs. Grizzle had tried hard to persuade Lissa into attending her Christmas party. It made her heart ache to see the young girl so pale and quiet. But Lissa could not think of meeting strangers, of entering into any pleasure, while that cloud of disgrace and sorrow drifted up from her horizon, as yet unperceived by others, but of whose coming she had received sure warning.

It was the Wednesday before the New Year, which would come in on Saturday. The two ladies sat, sadly musing, before the open fire in the library. After a long silence, the mother spoke.

"Do you remember, Elizabeth, how we made the fire here, the first time this season, for fear she would be chilly when she came in from that ride?"

"I was just thinking of it, mother. Sometimes, very seldom, I used to get tired of waiting upon her and humor-

ing her little caprices. But oh, mother, how weary I am of *not* having her to serve. What a privilege it would be to deny myself something for her sake! to run for her shawl, to rub her little cold feet in my hands!"

"How lovely she was that night!" continued Mrs. Cameron, almost in a whisper. "How little we dreamed that she was a bride! Her eyes were like stars! Evidently, she was very happy; she did not realize that she was doing wrong by such concealment. Louis influenced her as he would a child."

"I think we kept her too much of a child, mother; she was never held closely to the responsibility of her actions, as another would have been. We were too indulgent—loved her too much."

The mother sighed, wearily.

"Elizabeth, if I could know where my child was, and that she was safe and content,—that she had no reason to repent the step she has taken,—I would gladly die this day."

"Oh, mother, do not talk so! Has not our father claims upon you, and your other children?"

"Yes, Lissa; but *she* was to me what Benjamin was to Jacob,—not really my youngest, yet always *my baby*, whom I could not let go from my bosom. Hark! who is that?"

"Do not disturb yourself, mother. Susie Grizzle, perhaps, upon one of her good mother's errands. I will step into the hall."

"It gives me a shock, every time the door-bell rings!" murmured Mrs. Cameron, sinking back into her chair, and pressing her hand to her heart, whose violent palpitation was painfully visible under the folds of her shawl.

In a moment or two Elizabeth returned with a long strip of paper which she had taken out of a yellow envelope.

"It is a telegraphic message from father."

"Read it first, and tell me what it says."

"He is on his way home—" hesitating.

"And Milla?"

"*Is with him!*"

"Oh, thank God!"

"But she is ill,—*very* ill," the message reads, 'and we must have every thing in readiness for her comfort. They will be here to-night, at seven o'clock; the carriage must be at the station.' Here, mother, dear, dearest mother, do not cry! Was I not just saying what a blessing it would be to have our darling again to wait on? She is ill; but we will make her better. It will be such delight to have her making her little demands upon us again! What shall we do first, mother? It is four o'clock now."

"Let me shed my tears first, Lissa, that I may not weep so much to-night. I will be quiet presently. Go, do what is necessary."

"Let us prepare a bed on the sofa, here, and draw it up before the fire. This was always her favorite room."

"Yes, she will like to be here, I know."

"And beg the loan of Mrs. Grizzle's carriage. It is more comfortable than ours; we can shut out the sharp wind from it. I wish the wind would not blow so fiercely; it will be so cold for her!"

"Tell Dinah, Lissa, to have a nice supper prepared. She remembers well what were Milla's favorite dishes."

"Yes, Martin will be so glad, too. All our servants have missed Milla."

"They could not help but love her."

"She was so gentle and dependent."

Thus with strophe and antistrophe did mother and sister sing the praises of the absent darling, a mournful undertone in all their gladness, for they feared as much as they hoped, while they hastened to prepare for her return.

The night swooped down suddenly, bleak and windy. Every branch of the noble trees on the lawn moaned and tossed; wild, wailing voices of the wind whispered or shrieked at the shutters; but within the home, all was as bright as expectant love could make it. The coal lay in the burnished grate, like a mass of molten gold, from which, occasionally, would leap a little jet of flame,

sending a warm glimmer over gilt bindings of books and picture-frames. The improvised couch was steeping itself in pleasant heats; a tiny pair of slippers were warming on the rug, a decanter of choice wine stood on a table; Mrs. Cameron, wearing a new dress in honor of the occasion, smiling, but very pale, fidgeted with a book, and tried to read, while her strained ear only listened for the expected whistle of the locomotive. Lissa was in the carriage, her arms full of wraps, sitting down by the dreary little station, listening to the moaning wind, with a heart heavy with foreboding.

How long it was until seven o'clock! But the hour struck at last, the train rushed in, and paused; she saw by the glimmering lamplight her father and Sabrina descend from the cars, bearing in their arms the long-familiar burden. Martin opened the carriage-door, and the next moment Milla lay in her arms, speechless, but clinging to her with a feeble clasp, while her father placed the wraps about her.

"Go very gently, Martin," he said, as he and the nurse entered. "She is nearly exhausted by the long journey."

Very gently the carriage rolled over the snowy road to the old home. Milla tried to raise her head when the wheels stopped; but it sank again. She could see little of the old trees, the leafless rose-vine, the familiar porch, as strong arms lifted her out, bearing her through the lighted hall, into the dear old library,—into the presence of home and mother.

"Milla, my darling!"

She saw her mother's face, felt her kiss, and then, for a little while, all was deaf and dark—she seemed to sink down—down into death. They placed the light form—so light now that the burden of it was scarcely felt, on the warm couch, and poured the ready cordial between her lips; and presently the breath fluttered stronger. Now, indeed, the mother wanted to weep, and had no tears. Those great, bright, sunken eyes and wasted outlines touched the mother's heart too deeply for tears.

The old family-physician was there in less than a half-hour. He felt the pulse, he looked into the eyes, of his well-beloved little patient.

"I never thought she would live to be twenty," he said, aside to Mr. Cameron, who awaited his decision in another room; "but this folly of our pet has wasted her small store of life with lavish haste. There is but a drop or two remaining. I doubt if she holds out one week."

So the truth was spoken. Mother and sister were compelled to hear it. Short time, indeed, for those loving ministrations they had longed to bestow! That night Milla was forbidden to speak. She could only *look* her joy at seeing her friends. The next day she was still very feeble, replying with her old fond smile to all the tender attentions which beset her. On Friday she was permitted to converse a little; she could even sit up in the green-satin chair, wherein she used so much to lol, looking like a water-lily in its leaves.

How had the lily withered in one brief season! The wedding-ring, so small at first, would now scarcely stay on the thin hand. Yet, because her cheeks were flushed and her eyes brilliant, the mother clung to hope, and began to say, in her heart, that the doctor was mistaken.

The third day of her arrival home was the first day of the New Year. It was a beautiful, winter day, calm and full of sunshine. The house was made pleasant; every one endeavored to be cheerful for the invalid's sake, who was now in bed, in her own pretty chamber, where she had asked to be taken.

"Good-bye, doctor," she said, in a peculiar tone, when the old man was about to leave her, after his daily visit, on the morning of the New Year.

"Good-bye, child," he said; "a pleasant voyage to you," and he kissed her, with a tear in his eye.

"Milla!" exclaimed her mother, when the door closed on the physician.

"He knows, mother, that he will never see me again. My feet and hands are cold with coming death. I know it."

A silence fell on the group, which pressed closer about her.

"I am dying, and I want to say a few words about Louis before I go. It is true that he left me; but not until he was compelled to. The officers were upon his track; they were at the doors of our house. I, myself, urged him to fly. I know all about his sin. He was tempted to do wrong, because of his poverty. I knew that he deceived me, and others,—that he misled me, caused me to deceive and forsake my family; but I did not cease to love him. I am afraid I loved him the more. Lissa, do you remember what I once said to you? that if I knew I should not live three months, I should not hesitate to become his wife? I shall not live three months. He has killed me; he would have killed you, Lissa, if you had married him. And think, how much better it is that it should be I, who was foredoomed to a short life from the first."

The sobs of her sister interrupted her for a moment.

"Don't think Louis did not love me," she went on. "He did. He was always good to me. I think it was the knowledge of his crimes that killed me. I seemed to wither away, after I began to suspect them. I teased him to tell me why he had not gone to Germany; why he travelled in disguise; why he went to the Southern city, and kept me and Sabrina shut up in constant solitude. I asked him, passionately, if he was ashamed of me. That made him angry. He said, 'No! but he had committed robberies, and the officers were after him like dogs after a fox. He was not ashamed of his little girl; he was only sorry she had married so bad a man.'"

Here Milla paused, and a strange expression passed over her face.

"Do you remember I said, Lissa, that I would give my life to be his wife even for one week?"

"Do not talk; it is too much for you," pleaded her father.

"It will make no difference an hour or two hence, father, and I shall die more contented, having spoken. I was

punished for that mad speech. I never have been Mr. Dassel's true wife. I would not tell you this, if I were not dying. I never knew it until the day before he fled, father, and you came. He was looking over some papers in a small trunk. A letter dropped out. I snatched it playfully, opened, and read:

"DEAR KARL: Will you be in Baden-Baden to-morrow? I hope so, for the days are long without you.

"Your own wife, MARGARET."

"And then I thought of the story of Count Konigsberg, and stared at him, wildly, I suppose, for he caught it from me with a laugh,—oh, such a laugh!—and said I was punished for my inquisitiveness. *That* stabbed me to the heart, mother. I felt, then, that I could live but a little time, and I prayed that the time might be very short. *After all my love!*" mournfully.

"Milla," said Lissa, quickly, leaning over her dying sister, "would it not be joy for you to know that you were the Count's true wife?"

"What do you mean?"

"I had a letter last night from Robbie. I would have told you sooner, had I dreamed that you were aware of his previous marriage. Robbie writes to inform me that he has heard of the death of the Countess Konigsberg, who died of a decline, after being months confined to her apartments, on November 10th. You were married on the 13th."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the young wife, with an effort bringing her hand to her lips, and kissing her wedding-ring.

"I have been wilful," she continued presently, "and impatient and stubborn about many things, I know. But, oh, I have suffered so much pain! Not even you, mother, know how much I have suffered all my life. I ask you all to forgive me all my faults."

"My child, you break our hearts!"

"And you, Lissa, do you forgive me? After all, your love was not like mine; and it is well, as it has turned

out, that I took him from you. I have always loved all my friends. If I have sinned, it has been in loving too much. You will tell Robbie so, dear boy!"

Milla's strength had flared up like an expiring torch, enabling her to say this much; now she lay exhausted, and apparently sinking into a stupor, while the low sound of weeping filled the room.

Suddenly her voice, silver-clear and strangely thrilling, took up the burden of a poem which had been a great favorite of hers for years. Often, in the pleasant evenings forever gone, she had repeated it to her friends with an impassioned glow of utterance, which, from one so fragile, had almost startled them. Imagine, then, the pain with which they heard the familiar rhythms rise from those dying lips:

"Behold! I have sinned not in this!  
Where I have loved, I have loved much and well,  
—I have verily loved not amiss.  
'Let the living,' she said,  
'Inquire of the Dead  
In the house of the pale-fronted Images:  
My own true deed will answer for me, that I have  
not loved amiss  
In my love for all these.'

"The least touch of their hands in the morning,  
I keep it by day and by night.  
Their least steps on the stairs, at the door, still  
throbs through me, if ever so light.  
Their least gift, which they left to my childhood,  
far off, in the long-ago years,  
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and seen  
through the crystal of tears.  
'Dig the snow,' she said,  
'For my churchyard bed,  
Yet I, as I sleep, shall not fear to freeze,  
If one only of these my beloveds, shall love me with  
heart-warm tears,  
As I have loved these!'"

Their sobs were stifled, their breaths repressed, as the silver syllables stole through the room. In the stillness which followed, Milla opened her eyes, and looked from face to face with an indescribable, solemn smile, murmuring,

"Say never, ye loved—once. \* \* \*  
Love strikes but one hour—Love! those *never* loved  
Who dream that they loved *once*!"

Then that numbness of death, which had crept up from hands and feet, touched her lips and eyelids; she lay, for hours, in a stupor, which could hardly be told from death; but, at set

of sun, she roused herself to say, quite aloud,

"If ever you see Louis again, tell him I loved him to the last. Tell him, I ask him to repent, so as to meet me in heaven."

Shortly thereafter she drew her last breath; her soul exhaled from its flower-like form, and fled to God who gave it.

It was a sleety, stormy day upon which she was buried; but all the neighborhood about Evergreen Station were in attendance. Curiosity to learn something of the details of her brief married life—a flying shadow of mystery, which all caught but none could hold—increased the interest which drew old neighbors and new to the house of mourning. They scanned, with eager eyes, the coffin-plate:

MILLA CAMERON DASSEL.

ÆT. 17 YEARS.

But none knew, not even Mrs. Grizzle, that the true title of the sleeper was "Countess of Konigsberg." How lovely she looked, in death's restful slumber, is still whispered by the community. All her deformity was hidden away in satin folds and fragrant flowers; her fair, bright hair, worn as always during her life, floated down either side the young face, and glittered along her white dress almost to her knees.

Count Konigsberg has not yet received his wife's dying message, nor is it to be anticipated that he ever will. What land now shelters the adventurer is not known to those most interested in tracing him. When Mr. Cameron reached St. Louis, during that search for the missing couple, of which we have told, he thought the Count's arrest was certain; but when he traced him to the lodgings where he had been living under still another assumed name, he found him—not. He had been warned, in time to flee, taking with him every thing of value, bidding his sick and wretched wife a last farewell.

The police arrested, however, a German Jew, for receiving stolen goods.



This was the person whom Dassel had represented as a cousin, but who was, in fact, a money-lender well-known of yore, in Baden-Baden, by the Count, who had "patronized" him, in that city, with magnificent liberality. This person, removing to America, had met and recognized the Count in New York, soon after his arrival in this country. To prevent betrayal, and knowing the utterly unprincipled character of the broker, the Count had bribed him to secrecy, promising him rich commissions when he should establish himself in St. Louis, whither he was going. It may be that desperation at having no money wherewith to buy the fellow's silence, drove him to commit the burglary at Borden & DeWitt's. Having secured the goods, he had invented the excuse of a journey to St. Louis, where he left the spoils to be sold on shares, through channels which the broker would be wise enough to find.

It is known that the Count escaped to New Orleans, and from thence to Cuba. There pursuit was baffled. Those who knew him best during his career in this country are divided in their opinion as to his utter depravity. It is not impossible that the utter devotion of Milla Cameron awoke some real response in his heart. It may be that his object in endeavoring to rob her of her legacy, on the night preceding the day appointed for their marriage, was to secure her fortune and save her the wretched career which must be hers as his companion. But his conduct towards his first wife was too infamous to give much ground for such belief. It is more natural to conclude that he wished to shake off companions who might fatally embarrass him in his flight.

It is not improbable that he first engaged himself to Elizabeth because he had nothing else to occupy his mind, and was reckless of consequences. His settling in New York, where, at any moment, he was in danger of being recognized by foreigners or followed by detectives from abroad, may seem a bold venture on his part. Yet this was in

keeping with the cold courage of his character. Being rendered entirely penniless by his sudden flight from Europe, he had to begin modestly, keeping, at all times, a look-out for superior chances to operate in wider fields.

Upon the occasion of his visit to the photographer's with Mrs. Grizzle, he came near betrayal. The French minister was well known to Count Konigsberg, who, fortunately for himself, was the first to perceive an acquaintance. He concealed himself by means of a screen which stood at the foot of a second flight of stairs, through which he was peering with that sardonic smile which sometimes curled his lips, when the astonished lady missed him from her side.

Sam Grizzle and Miss Bayles are married. They had a grand wedding in May. It took Mrs. Grizzle some time to reconcile herself to Miss Bayles' humble origin! But, when she did fully accept her as her future daughter-in-law, she did it with her usual heartiness. She insisted upon her coming to Rose Villa to make her preparations, and would hear to no less than six bridesmaids with interminable trains. The bride, with the blood of three generations of poor artists in her veins, was a person upon whom money could be lavished to advantage. Mrs. Grizzle was delighted with her when her "good points" were "brought out" with white satin and point-lace, and beamed her motherly effulgence equally upon her and the bridegroom, who had toned down into quite a modest representative of Young America, and was far worthier of his honors than when first we made his acquaintance.

Grizzle, senior, pronounces his new daughter "prime," which, with him, means "A No. 1,—no better in the market."

We are sorry to have to chronicle that Abel Bellows drew a prize with that last ticket which he purchased before his visit to the Tombs—a prize of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold, which was less by fifteen hundred than he had spent on lotteries since he first

began to invest in them. We are sorry, because we wish *no* lottery prizes ever were drawn. But, since Abel is one of our friends, we must keep a true record of what happened to him. By advice of Miss Bayles and his wife, he retired to a small fruit-farm in New Jersey, for which he paid cash down, and where he and his children are very happy in the midst of Lawton blackberries, Bartlett pears, and Newtown pippins. Mrs. Bellows' melancholy temperament finds occupation in predicting terrible drouths, devouring insects, and early

frosts. Still, she is a happier woman than of old.

It is yet winter in the home of the Camerons, where once there reigned a perpetual summer of love and happiness; but God, who is the only perfect Lover, will surely, some time, renew the bloom.

On the slender marble shaft which points to heaven, from Milla's grave, is inscribed:

"Love strikes but one hour—Love! those *neer*  
loved  
Who dream that they loved once!"

### WATCHING THE RIVER.

ALL doth not to the rich belong,  
Nor, to the proud, the whole world's peace;  
Here, in these woods, are books and song,  
With loves and works that seldom cease:  
From care we revel in release,  
And seek not what we could not find—  
Glory in gold—but look within,  
And hope for harvest in the mind.

Not learning of the learned sort,  
Not wisdom of the worldly-wise,  
(We live remote—and, life is short),  
But such as comes to common eyes—  
To watch Antares at his rise,  
The Greater and the Lesser Bear;  
To find Andromeda, or tell  
The stars of Cassiopea's chair.

Wise, good, and true, in cities dwell;  
But, ah! One dwells there—Discontent—  
With whom to live, if less than Hell,  
Is like it. There, of late, I went;  
To my friend's door my steps I bent,  
And found him propped, though not in pain,  
With watchers by. He knew me not,  
For midnight brooded on his brain.

O God! that good man—oh! for gold,  
For gold, that father, friend, high-priest  
Of all the charities, had sold  
His faculties; and now the least  
Of all that ministered—his *best*—  
Might have stood sovereign over him,—  
No motion in the mind. That brow!  
Thought's beacon-tower—and now so dim!

Never again, my soul, repine  
That I have nothing, having all—  
Health, and myself, and love like thine,  
Dearest! who shares my humble hall,  
And never be my soul a thrall  
Of avarice or ambition vain.  
Heaven shield me from the hardened heart,  
That brings the softness to the brain!

## THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE adventurous spirit of our age has distinguished itself in no respect more than in the energy and zeal in which it has pushed forward researches into the physical history and condition of mankind, and in the cognate department of physical geography. Hardly any portion of the earth's surface can now be called *terra incognita*; and the most distant seas have but few secrets in their keeping. The mysteries of the polar ocean have been in great part explored, and the enigmas of Africa are fast giving way before the zeal of the Barthés, Livingstones, and Du Chaillu of this generation. As regards our own continent more especially, there remains but little, or comparatively little, to be done in the way of exploration. Fremont and his thousand successors have completed the work of Pike and Lewis and Clark, and made known to us the recesses of the Rocky Mountains and the general features of that great terrestrial basin which we call the Salt Lake Valley, but which figured in the maps of twenty years ago as a "Great Unexplored Desert." Shomburgh has unfolded to us the intricacies of that vast network of waters between the Orinoco and the Amazon, and of the Amazon itself; and in that direction Edwards, Wallace, Herndon, and Bates, have given us all the information necessary to satisfy the requirements of general geography and popular intelligence. And if there yet remain, among the broad alluvions of the Atlantic slope of South America, some considerable tracts of country comparatively unknown, it is because no sufficient inducements exist for their exploration. It is because they present only a monotonous succession of sullen rivers flowing through vast tropical forests, where savage Nature holds despotic reign, and where man maintains only a furtive and squalid existence, timidly disputing his life with wild

beasts and dangerous reptiles. Regions like these possess but little interest beyond their more obvious geographical features; and, when these have been once ascertained with approximate accuracy, the present requisitions of knowledge are satisfied.

There are, however, two or three considerable districts of country, to the northward of the Isthmus of Darien, and almost at our own doors, which have a broader appeal to our interest and curiosity, but which are still involved in deep obscurity; namely, the interior valley or basin of the Rio Frio and its tributaries, comprised partly in the republic of Nicaragua and partly in that of Costa Rica, and known as the *Bolson of the Guatusos*. It is so named from an incommunicative and unconquered people who inhabit it, who have succeeded in maintaining an entire isolation from the rest of the world, and who, consequently, preserve unaffected their primitive ideas, language, religion, and modes of life. The Rio Frio, on the banks and in the valley of which they live, takes its rise in the highlands of Costa Rica, and flows nearly due north, between the Pacific or volcanic coast-range of mountains, and the true Cordillera, into Lake Nicaragua, at its southern extremity, and within a few hundred yards of the point where the river San Juan, the outlet of that lake, makes its débouchure. Numerous attempts were made by missionaries and others, under the Spanish rule, to ascend the river and open communication with the people on its banks, but without success; and it was only in August of last year that its ascent was effected, by Captain O. J. Parker, an American, who, with three companions, in a light canoe, went up the stream to the head of canoe navigation, a computed distance of one hundred and twenty miles. They however failed to open communication with

the Indians, who are wary and hostile, nor have they given us much satisfactory information concerning them. Their character, language, and modes of life, are all open questions for future investigators.

But the Bolson of the Guatusos is not the largest nor yet the most interesting portion of Central America which has hitherto remained unexplored and unknown. Whoever glances at the map of that country will observe a vast region, lying between Chiapa, Tabasco, Yucatan, and the Republic of Guatemala, and comprising a considerable part of each of those states, which, if not entirely a blank, is only conjecturally filled up with mountains, lakes, and rivers. It is almost as unknown as the interior of Africa itself. We only know that it is traversed by nameless ranges of mountains, among which the great river Usumasinta gathers its waters from a thousand tributaries, before pouring them, in a mighty flood, into the Lagoon of Terminos and the Gulf of Mexico. We know that it has vast plains alternating with forests and savannas; deep valleys, where tropical Nature takes her most luxuriant forms, and high plateaus dark with pines, or covered with the delicate tracery of arborescent ferns. We know that it conceals broad and beautiful lakes, peopled with fishes of new varieties, and studded with islands which support the crumbling yet still imposing remains of aboriginal architecture and superstition. And we know, also, that the remnants of the ancient Itzaes, Lacandones, Choles, and Manches, those indomitable Indian families who successfully resisted the force of the Spanish arms, still find a shelter in its fastnesses, where they maintain their independence, and preserve and practise the rites and habits of their ancestors as they existed before the Discovery. Within its depths, far off on some unknown tributary of the Usumasinta, the popular tradition of Guatemala and Chiapa places that great aboriginal city, with its white walls shining like silver in the sun, which the cura of Quiché affirmed to Mr. Stephens he had seen, with his own

eyes, from the tops of the mountains of Quesaltenango.

It is a region, therefore, of singular interest, appealing equally to the geographer, the student of natural history, the antiquary, and the ethnologist. And lying, moreover, almost at our own doors, rich in its resources and tempting in its natural wealth, it must soon appeal to that restless spirit of enterprise and commercial activity which, not content with its past triumphs, longs for new conquests and a wider field of exercise.

It is true that Cortez traversed a great part of this vast region in his adventurous march from Mexico into Honduras. For nearly two years he struggled among its deep morasses and almost impassable rivers, through its untracked wildernesses and over its high and desert mountains, with almost superhuman courage and endurance. But his brief letter to the King of Spain, giving an account of his adventures, affords us only a faint notion of the country, and no very clear ideas of its people. He reached the mysterious Lake of the Itzaes, and left there his wounded horse, the image of which, nearly two centuries later, the Spaniards found elevated to the rank of a god, and invested with the powers which control the thunder and the lightning. It was into this region that the early enthusiasts endeavored, but with imperfect success, to carry the symbol of the cross. Many a missionary found among its implacable inhabitants the crown of martyrdom. In vain did the Church seek to bring it under the shadow of the faith, and plant the cross on its savage mountains. Equally in vain did the royal cedulas urge on the Audiencia of Guatemala and the Governors of Yucatan the necessity of reducing it under the real as well as the nominal authority of the crown. Expedition after expedition was fitted out in accordance with the imperial mandate, only to be utterly cut off or driven back in disaster and dismay. Nor was it until near the close of the seventeenth century, in 1698, that the combined forces of the surrounding

provinces were able to reduce the famous stronghold of the Itzaes in Peten, and break down the temples in which, until then, the religious rites of the people who built the massive structures of Uxmal and Chichen-itza had been kept up in all their primitive pomp and significance. The history of this reduction was written by the chronicler Villagutierre with all the minute detail, and in the spirit of Froissart and the historians of the Middle Ages; but it only exists in parchment cerements, and under the seal of a strange tongue, in the libraries of the curious and the learned. But since he wrote, until within a very recent period, neither historian or traveller, priest or soldier, has ventured into the sinister region which resisted with equal success the power of the Spanish arms and the still more formidable influences of the Catholic faith. The little knowledge once possessed of the country has been lost; the very names of its people, once the terror of the adjacent colonies, have almost passed from the memory of the present generation, and the Spanish establishments themselves, which the genius of Ursua pushed forward into the disputed territory, have been left to almost utter isolation and forgetfulness.

Occasional references to the country, in books of travel, or in the transactions of learned societies, which have served rather to show how small is our knowledge, than to add to our information, are all that has been presented to the world concerning it, since the days of Cortez and Ursua. M. Waldeck skirted it in the directions of Tabasco and Yucatan, and Mr. Stephens on the side of Guatemala, but neither ventured into its interior. They heard fearful accounts of the ferocity of its incommunicative inhabitants, and have repeated to us the tragical stories connected with the fate of the few daring adventurers whom tradition reports as having undertaken to solve the mystery of its fastnesses. Even in Guatemala itself, within the nominal jurisdiction of which the greater part of the unknown country in ques-

tion is included, only the vaguest notions exist of the remote district of Peten and of the great Lake of Itza, on an island of which, and on the site of the metropolis of the Itzaes, Ursua founded a town which is still a political dependency of the republic. Separated by one hundred and fifty-six leagues of distance, involving a journey of twenty-nine days, ten of which are through an unbroken wilderness, which can only be traversed on foot, across rivers frequently unfordable, and wide tracts of country often inundated, and over mountains so steep, that in some places they can only be ascended by rude ladders formed by notching the trunks of forest-trees, and placing them against the declivities, to say nothing of the total absence of shelter and provisions, and the danger of attack from hostile Indians—in view of these circumstances, it is not surprising that even that part of the country which is under a qualified Spanish authority, is, in all essential respects, a *terra incognita*, and has so long escaped the explorations of travellers.

How long it would have remained in this condition had its exploration and illustration depended exclusively on the people and governments of the surrounding states, it is not worth while to inquire. The darkness which enshrouded it would probably have been permitted to thicken and become more and more profound, had not M. Arthur Morelet, an adventurous French explorer and *savant*, crossed the Atlantic, and, plunging boldly into its recesses, brought it with its physical characteristics, its quaint people, and its natural history, within the circle of modern knowledge, and under the light of modern intelligence.\*

The researches of M. Morelet are far too varied and important, and have too clear an appeal to American as well as general scientific interest, to be suffered to remain in the comparative obscurity to which a mistaken delicacy would

\* *Voyage dans l'Amérique Centrale, l'île de Cuba et le Yucatan, par Arthur Morelet. Paris, 1867.*



condemn them. They cover the vast delta of the Usumasinta, extending to the ruins of Palenque on the west, and thence eastward to the singular terrestrial basin of the mysterious Lake of Itza or Peten. From this centre they were extended southward, through a vast wilderness, and the hitherto untraversed and undescribed province of Vera Paz, to the city of Guatemala—a distance of upwards of three hundred leagues. In conjunction with the explorations of Messrs. Waldeck and Stephens in Chiapa and Yucatan, and of other later investigators to the southward, in Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, they serve to give us a very complete view of Central America, using that designation in a geographical sense, as including that portion of the continent lying between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. By their light, and that afforded by other investigators, we may now venture to speak with some degree of confidence and certainty of the vast and hitherto unexplored region to which we have alluded, and which, for want of a better name, we may call, after the people who inhabit it, Lacandon, or the country of the Lacandones.

This country is naturally divided into three distinct regions, strongly characterized and contrasted by their topography, productions, and people. First in order, approaching from the north, we find an enormous alluvion or delta, low, densely-wooded, and traversed in every direction by creeks and lagoons, through which the waters, poured down by the Usumasinta and Tabasco, find their devious and uncertain way to the Gulf of Mexico. For six months of the year, during the season of rains, the rivers and creeks overflow their low banks, and the whole country resembles a great sea, filled with floating forests. But when the waters subside, the channels of the creeks become narrowed, the swollen lagoons contract, and both become bordered by broad bands of black mud, which blister and crack under the tropical sun, generating miasmatic vapors, and filling the air with

imperceptible poison and death. These conditions imply a region of luxuriant vegetation and teeming aquatic life. Its forests are not alone of wide extent, but every tree is loaded down with *lianes* and vines of a thousand varieties, blushing with flowers of overpowering odor, that hang in festoons from every gigantic limb. Beneath their shade the slender bamboo shoots up its green and graceful stem, and the arum struggles to display its broad leaves to the sun and air. The lagoons, too, are full of aquatic plants of sizes and varieties unknown to northern latitudes, among which swarm myriads of waterfowls, filling the air with their discordant cries, and on the slightest alarm starting the traveller with the rush of their multitudinous wings. The alligator, also, slumbers on the slimy shores, as yet undisturbed by the splash of wheels or by the rifle-crack which has made life unhappy to his persecuted congener of the Lower Mississippi.

In such a region as this, man is an intruder. He will not brave the unequal warfare with savage nature which life here involves only under the pressure of overpowering circumstances, or the potential influences of gain. Such do not seem to have existed in ancient times, and the whole of the lower Usumasinta here described, and which may be called the Lagoon country, is destitute of traces of aboriginal population. It is possible that the builders of Palenque and Ocosingo, and the other dwellers on the upper waters of the river, may have used it as a means of communication with the sea; but neither they nor their descendants made any permanent establishments on its sinister shores. And as Cortez found it, three hundred and fifty years ago, so it remains to this day—except that there are a few establishments for the cutting of logwood, scattered here and there, at wide intervals apart, which afford, in their rude hospitalities, a welcome refuge to the exhausted traveller, whose canoe has threaded wearily, for days and weeks, the intricacies of the mesh of waters.

Succeeding to this low region of the lagoons, is a vast area of territory, embraced between the true Cordillera, or great dividing-ridge of the continent, on the west, and a subordinate range of mountains, bearing various names at different points, which starts out from the Cordillera in Guatemala, and runs northeastward, through the Peninsula of Yucatan. This wide region, comprehending an extent of territory nearly equal to that of New England, is drained by the river Usumasinta, which gathers its waters from a thousand mountain-gorges and valleys. It is a region of extraordinary diversity of surface, and the unpublished records of ancient military expeditions against its unconquered inhabitants, speak with simple wonder of its plains and valleys and glistening lakes. M. Morelet traversed only its northern border, starting from the town of Tenosique on the Usumasinta, eastward to the Lake of Itza—a distance of one hundred leagues. He found the country but little broken, with a gradual ascent to the elevated plain or plateau within which is embraced the lake referred to—itsself the centre of a terrestrial basin, without an outlet to the sea, something like the valley of the Great Salt Lake of Deseret or Utah. The whole country intervening between the river and the lake on the line which he traversed is now a wilderness, without a trace of human occupancy. But Nature holds here exulting dominion, and although vegetation is less rank and thick than on the low grounds, it seems stronger, more vigorous, and of a higher type. Forest has succeeded to forest through unknown ages, fertilizing the soil and affording nourishment to newer and more magnificent growths, and the traveller encounters occasional trees of gigantic proportions, veritable colossi, which astonish and overawe him with their dimensions. Some of these are from ten to fifteen yards in circumference, and send out branches which themselves exceed in size the monarchs of our northern woods. From these depend vines of numberless varieties, swaying

in festoons from their lofty hold, or twining themselves around the massive tree-trunks, with a wealth of luxuriance and bloom, of which no description can convey an accurate notion to our hyperborean fancies. In places, a colony of princely palms has effected a lodgment and crowded out the more rugged varieties of forest-trees. Here, their tall trunks are crowned with broad and feathery leaves; yonder, their branches are still laced up in their undeveloped stipe, while elsewhere they spread out in graceful, fan-like forms against the blue sky, while a flood of light streams down among them in a bright and cheerful blaze. Flowers, too, of corresponding proportions line the devious path of the adventurous traveller, and among them the *aristolochia grandiflora*, often measuring fifteen and eighteen inches in diameter, resembling the conventional cap of liberty, turned up with a violet velvet lining. Its great size, sombre color, and, above all, its rank and virulent odor, which generally deters the traveller from touching it, have led the Spaniards, who are never at a loss for a nickname, whether for men or for natural objects, to call it *Montera del Demonio*, or the "Devil's Cap."

Here, also, is found the *pavo del monte*, or peacock of the woods, which surpasses the bird of Juno in the brilliancy of its plumage; the stately *currasoro*, the gay macaw, and the vociferous parrot. Serpents, contrary to conventional notions, are rare, and except, perhaps, from the *coral*, with its alternate bands of yellow, black, and red, and with a fang more deadly than the most virulent poison that human ingenuity has yet devised, the wayfarer here has nothing to dread from the lithe and scaly descendant of the tempter of our unfortunate common mother!

But with all this wealth of teeming earth around him, man feels that he is here only as an accident. The part which he plays is so insignificant, that he seems hardly requisite to the general harmony of the creation. He struggles through the dark old forests like a pigmy, the impotent challenger of con-

stantly occurring obstacles. It is in these vast solitudes that the enigma of human existence first presents itself to the mind. Nothing here accords with the ideas implanted by education and developed by pride, and the traveller cannot help reflecting for how many centuries have these forests given shade and vegetation without at all profiting those beings who arrogate to themselves the dominion of the world!

These ideas and impressions are doubtless wrong in themselves, but they are such as fill the mind of the wayfarer in trackless wilds. The ancient Ascetics, who sought to extinguish the pride and vainglory of their spirits, did well to seclude themselves in forests and among mountains, away from the crowded cities and the haunts of men!

To the vast region of forests just described, there succeeds a high tableland or plateau, elevated upward of two thousand feet above the sea, shut in by a cincture of hills, dotted over with clumps of forests and wooded elevations, in the midst of which gleams, like a diamond amongst emeralds, the beautiful Lake of Itza. It is the centre of a considerable district, dependent, politically, on Guatemala, and called the district of Peten. On an island, near its southern extremity, the seat and stronghold of the ancient warlike Itzaes, stands the town of Flores, the capital of the district. This district, and, above all, this lake, have a special interest, not only from the fact that they have never before been described, but also because they constitute a remarkable physical phenomenon on this continent, only paralleled by the valley and lake of Titicaca in Bolivia, and that of the Great Salt Lake in our own territory. Hitherto it has been a question whether this lake discharged its waters into the Gulf of Mexico or the Bay of Honduras; and it was left for M. Morelet to settle the disputed question, which he has done in a manner equally clear and conclusive. According to his account, the lake is an irregular body of water, fifty miles in length, by three to five miles in average width. Although it receives a

number of small streams, it has no outlet, whence the Indians call it *Nohuken*, translated by the Spaniards, *Beben Mucho*, or *Drink Much*. It is of great depth, deepening rapidly from its shores, whence our explorer was at first inclined to believe it of volcanic origin. But he failed to discover any traces of igneous action on the rocks that surround it, which are of a coarse limestone, gypsum, and silex. It is belted with wooded hills, and although no reeds appear on its surface, yet a narrow line of water-lilies runs along its shore, in a fragrant fringe. In times of scarcity, the seeds of these flowers are gathered and ground for bread. During the dry season the level of the water in the lake is sensibly lowered, while in the rainy season the waters rise so high as to threaten with overflow the houses built on the borders of the Island of Flores. Although usually calm, and almost as motionless as a mirror, yet during the rainy season its surface is sometimes lashed into fury by the north-east winds, which blow over the high plain of Peten with vehement force.

Consonant with its isolation and individuality, the lake nourishes fishes of peculiar species, distinct from any that have yet been described. The most abundant is called *cili*—a silvery fish, gregarious in its habits, like the herring, and belonging to the genus *chaetodus*. Here, too, our traveller discovered a new variety of alligator, or rather a true crocodile, to which the Academy of Natural Sciences of Paris gave the name of *Crocodylus Moreletii*. Instead of two orifices in the upper jaw to secure the fourth teeth, it has two grooves on each side, and is, in other ways, distinguished from the other varieties of the reptile yet discovered on this continent.

To the eastward of Lake Itza are a number of smaller lakes, in a line, extending towards the sources of the Rio Hondo, which, during the period of rains, overflow and connect with each other, forming a continuous chain, through which canoes may pass. Apart from its lakes, the most salient feature

of the district of Peten, especially near its centre, is the multitude of regular, manihillary-wooded hills, alternating with level plains, or savannas, of every varying aspect. These are carpeted with grass, and although offering abundant pasturage for herds of cattle, are silent and unoccupied. Altogether, the country resembles some broad and beautiful park, and the traveller expects every moment to hear the familiar bark of some farmer's dog, or see the smoke curl up from the chimney of his dwelling. But only one green glade succeeds to another, and the hours pass by with scarcely a sign or sound of life to diversify his journey or disturb the repose that rests on all things like a sabbath-spell.

Owing to its elevation and other causes, the climate of Peten is cool, dry, and salubrious. Its soil is wonderfully fertile, and its natural resources almost unbounded. The maize yields two hundredfold in ordinary years, and a certain white variety matures so rapidly that it may be gathered within ninety days after planting; cacao grows spontaneously in the woods; a fine aromatic variety of tobacco flourishes luxuriously in the very streets of Flores; coffee bears fruit at the end of the first year; vanilla, sarsaparilla, Tabasco pepper, copal, and dye-woods, are all indigenous, besides a multitude of vegetables, the fruits or roots of which have value as food, or may be usefully employed in the arts.

Peten, in its geographical position, its history, and in respect to its population, belongs naturally to Yucatan, of which it constitutes the most elevated part. The two countries are separated only by immense forests. But between it and Guatemala, to which it belongs politically, we find a great rampart of mountains, impassable even for mules. Thus hemmed in on every side, and isolated from the world, the people of Peten have developed a character equally peculiar and interesting, approaching, perhaps, more nearly to that Arcadian simplicity and contentment, of which we sometimes dream as the per-

fection of human conditions, than any other people of which we have any knowledge. Genial nature supplies them with abundant food at the cost of but little exertion, and ignorant of other lands and free from artificial wants, they believe their own forest-fenced region to be the most favored spot on the globe, and their own modes of life the most rational and satisfactory. And if we may credit the description which our traveller has drawn of their condition, they are equally contented and happy. In the streets of Flores there are neither shops nor artisans, not even a market, and every one depends on his own productions, or on such exchanges as he may be able to make with his neighbors, for his food. The accumulation of property is a purpose unknown, and possession constitutes the only title to the soil which is recognized among the people. The day, which in other lands is the period of activity, is here the period of calm and repose. But as soon as the sun goes down, and the evening-breeze sets in, the town is full of life and hilarity, and the sound of the *marimba*, issuing from open doorways, invites whoever chooses to enter and share in the dance and the song, which continue far into the night, under no more brilliant illumination than the light of the moon, or that of pine splinters stuck in friendly crevices in the walls. High and low participate with perfect freedom in the festivities, and rank, age, caste, and color, all the conditions which elsewhere divide society, are lost or confounded. The same tumbler—for few families are the fortunate possessors of more than one—circulates among the guests, until it is drained, while a single spoon alternates from hand to hand with the same jar of sweetmeats. It need hardly be added that under such primitive conditions, the ladies of Flores have not yet mastered the mysteries of crinoline and corsets. Their dress is of that free and open character which best conforms with the geniality of the climate. A chemise of thin linen or cotton cloth, fringed around the arms and neck with coarse

lace or domestic embroidery, and a simple muslin skirt of varying color, constitute the principal articles in their simple wardrobes. Their hair, always luxuriant and beautiful, is plaited in long braids, fastened at their ends with gay ribbons, and is allowed to fall over the shoulders in front or down the back. A large comb, glittering like a crescent, on the top of the head, and a necklace of pearls or little golden coins, complete the adornments of the dusky daughters of the Lake of Itza. The sound of arms has been but seldom heard in the peaceable district of Peten since the times of Don Martin de Ursua. The political storms which sometimes rage in Guatemala are but feebly echoed here, where no one troubles himself about the form or the *personnel* of the Government under which he lives, or questions the propriety of its acts. The watchwords, "Humanity and Liberty," do not vibrate here as on the other side of the Atlantic or in Northern America. Spaniards under the viceroys, Mexicans after the enfranchisement of the colonies, then Federalists, and now citizens of an independent republic, the inhabitants always range themselves under the banner of the successful party, content to be left alone under the paternal care of their *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, whose offices are sinecures, for crime is unknown!

Of course, in a little community lost in a wilderness, great advancement cannot be looked for in the arts and sciences. Reading, writing, and the first three rules of arithmetic, comprise the extent of instruction to be acquired in Peten. When the last census was taken, in 1839, the total population of the district was 6,800, about one fourth of which was concentrated in Flores, and the rest diffused over an area of 18,000 square miles—giving to each individual, old and young, male and female, a landed endowment of three square miles, nearly equal to a German principality. Although in Flores there is a slight infusion of Spanish blood, yet the population is essentially aboriginal, speaking the language of their an-

cestors, which was the Tzendal or Maya, the same that was spoken by the aborigines of Yucatan, from whom they are doubtless descended.

The mystery heretofore attaching to Lake Itza and the secluded district around it may now be regarded as cleared up. The same may also be said of the scarcely less interesting and hitherto almost equally unknown district of Vera Paz, the ancient *Tierra de Guerra*, where the Bishop Las Casas first carried the symbol of the Christian faith. In reaching this district from Peten, M. Morelet was obliged to travel on foot for fourteen days, through a dense wilderness, intersected by deep rivers and high mountains. On the table-lands which he traversed in this weary journey, he found vast forests of pines, among which the mists condensed at night with all the chill of a northern November. Elsewhere he worked his ways amongst tropical jungles of broad-leaved plants and interlacing vines, in whose dank recesses, hot with the poisonous breath of the malaria, lurk pestilential fevers, and the various forms of death which have hitherto closed the country to adventure and exploration. Midway he came upon a strange and sinister region, bristling with disrupted rocks, and yawning with irregular fissures, half-filled with water—a desert without beast or bird, or other form of life to relieve its dreary solitude. It is strewn with shells, and the rocks bear evidences that it is frequently overflowed. Our traveller's guides hurried him rapidly over this ominous region, which they called the "Valley of Death." During the dry season it blanches under a blazing sun, but when the rains come round, the waters well up from the cloven rocks, and spread far and wide over the surrounding country, which is converted into a vast lake, without an outlet, which gradually swelters away under the torrid heats. During this season the few Indians who venture between Peten and Vera Paz have to make long detours to avoid the Lake of Death, or else construct rafts and wearily work themselves across its stagnant waters.



The region of Vera Paz, or rather that part of it which is inhabited, is an elevated, irregular table-land, from which the rivers of the country fall off in every direction. As a consequence, it is generally cool and salubrious. Its population, like that of Peten, is almost exclusively aboriginal, and only modified from its primitive condition by the influences of the early Dominicans, to whose spiritual control it was exclusively confided. It will be remembered that at the time of the conquest this region secured the designation of the *Land of War*. The arms of the Spanish governors were impotent against its warlike people, who repelled the attacks on their independence with every circumstance of savage cruelty and barbarism. The Spanish secular chiefs, chagrined and vindictive, applied to the crown for such large aid as should enable them utterly to overwhelm their warlike foes, to whom they attributed every crime and debasing practice known to humanity. Pending the result of their application, Las Casas made his appearance in Guatemala. "Providence," said he to the baffled men of war, "only wishes to operate on misguided souls through the teachings of the gospel; it has a horror of unjust wars undertaken in its name; it wishes neither captives nor slaves to bow before its altars. Persuasion and gentle treatment can win the hearts of the most obdurate to the shrine of God." To his exhortations the grim companions of Alvarado only responded with the monosyllable, "Try." And he did try; and soon after, with "no other arms," say the old historians, "than the double-edged sword of the Divine Word," he ventured boldly into the Land of War. He only stipulated as a condition of his mediation, that none of his countrymen should be permitted to enter the country for four years; and that in the event of his success in converting the Indians, the country should never be enfeoffed.

We do not attempt to follow the pious adventurer in his pacific crusade, in company with the Fray Pedro

de Angulo, who, in 1560, became the first bishop of the province. It is sufficient to say that the tribes who had so successfully resisted the arms of the invaders, subdued by the meekness, the patience, and the evangelical virtues of the two apostles, little by little exchanged their native barbarism for the more gentle manners and industrious habits which they preserve to this day. At the expiration of a few years the name of *Tierra de Guerra*, "Land of War," was exchanged for *Vera Paz*, "True Peace," which it still retains; the new designation having been confirmed by the Emperor Charles V., to perpetuate the remembrance of a triumph, the better assured because it was not founded on violence. He decreed also the arms of the Province. At the top of its shield, the rainbow glowed in a field of azure. Lower down, the dove, bearing an olive-branch, hovered over a globe, and the motto was, "I do set my bow in the cloud."

The character of the Indians of Vera Paz was greatly modified by these circumstances of their history—so different from those of most of the aboriginal families which fell under the Spanish dominion. They gathered together in large towns, and adopted a routine of life, in which labor and devotion were singularly blended. Perhaps no part of the world, not even Rome itself, ever witnessed a more general conformation to the rites of religion, than did Vera Paz under the Dominicans. Churches were multiplied in the towns and villages, and little oratories rose at every corner, at the crossing of roads, the fords of streams, and among the passes of the mountains. Every man in his turn devoted himself to the service of the church, the priest, or such matters as affected the general welfare, and contributed a fixed proportion of the products of his industry to the same purpose. These practices, although somewhat modified, still exist; but in other respects the habits introduced by the early fathers are passing away. Religion has degenerated into an empty form; and the people are rapidly relapsing under

the control of their savage instincts; and if we may credit M. Morelet, they are in a condition of feverish discontent, which may any day be exchanged for open and savage independence.

The total population of Vera Paz is estimated at not far from 80,000, concentrated, generally, in towns of varying size. Some of them, like Coban, Cahabon, Rabinal, etc., contain from 3,000 to 8,000 inhabitants. They have little commerce, and their manufactures are limited to their own wants. They differ from the dwellers in the basin of Peten, in that they are less simple in character, and perhaps more sinister in their purposes—for it is not to be disguised that notions of reëstablishing their ancient independence float mistily in the minds of most of the Indian families of Guatemala. In Yucatan they have already taken form, in the bloody and implacable war of castes, which is desolating that fair peninsula, and which seems likely to result, before long, in absolute Indian supremacy.

Let us turn now to the vast unexplored region, lying interiorly to the districts which we have described, between Vera Paz and Peten on the east, and Quesaltenago and Chiapa on the west, the stronghold of the unconquered Lacandones, and of the fragments of tribes from all the surrounding provinces, who fled hither to escape detested contact with the conquerors. Among these were the Manches, formerly established in Vera Paz, a large body of the Itzaes of Peten, and the Choles of Tabasco. The country which they occupy, as already stated, comprises the great mountain-bound basin, in which the Rio Usumasinta collects its tributaries, and has an area of not far from ten thousand square miles. The first mention which is made of the Lacandones is by Cortez, in his account of his expedition, in 1524, from Mexico to Honduras. He passed through the districts of Acala and Itza, lying to the north and east of their territory, where he found towns strongly fortified, as a precaution against the Lacandones, who were represented to be a warlike people

of whom the inhabitants of the towns professed themselves in greatest dread. Cortez afterward came upon the ruins of other towns, which he was told had been destroyed by them. This circumstance gives an indication of the character of the Lacandones, which every subsequent event connected with them seems to confirm. In his enumeration of the various nations having their seats between Guatemala and Yucatan, Pinelo speaks of them as "fiercest and most cruel." For a century after the arrival of the Spaniards and the foundation of Guatemala, they kept up a system of incursions on the surrounding provinces, directing their fury generally against the christianized Indians. In 1552 they boldly penetrated to within fifteen leagues of the city of Ciudad Real, the capital of Chiapa, destroying many towns and villages, and killing or capturing their inhabitants. Some of these they sacrificed on the altars of the churches and the feet of the crosses, demanding, ironically, of their victims to call on their God to save them. These outrages led to the organization of a number of expeditions into their territory, for the purpose of chastising and subduing them. Like the Itzaes, they had their capitol or principal stronghold on an island in a lake, from whence, says Pinelo, "they made sudden incursions, coming and going with the greatest celerity." This island was captured by the Licenciado Quinoñes, at the head of a considerable force, in 1558. In the accounts that have been preserved of his expedition, it is described as a high rock, surrounded by several smaller ones, on which the town was built, and so bare of earth that there was not soil enough for the burial of the dead, who were, in consequence, thrown into the lake. The town, according to the same authority, was quite imposing; the houses large and well-built, and the whole protected by walls of defence. No idols were found in the temples, for, unlike the other tribes whom the Spaniards had met, they confined their adoration to the sun, and made their sacrifices before it, in its

actual presence—as Quinofes himself had an opportunity of witnessing, in the case of some of his own men whom they had taken captive.

Quinofes destroyed the town, and started back to Guatemala, taking with him a large number of prisoners, all of whom, however, contrived to escape; and although his expedition was victorious at every step, it was fruitless in any decisive result. "The spoils of the war," says the old chronicler with bitterness, "amounted to nothing. Many of the gentlemen who engaged in it were rewarded with crosses and honors, but the greater part of them had spent so much money in finery and ornaments, bright arms and accoutrements, that they contracted considerable debts, and left their houses and estates involved for many years; and it is doubtful if they are yet free."

The chastisement inflicted by Quinofes nevertheless had the effect of keeping the Lacandones quiet for a long period, but before the close of the century they became as daring and troublesome as ever. New expeditions were undertaken against them, and the Crown itself made wide concessions of rights and titles to whoever should reduce them to subjection. But nothing of moment was effected until about the time of the overthrow of the Itzaes of Peten, near the close of the seventeenth century. In 1695 Barrios Leal, President of Guatemala, penetrated into the heart of their country, after a weary march of a month. He, however, found only deserts without inhabitants, where, a century and a half before, the Indians had disputed the passage with Quinofes. He reached the lake and their ancient stronghold, but found it deserted. But after much search, he discovered a considerable town, from which the inhabitants had fled. According to the MS. of Captain Valenzuela, who was an officer under Leal, the town was called "Lacandon, and consisted of one hundred and three well-built houses, of which three, in the centre of the town, were of large size, and designed for common use. One served as a temple,

another for meetings of the women, and the third for meetings of the men. All were enclosed with stakes of wood, whitened, and varnished, so that it was impossible to distinguish the joints by the touch. In the middle of the temple was a place closed by a door, in which none except the priests could enter. In it was a pedestal or altar of clay, and on it braziers, painted in various colors, in which birds were sacrificed. There were dresses of cotton cloth of gay colors, with cords and tassels depending from their corners, also flutes, and other musical instruments. In the halls for meetings there were more than two hundred seats whereon to sit. The private houses had their gardens, in which were pineapples, potatoes, plantains, and a great variety of fruits and vegetables; also pens containing fowls of the country and of Europe. In the adjacent country were wide fields of maize, beans, and Mexican peppers. Among their working utensils were chisels and hatchets of stone, and instruments for weaving and fashioning their pots and pans. Fire was made from the friction of bark, fixed in a machine for that purpose. And altogether," continues Valenzuela, "it appeared to me that the people, although infidels, were quite as wise and more industrious than the Indians we have converted."

Detachments of Leal's forces penetrated the entire country in many directions, and discovered other towns, the inhabitants of which were gradually collected and taken nearer the frontiers of Guatemala, where, after various removals, they were finally concentrated in one town, the Ixtlavian of Scherzer and other modern travellers. These proceedings, and the complete overthrow of the sympathizing if not affiliated Itzaes in Peten, seem to have effectually checked the aggressive spirit of the Lacandones. They abandoned their predatory habits, and contented themselves with rigidly preserving their isolation and independence. Their country, however, except where it was skirted by M. Morelet, is now no better known than it was in the time of Qui-

noñes and Barrios Leal. From the circumstance that the portions which he traversed were found to be without inhabitants, we must infer that their numbers have greatly diminished since 1637, when they were estimated by Pinelo at upwards of one hundred thousand. It is possible, however, that they have withdrawn from the frontiers, and concentrated themselves in the heart of the country, which offers a field for exploration and adventure infinitely more attractive than that to which Livingstone has drawn so much attention in Africa.

We are not, however, without some knowledge of the modern Lacandones. A few stern and silent representatives of the race occasionally make their appearance in the frontier towns of Chiapa and Tabasco, bringing down tobacco, copal, or sarsaparilla, to exchange for instruments and utensils of metal, and when the exchange is effected suddenly disappear by obscure and unknown paths. Waldeck saw some of them near Palenque, and he describes them as possessing all the savage energy and independence of their fathers. Their dress, according to the same authority, coincides with the garbs represented on the monuments of Palenque and in Yucatan. M. Morelet ascended the Usumasinta, until he encountered some individuals of this family, from whom, however, he gleaned nothing, except the admonition to turn the head of his canoe down the stream—a suggestion which, as they were well armed, he thought it prudent to follow.

As already said, various fragments of tribes or nations, driven out of the adjacent provinces, have united themselves with the Lacandones. Among these are the Manches of Vera Paz, who seem to have their seats nearest Guatemala, with the frontier towns of which they have some relations. In 1837 the Government of that state sought to extend its jurisdiction over them, and succeeded in getting together a number of their chiefs, with whom a treaty was concluded, by which the Manches agreed to be regarded as under the

protection of the Government of the Republic, but not subject to its laws until the expiration of seven years, and that even then there should be no interference with their religion or with their practise of polygamy. It does not appear, however, that the treaty ever went into effect.

It was in the region of the Lacandones that the cura of Quiché affirmed to Mr. Stephens he had seen, from the heights of Quesaltenango, the white walls of great cities, glistening like silver in the sun. The notion of such living cities, rivalling Palenque and Mayapan, in the district referred to, is not peculiar to one part of the country, but prevails also in Chiapa and Yucatan. On the 3d of August, 1849, the secretary-of-state of Chiapa addressed an official letter to the prefect of the department of Chillon, bordering on the district of Lacandon, stating that he had been informed that in the vicinity of San Carlos Narcalan, beyond the Sierra de la Pimienta, a great city had been discovered, in the distance, with large edifices, and many cattle in its pastures; and that although there appeared no road to it, yet it was supposed that it could not be more than two days distant. He therefore ordered the prefect to make all possible efforts to reach the city, and to report the result to his office in San Cristobal. But as nothing further was ever heard of the discovery, it is to be presumed that the city could not be found by the prefect.

Nor, in fact, is there any good reason for supposing that such cities do exist. For although the Lacandones and the Itzaes spoke the same language with the Mayas of Yucatan, and probably the same with the builders of Palenque and Copan, yet every thing connected with their history and character proves them to have been considerably below the other families of the same stock in the degree of their civilization. Whether the Tzendals, the Mayas, Quichés, Zutugils, and Kachiquels were families of the same origin, who had reached a higher stage of development; or the Itzaes, Lacandones, Manches, and others,

were the degenerate offshoots from these, may be a question; but the presumption strongly is, that, with the disruption of the ancient Toltican empire, of which Palenque was probably, at one time, the capital, various fragments were thrown off, and driven by force of circumstances into remote districts, where, in the course of time, they developed peculiar characteristics of their own. At any rate, the earliest accounts of the Lacandonese represent them as a relatively barbarous if not a nomadic race, strongly contrasting with the more advanced and polished nations above enumerated, although, so far as language is concerned, betraying an intimate relationship with them. In Peten, the Itzaes built temples and other edifices, closely resembling those of Yucatan, but less in size and somewhat ruder in construction, such as we might expect to find in the weaker efforts of a colony. But in Lacandon we have no account of such structures, in the towns reduced by the Spaniards; nor does it appear that the temples of its people were more remark-

able than their private houses, or differed from them except in size.

We are compelled, therefore, to resign the traditions of great cities with white walls of stone, covered over with mysterious symbols, and with steps crowded with the worshippers of a primitive religion, to the poet and romancer, or surrender them as the appropriate property of enterprising exploiters of supposititious Aztec children. The fact of the existence of a frontier people, in the heart of Central America, of the same stock with its most advanced and powerful nations, and with character, habits, religion, and government, little, if at all, changed from what they were at the period of the Discovery, is one sufficiently interesting in itself. It requires none of the "pomp and circumstance" of gorgeous speculation to draw to it the attention of the student and adventurer, who may find here a more interesting and important field of research and investigation than among the desert-snows and icebergs of the poles, or among the sable savages of Ethiopia.

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### THE THREE WORK-DAYS.

So much to do, so little done!  
 In sleepless eyes I saw the sun;  
 His beamless disk in darkness lay,  
 The dreadful ghost of YESTERDAY!

So little done, so much to do!  
 The morning shone on harvests new;  
 In eager light I wrought my way,  
 And felt the spirit of TO-DAY!

So much to do, so little done!  
 The toil is past, the rest begun:  
 Though little done, and much to do,  
 TO-MORROW makes the world anew!



## THE FOUNDERS OF GLOBE CITY.

## I.

## CHAPTER I.

A SAIL-BOAT, swinging idly by its stake among the rushes in the river-mouth, and four row-boats, drawn up the beach, comprised the entire shipping interest of New Bolton; and its imports, as far as could be seen, consisted of one trunk.

"You're goin' to stop here, stranger, I reckon?" said a red-faced man, in a rancous voice, as he sauntered down to the landing, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, yes," replied the stranger; "I've come ten or twelve hundred miles for that privilege, and I should like to stop, if there's a hotel, and no objections."

"Jest what I thought, from your looks; and if you'll give me a lift on t'other end of this trunk, I'll take you up there. This is the only 'bus we run now," said the first speaker, good-humoredly, wiping his forehead, as he put the trunk on the piazza.

The hotel was a roomy log-house, surrounded by large oaks picturesquely scattered over a grassy slope, and commanded a view of the back-country—a prairie, stretching off into the western horizon. On the lake-side was a wide piazza, shady and cool for afternoon reveries. Every thing in and about the house was as sweet and clean as water and whitewash could make it. The stranger stepped up and registered his name—"Richard French, Albany"—in a dingy, dog's-eared little book.

"New Bolton is not as large as I expected," said he.

"Well, it's a young place, and hasn't done growin' yet," replied the landlord. "If the West was all built up and finished, there wouldn't be any West; it would all be East, and you'd have to go further on—China, perhaps;—and that'd be inconvenient; for you *will* go

where you can buy vacant lots to speculate on, you know."

"Have you many lawyers here?" inquired Richard.

"Well, yes, a kind o' prairie lawyers are plenty enough about the country; but nobody in it reg'lar at this place, 'thout it's bein' mixed up with most every thing, 'cept catchin' white-fish. You, now, look like a reg'lar," said the landlord.

"Yes," replied Richard, pleased with the compliment, "I am a lawyer by profession, but I think I should have no scruples against indulging in a profitable land speculation."

"No, it won't do to be partic'lar, 'specially when it don't pay," said the landlord. "Besides that, you'll *have* to take land, if you do any business. I took land for board, and land for horse-keepin', until I got land-poor, and couldn't pay taxes. I don't know what I'd done if it hadn't been for a flock of Dutchmen that stopped here, and gobbled it all up for me. It never gets to be a drug with them fellers. They're always land-hungry. It's a good thing for the West, too; because we work off rough pieces and swamp-lots on to 'em. They call every thing land, where they can touch bottom with a ten-foot pole."

Richard admitted that this was a great country, and walked out. He had been three weeks on his way from the East to this Western shore of Lake Michigan, and now found, in the doves about the barn, the mud-swallows' nests under the eaves, and the cosy martin-houses in the surrounding oaks, such suggestions of peace, and home-like hospitality, that he spent the first six days listening to the birds, watching the gulls dipping their white wings in the lake, watching the sails in the offing, and thinking of Mary Seabray in Chicago.

Richard had first seen her while he was in a desponding mood, at Detroit, where she came on board the steamer, bringing sunshine and hope to him, and two trunks and a bandbox to the baggage-master. It had been his privilege to console and assure her while the boat was struggling across that wind-tossed waste of waters, up Lake Huron, and through the Straits of Mackinaw down into stormy Michigan. She had gone on the steamer to Chicago, for a short visit, and would soon return to her home in New Bolton. There had been a subtle fascination about Miss Seabray, from the first moment he saw her; and yet, at times, he felt repelled, as if some malign spirit stood between them.

He had now been six days trying to determine that he cared nothing about her; and Mr. Chinny, a cunning, unscrupulous land-speculator, rich enough to be greedy, seeing him idle, and attracted by his youthful and ingenuous appearance, invited him to play a social game of euchre. Richard's partner in the game was Doctor Blodgett, who had formerly lived in Albany near Richard's uncle, and they had become acquainted. The Doctor was one of the solid men of New Bolton—postmaster, storekeeper, and land-agent—although he intrusted most of his business to a deputy. He was about thirty-five years old—a frank, and, when aroused, a lion-like man. Chinny's partner was Colonel Seabray, a man on the downhill-road of life. He made some vague attempts at the courtly style in manners, and was as much of a gentleman as could be expected, considering the poor quality of the raw materials Nature had furnished. He was naturally weak and untruthful, and artificially worn and torn by evil temptations and too much whiskey.

"Now, to make this thing interesting," said the Colonel, shuffling the cards with great dexterity, "let us play for the drinks."

This included cold water, cigars, herrings, sardines, pickled oysters, and all the liquids, from *aqua-fortis*, used in trying coin, down through the highly-

colored dilutions made use of in trying men.

After the Colonel had gracefully lost five games, and liquidated each time, he turned to Richard, and said,

"The fact is, Mr. French, we have a speculation up, and we feel willing to give you a chance in, if you want it. You have heard of Globe City?"

"Heard of it? Why, yes, sir! I heard of it all the way out here," replied Richard.

There was at that moment hanging just over the Colonel's head, a map of Globe City, five feet square, which he had studied for an hour the day after his arrival.

"You say you heard of it all the way out here; they were good reports you heard, I reckon?" said the Colonel, his eyes shining.

"Very good, indeed," replied Richard. "The captain of our boat had some lots on High-street, where he thought of building when he retired. He offered to sell me some lots cheap, but I wouldn't buy without first examining the property."

"Not under any consideration?" asked the Colonel.

"Not under any consideration," repeated Richard; "though I think it is a good place."

"It is *the* place," said the Colonel, decidedly. "Just look where these two rivers meet now. There is water enough here to drive a hundred run of stones—ain't there, Chinny?"

"Yes, two hundred," replied Chinny, with the air of a man who intended to be moderate; "and four hundred, if you could only use all the water."

"Why, so there is water enough in Lake Michigan to run all creation, if you could only use it," said the Doctor, laughing.

"But what henders usin' this Globe City water—'cept drudgin' out below?" asked Chinny.

"That's precisely what I'd like to know," replied the Doctor. "I'm sure I don't know what hinders the water from running down hill, nor what good dredging would do, except to make a

deep hole for fish, unless you dug through to China, and got an outlet. Now, Chinny, be modest; throw in three hundred run of stones, and call it one hundred for the present; because there *is* a good water-power, and that's enough for your purpose, I guess."

"I was going to say," interposed the Colonel, "that it is now a geographical centre, and is bound to be a commercial one too, Globe City is; for wherever water centres, population will. Now, this place is sure to control the milling business for twelve miles each way—that is, sixteen townships—'three hundred and sixty-eight thousand, six hundred and forty acres,'" said he, reading from the margin of the map. "But we will throw you in three quarters of this, which I call liberal, and say one hundred thousand acres—just to make it round numbers. Now, this is the prettiest wheat-country in the world, and will average twenty bushels to the acre; but say one quarter of that, which makes half a million, and all coming to your mill yearly. This, now, at the remarkably low price of ten cents a bushel for grinding, is fifty thousand dollars for the mill alone, each year, clear profit. Well, fifty thousand dollars dropped down in front of a party every year, is enough to make him stagger a little, ain't it? But don't you see that that's only one item? Look at the rise in property. Why, a man wouldn't want more than one block to make him wealthy. Now, then," he continued, sweeping his hand across the map, glancing from the Doctor to Chinny, and fixing his eyes on Richard, "we three gentlemen here are the founders and owners of Globe City; and we propose to give you an equal share in, because we like your style; and, another thing, when a party comes here to identify himself with the interests of the State, we want to give him a start."

He had so far succeeded in giving Richard a start that, for a moment or two, Globe City and its founders seemed to be dancing about in a mist, he was so overwhelmed by the magnificence of the offer and the Colonel's generosity.

"But I have no money," said he, when he had recovered his breath.

"Well, but you're expectin' money, I reckon?" said Chinny.

"Yes, I expect to earn some, by-and-by," he replied.

"Certainly you will; for of course you'll take toll of the emigrants coming in," suggested the Colonel.

"That's the way I got my start," said Chinny, grinning like a playful hyena, thinking of the many good bones he had picked in his time.

"They'll have to get their papers drawn up," continued the Colonel, not heeding Chinny; "and as you can't hope to see the parties more than once or twice in a lifetime, you'd better take heavy toll when you *do* see 'em."

"But just as like as not he can pay somethin' down," insinuated Chinny.

"No, I can spare but four hundred dollars," said Richard, smiling a faint apology for the small amount.

"Very well," said the Colonel, magnanimously; "that will do. We never go over a party's pile, nor higgles, nor do any thing small in these matters. Give us what you've got, and we'll take the balance when you're flush."

"But I should like to see the place," said Richard; "for I determined, when I started West, not to buy a pig in a poke."

"Oh, well; them's town-lots you meant then!" said Chinny, with his sweetest smile. "This ain't no pig in a poke. You don't buy a four-story concern here, you know. You're comin' in on the ground-floor, don't you see, jest like the rest of us?"

"Now, then," said the Colonel, almost shutting his eyes for mathematical accuracy—"there's one thousand acres at one-twenty-five—twelve hundred and fifty. Surveys, lithographing, traveling expenses, and sundries, twelve hundred and fifty more; so it costs you just six hundred and twenty-five to come in. I guess you don't call that bad for a quarter interest, Mr. French—not when you consider that the city is founded, all ready to your hand. You'll get your share of honor too; for we'll

put you in as an original founder. We'll change the name of this avenue—the longest one in the city. There it is," said he, writing with a pencil, in large letters, "French Avenue."

"If the land don't advance a thousand per cent. in two years," said Chinny, "I'll eat a gopher. It can't go back on them figgers, that's certain. Land is land; that's one of the satisfactions o' comin' in on the ground-floor. Land is land always; and the hay that this tract grows every year would bring what we ask for the soil, if it was only cut and sold."

"I believe it's a good bargain," said the Doctor. "It lies in a valley, and looks as handsome as a picture. The great attraction for me is the oak-grove where the Park is located. I don't think that the map does the place justice in that respect, Colonel."

"But we'd rather have a party agreeably disappointed when he comes to see it, you know, Doctor," said the Colonel, raising his eyebrows virtuously.

"Well," said Richard, relying on the Doctor's recommendation, "I'll look at the papers."

"I'm mighty sorry they are at the register's office," said Chinny; "but they are all right. The money you are to pay will be used to settle a small balance due Government. If we hadn't wanted the money *bad*, to make this very payment, you couldn't have got the quarter interest, on them figgers—not with my consent."

"If you ask any other security than my word of honor that it's all right—which no party ever did ask yet," said the Colonel, swelling a little—"I'll give you this certificate for a quarter section out on Plumb's Lake. It's pretty land, and there's a water-power too. I *think* it is going to be a fortune to some man yet."

"I don't doubt your word, Colonel," said Richard, anxious to propitiate the father of a handsome daughter; "but if it won't make much difference to you, I'll take the certificate."

Richard laid down the money, and the Colonel passed over the certificate,

with a statement, as President of the Globe City Company, showing that Mr. Richard French, party of second part, was entitled to an undivided one-quarter interest in the whole of Globe City, as per map; which would be delivered to him, his heirs or assigns, on payment of two hundred and twenty-five dollars. This was signed with a long back flourish on the final letter, so flaming and exuberant as to suggest ideas of princely wealth.

Fortified with this document from Miss Seabray's father, Richard walked the silent and spacious avenues, and among the straggling houses of New Bolton, with that easy dignity befitting the founder of a city.

He felt that Fortune, instead of being coy or unkind to him, had come and graciously plumped herself down in his lap.

Wherever he went there was buzzing, and always in the same key. The rise in land was enriching all who dealt in it. A great many poor men had cleared ten thousand dollars each, this very summer, by speculating. He did not see them, but they were about the country somewhere, getting richer every day. The old hive, East, was swarming, and all New Bolton had to do, was to get out with its tin-pans, cow-bells, looking-glasses, and dinner-horns, and "make 'em settle."

The question was how best to start a town, and what seeds to sow that a city might spring up. Some men thought there was nothing like a newspaper to build up a place, while others were quite as sanguine concerning a saw-mill and carpenter's shop. This man insisted that a store was the thing, and that man a stone-quarry; while one toothless old chap, deficient in hair, and greatly gifted in ears, thought a Tunker church was the all-in-all.

It was hard for Old Bob, as he was called, to keep from talking, having no teeth to hold the words in. He was an artesian-well of words, though the fountain-head was not so high as the proprietor supposed. Having talked the white folks out of humor, he had been

devoting himself, of late, to Indians, who are very patient generally, and can stand a great deal of every thing (but thirst); and in the absence of cold victuals and whiskey, they had listened like Christians.

Finding him discoursing to a nest of natives, all asleep in the shade, but one old squaw—Mrs. Mewonotoc—deaf as a post, who sat blinking at him through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, Richard stopped a moment to listen.

"I understand you own a part of Globe City?" said Old Bob, turning to Richard.

"Yes, I've recently bought in," Richard replied.

"Well, if I'd bought land o' Chinny 'thout seein' it, I'd want to git to see it 'bout as quick as I could; fur he ain't a man that goes 'round huntin' up folks to take gold pieces off'm his hands less'n what they're stamped. You want settlers, I s'pose?" said Bob.

"Well, yes; I guess there's room for them," replied Richard.

"Look o' here, my friend; you don't happen to be a pious man, do you?" inquired Old Bob.

Richard shook his head.

"Because, if you was pious, I wouldn't have to raise my hind-sights to hit you; 'thout you was a Catholic or 'Piscopal, which I allow are 'bout as fur off as sinners. But I see you're in a hurry, and I've got jest one favor to ask."

Richard turned to listen, while Old Bob cleared his throat and filled his lungs.

"I'd jest like to take one gird at Globe City," said he, "jest one gird; and if I couldn't fetch in settlers, I'd cry co-peevey! Will you let me try it once?"

"I'm going out to take a look at the place, and I'll see you when I get back," said Richard, hastening to the hotel.

"Have you a pony for me, landlord?" asked Richard.

"Yes, a real Indian," replied the landlord; "follows a trail day or night."

"But is he strong enough to go to Globe City?"

"Globe City is nowhere; he'll make

that without stoppin'," said the landlord.

"It's a hundred miles, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's more, if it's a rod; but it'll take a mighty long pull of hard ridin' to lay a hair on the little cuss. He's tougher'n a pine-knot, and don't like these short trips. What he wants is a good pull over the river into Iowa; five hundred miles, or such a matter. That, now, 'd make him feel limber and spry. Chinny, here, rode him once, and knows his gait."

"What's that?" asked Chinny, coming up.

"French wants my little Indian, to go out to Globe City; and I tell him that'll hardly straighten out the little devil's legs."

"Goin' out to see the place, eh?" said Chinny. "Well, the Doc. and I was talkin' of goin' too. Now, why can't we join in, and make up a party? What time do you start?"

"To-morrow," replied Richard.

"All right!—to-morrow it is," said Chinny.

## CHAPTER II.

THEY were ready at sunrise, and found Old Bob standing in the trail at the edge of the prairie.

"Now, remember," said he, "that I'd like to take a gird at your place; and if I don't fetch in settlers, I'll sing small."

"Settlers are what we want," replied the Doctor; "and we'll give you a chance."

By noon there was not a tree nor house to be seen on the horizon in any direction. Here and there a solitary hawk, slowly sailing in search of prairie-chickens, or a far-away emigrant-wagon creeping westward, was all that they could see above the grass of God's great meadow.

"What do you think of that girl, anyhow?" said Chinny, after a long silence.

"I could tell better if I knew what particular girl you meant," growled the Doctor.



"What?" said Chinny, who was a little deaf.

"I don't know who you're talking about," replied the Doctor, turning in his saddle, and hurling the sentence at Chinny, as if he did know very well, and would rather not discuss her merits there.

"Why, the Colonel's daughter, of course: who else could I be talkin' about in these diggin's?"

"You might be talking about squaws, for all that I know."

"You might, Doc.; but I'm a little partic'lar," replied Chinny, with a grin.

"If my opinion is worth any thing to you, I'll give it," said the Doctor.

"I think Miss Seabray the handsomest and smartest girl in the country; but she'll make a man dance, if he don't mind his eye. Regarded merely as a handsome woman, she can't be surpassed."

"Now, Doc., you talk like a boy," said Chinny, playfully.

"I feel like one sometimes."

"I've noticed you did when she's around. I guess you kind o' like her, don't you, Doc.?"

The Doctor pulled his horse about in front of Chinny, and said, savagely,

"Suppose I do?"

"Why, that's your business, of course; and there ain't no hurt done, either, in hankerin' after a putty girl," replied Chinny, in a soothing tone. "You ain't goin' to get mad about it, I hope. Bein' sweet on her is one thing, and gettin' her to be sweet on you, is another," he continued, cruelly, as he backed his pony off into the grass.

"Chinny, I guess you want to quarrel with me," said the Doctor. "You act to me like a man who is aching all over like a stone-bruise, to get down into the grass here, and settle some difficulty. It must be that you want to take the conceit out of somabody."

Chinny protested that he was not aching at all, and did not want to settle any difficulty, though he looked pale, as if he might be aching about the region of the heart.

"If there was enough of you to get

up a quarrel with, I might get one up," said the Doctor; "but as it is, it won't pay. I care nothing about Seabray or his tribe, but I will not hear her name bandied about."

"I wasn't bandyin' nothin'; I jest asked your opinion of the girl," said Chinny.

The Doctor rode his horse ahead, without deigning any reply.

"He 'pears to be riled; I guess she's soured on him," said Chinny, turning to Richard. "He needn't get mad because the girl don't like him. She hain't no call to like him. He's too gruff, and may-be she can do better to like somebody else." Here he stroked his chin in silence, and seemed rather pleased with his reflections—much more so than Richard was with his own reflections, as he looked at this low fellow, and wondered if Mary could tolerate him, or care much for the Doctor.

"Now, I try to please her," continued Chinny; "for the good-will of a dog is better than his ill-will; and it's jest so with a woman. I know she's good-lookin', but you can't always tell by the looks."

Richard caught Chinny's eye watching him in an inquisitive, sharp way, as he turned, and said,

"What do you mean? I met Miss Seabray on the boat, and she appeared to be a superior woman. Do you mean to say any thing against her?"

"No, I didn't say any thing, 'cept that you couldn't tell by the looks, and you can't. I don't feel below her," he continued, doggedly. "What I know about her or her father—whether he's respectable, and has always been, or not been, is nobody's business."

"I guess no one wishes to make it his business," said Richard; "and as far as Miss Seabray is concerned, she probably does not desire your endorsement."

"Oh, you think she don't, eh?" said he, with a sneer. "May-be you know more about her business than she does herself;" and he acted as if he had documentary evidence of a very convincing character, proving her affections for one Chinny.

It was rather unpleasant for Richard to lower himself enough to be civil to Chinny; so he rode ahead to enjoy the landscape.

"We have to make the clouds do for mountains in this country," said the Doctor; "and of course, being a Western man, I'm bound to stand by the West and all her institutions, though I tell you, privately, that the clouds are very poor substitutes for the regular old rocks themselves. But we know enough to appreciate whatever we happen to love that is nice—which is the highest wisdom, as this world goes; and out here, at Plumb's Lake, now, is something as handsome as a canoe."

They had seen the place for miles; first, a speck on the bottom of the afternoon clouds, then a tree, which had finally widened into this grove of oaks, with the clear water shimmering beyond. There was a house of logs, laid up with the bark on, and before the door sat a girl knitting.

The lake was nearly round, and about a mile from shore to shore.

"You'd call that a pond, down East," said the Doctor; "but we can't waste water in that way, out here on the prairie. This, now, is a lake—and here is the lady of it," said he, dismounting, and introducing Richard to Miss Plumb. She was alone. Her father had gone out fishing. They could see his boat near the shadow of the other shore, like a speck on the glassy water.

"Away there, to the right, French," said the Doctor, "is the land given you as security by the Colonel. The waterfall you hear is the outlet of the lake; and the gulls are hovering over the shoals, watching for small fish. I think you couldn't find a better place to found a city."

Richard walked down to look at it, and Plumb, seeing him on the shore, came up with his boat.

"Want to buy land?" asked Plumb.

"No, sir; I believe I have the papers for this," Richard replied.

"I guess not," said Plumb. "I think it belongs to me, without you've got rather stronger papers than I think you

have. Your name don't happen to be French, does it?"

"It does happen to be," replied Richard.

Plumb looked at him amazed, and then suddenly assumed the indifference of a man who was not to be imposed upon, or lured into any indiscreet expressions.

"I bought an interest in Globe City, of some men in New Bolton; and Colonel Seabray gave me a certificate of this land as security until the papers were completed," said Richard. "I'm a stranger in the country, but I suppose it's all right. I'm on my way now, with Doctor Blodgett and Mr. Chinny, to see Globe City."

Plumb's sunburnt face softened to a smile, as Richard said this; then his snowy teeth glistened, and he broke into a loud laugh, while the echoes round the lake joined him in jolly chorus.

"I took you for a land-shark, around jumping claims," said he. "Get in the boat, and I'll row you up to the house. I'm glad you've come out here, and I hope you'll conclude to settle. If you do now, I'll sign over all my interest in that piece, and something to boot; but Colonel Seabray can't have a foot of it; and he knew it, or he'd never have let you had it."

Richard felt that he was getting into deep water. He could not think why Plumb had asked him if his name was French, as they had never before seen each other. But Richard had always been haunted by a brooding mystery. When he was a mere child, his father, who was in business in Albany, suddenly absconded, in a fit of jealousy, it was supposed and had never since been heard of by his family. Shortly after he left, his partner, one Simon Leach, ran away with most of the partnership funds, which left Richard's mother nearly penniless. She died soon after this, intrusting him to the care of his uncle, who had educated him. This mystery concerning his father had haunted him like a presentiment of evil; yet he was shy in making inquiries; for he

did not want to publish such an unpleasant chapter of family-history.

The Doctor was the first one at the landing.

"Do you know, French, that this is a wall-eyed pike?" said he, holding up the fish. "They are the gamiest chaps that swim these waters; and I'm bound to have a throw at them to-morrow, if Globe City sinks for it."

Nothing could dissuade him. So they all went fishing, except Chinny, who preferred the shore. Miss Plumb not only pulled in some of the largest fish, but sang the best, and said the wittiest things of any one on board. Plumb was rather silent, and looked at Richard a great deal.

When it was time to start next morning, Richard left his cosy little chamber overlooking the lake, with a feeling of regret; for this was a new, fresh, free atmosphere, where man seemed Nature's guest.

But they made the forenoon merry with songs of praise and thanks, as they jogged along toward the promised land: discussing questions of architecture, parks, and city adornments; then, down to mill-wheels, and the probable profits from woollen factories, if they should conclude to build one or two, after the grist-mill was finished at Globe City.

They passed over some broken country, crossing streams and small prairies, until afternoon next day, when they came to a belt of timber, then a prairie ten miles wide.

"This is the wrong road," said the Doctor.

"No, sir," replied Chinny. "I can't be fooled on findin' land—I've followed it too long."

"But this is not the way the Colonel came when he showed me Globe City, and I tell you it's wrong," said the Doctor, stopping; "and I don't purpose following you any farther, for we must have passed the place already."

Chinny looked about him a moment, then rode up to a bunch, and getting down on his knees, pulled away the grass, and disclosed a corner-stake,

marked with the town and range, showing that they were just six miles east of their southeast corner.

"I'll have to give it up," said the Doctor, looking puzzled.

"There," said Chinny, at last, "it corners in that knoll, and lays just the other side."

They all galloped up to the summit.

The Doctor was thunderstruck. There was nothing to be seen of Globe City, for miles, but an immense marsh. Wild duck swam about the market-place; and muskrat houses were located along the principal avenues. The only spot where there appeared to be any land was a row of bogs, marked on the map as High-street. It was there that Richard's friend, the captain, thought of retiring to, when he gave up his wild ocean-life and ceased a rover to be.

"Chinny," said the Doctor, looking very pale with rage, "are you a knave, or only the dupe of one? Have you been playing this trick on us, or only playing second-fiddle to the Colonel?"

"Hold on now, Doc., that won't do," said Chinny, with the familiarity of a rogue addressing his fellow. "You've set this thing up stronger'n ever I did. Don't you know you said there was an oak-grove and a good water-power? Now, I said there was a good water-power, provided you could drudge it out below, so as to use the water—and there *is*, ain't there? You can't plead no baby-act on me, Doc."

"Answer my question! Did you know that this was a marsh when I first talked of buying in?"

"Of course I did," said Chinny. "I was in, wasn't I? You don't s'pose I was so green as to git in without knowin' what I was doin', do you? When I do git into a scrape, I won't plead a baby-act, and throw off on my friends."

"Such a plea would be unnecessary," said the Doctor, savagely, "for you would be protected under the statute concerning idiots. But the Colonel is responsible; and as he is a liar and a swindler, I think it is very clear that I have a call to cowhide him. The Globe City he showed me was a plain of a

thousand acres, high, dry, and handsome, with a grove in the middle, and two streams running through it, and no more like this place than paradise is like purgatory."

"Why, you went up on Speculator's Hill," said Chinny, his mouth widening with the playful hyena grin. "I never was idiot enough to be took up there. It's where we take all them idiots that will doubt our words, and will insist on seein' the land, you know, Doc. One speculator used to call it Pigsaw. I wouldn't have thought it of you; for I thought *you* had your eye-teeth cut, Doc."

This enraged the Doctor beyond endurance.

"At least one of the gang shall never take another victim up there," said he, rushing at Chinny, and pulling him from his horse.

Chinny was a great coward, and yelled "murder!" lustily, as they went down in the grass together. But like a coward cornered, he fought desperately and destructively, scratching, tearing, and biting whatever he touched with teeth or nails. The punishment was so suddenly administered, that Richard threw himself on the grass, and shouted with laughter. Here were judge, jury, and sheriff, instantly rolled into one, and meting out justice, "without fear, favor, or the hope of reward." It was a bolt from the gods, unobstructed by legal meshes.

Chinny, with his fears to back him, was a sinewy antagonist, and struggled so fiercely that they rolled to the water's edge. Here the Doctor seized him by the coat, and with a sudden turn hurled him into the water.

"Hee hoo!" yelled the Doctor, across the marsh. "G-l-o-b-e C-i-t-y!" he shouted to a row of muskrat houses, half a mile down; "'French Avenue,' come and get your patron-saint! Hee hoo! I've brought him home, and left him in the s-u-b-u-r-b-s!"

Going to the top of the knoll, and putting his hands to his mouth, he uttered a series of yells and warwhoops that scared up hundreds of ducks, loons,

and cranes, from every ward in the city. Between his fits of laughter, the Doctor sat up in the grass, and said to Chinny, who had clambered to dry land, and was fishing in the mud for his boots,

"I wonder if the authorities haven't turned on all the mains, and forgot to shut 'em off again. Fire-insurance rates must be low here. I say, Chinny! why don't you call the police to go for your boots?"

"A joke's a joke," whined Chinny, coming up the knoll barefooted, with his boots in his hand; "but this thing is too mighty trash on me."

"Don't plead the baby-act, Chinny!"

"I ain't," said he; "but jest look at them clothes once. The next time you're goin' to pitch me into the slush, I'd like to know it in time to take 'em off: clothes cost money."

"It's your own fault; for in your capacity as founder of the city, you ought to have that place 'drudged' out, so you wouldn't get your clothes muddy," said the Doctor. "But, joking aside, now, Chinny, I tell you that you are a lucky dog, for I intended to drown you, but concluded that I couldn't afford to risk my neck for so small a matter. Put on your boots in thankfulness that justice is again foiled; and go you to Old Bob, for I've got the worth of my money out of the concern, and I'll donate my share to him for religious purposes. You can work together here for each other's good. Come on, Chinny!"

"I don't know whether I will or not," said he, doggedly.

"Suit yourself about that," replied the Doctor. "You have looked into this thing deeper than any one else, and may know of divers reasons for settling here. Good-by."

"Look o' here!" shouted Chinny, "you ain't goin' to leave me in this fix, 'mongst prairie-wolves and Indians, are you?"

"Not if you'll put on your boots and come along," replied the Doctor.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE Doctor reined his horse about,

and started across the prairie at a good round pace.

"I would beg pardon," said he to Richard, "for having been a party to this swindle, if I had not been so duped myself. I suppose you relied on my judgment, and I'll try to make you whole, in some way."

"Do you really think," said Richard, "that the Colonel is an ingrained rogue? Is he not a gentleman, forced by pressing circumstances to turn some very short corners?"

The Doctor looked at Richard incredulously.

"I should not like to think, Doctor," he hastened to explain, "that Miss Seabray's father is a rogue."

"French," said the Doctor, softening, "that's the only good thing about Seabray. He's a man of broken fortunes—but she's a beautiful girl." He rode along in silence, looking at the grass, and added, "She's a charming girl, and if it wasn't for her father, I don't know what I might do. The Colonel is figuring to marry her to my amiable friend, back there, for he's in the power of our beloved barefooted brother, in some way. At any rate, Chinny is rich—for this country—and the Colonel is cramped for money; so they have struck up a bargain, and the consideration, on Seabray's part, is his daughter."

"But she will never consent to this," said Richard, quickly.

"She will not know of a bargain. She has pride," said the Doctor, "and wants to go to Europe, and Chinny's money will take her there in as fine style as any other man's money will. She flies high in her notions. She's no ground-bird, and, in my opinion, thinks as much of money as is good for her health. All this she gets from the Colonel. She is not to blame; but still that won't make it any pleasanter. If you want something in your house, French, next to the unpardonable sin, marry a flirt, or the child of a scamp."

He was moody and confidential by turns all the way to Plumb's Lake, and not entirely consistent, either, in many of his remarks concerning Miss Seabray.

He heard at Plumb's that the Colonel had left New Bolton, and would not be back in two weeks; so he postponed the cowhiding to a more convenient season, and concluded to try wall-eyed pike.

Miss Plumb urged Richard to stay there a few days, but he declined. So she prepared, with her own gracious hands, a lunch that would have fed a pic-nic party of Choctaws, and intrusted to him a note for Miss Seabray, with many kind messages.

"When you come to found a city on your land here, please make our house your headquarters," said she to him. "I have some improvements in ornamentation, which I hope to see incorporated into your plan."

Richard promised to adopt her suggestions, and rode away in a gloomy fit of the blues, which came as the clouds come, and would go as they go, to come again some sunny morning.

Chinny was not naturally a very lively companion; and on this particular occasion he was splenetic, even bellicose, when Plumb's Wood had sunk into the grass behind them.

"If I can euchre him, I will!" said Chinny; "and I think I can. I've got a little money to put up on it, any how; and I'll put it up, too. I've stood a good deal from Doc. Blodgett—'bout all I ever shall, I reckon. I can stand bein' blackguarded, but I can't stand bein' throwed into the slush, 'mongst pollywogs; and I'll have him throwed out of his office of paymaster, to pay for it. The loss in money won't be much, but regardin' the disgrace of bein' throwed out by his friends, it'll be a little tedious on him."

In this bewitching way did one of the founders of Globe City exhilarate the young man whose interests had now become identified with the West, while a soft June breeze was rolling the long emerald waves against their horses' feet.

At the New Bolton Hotel they found Colonel Seabray and two men waiting for Chinny. One was a speculator and the other a railroad man. They had



been passing the happy hours away at a social game of poker, and were in high feather—shaking hands heartily with Chinny, and laughing very loud. Though the Colonel was not noisily hilarious, he looked pleased. He had lost many blocks in Globe City, and gathered, in place of them, five hundred dollars in cash, at the social game he had managed to make so agreeable—to himself.

The men wanted to buy Chinny's interest in a tract known as Turkey Bend; but he did not want to sell, not even for fifteen thousand dollars, although he had previously offered it for one thousand. Never before had there been a man in New Bolton so little in want of money as Chinny. He had it to lend; and what he now desired was to find some responsible men to take it "off his hands."

After much talk, however, he sold a half interest for ten thousand dollars, payable in preferred stock of the proposed railway; and in this trade he agreed to transfer his entire interest for fifteen thousand dollars, if tendered within one year from date. This was equal to canonization; and Chinny loomed up, at once, as the largest kind of a local saint. Having sold a small interest in his Turkey Bend estate for one hundred thousand dollars, as was currently reported, he would now dredge out the mouth of New Bolton Harbor, and establish a direct trade with Europe.

There was water communication all the way by the Welland Canal; plenty of timber to build ships with, plenty of wheat to load them, plenty of sailors to sail them, and much money in the speculation. Colonel Seabray said so; Chinny said so, and he knew where money lay, as well as if he were Nature's private banker, and kept a key to all her treasure-vaults.

Chinny's stock ruled high in all the markets. He could build a church out of his own pocket, and had gone so far as to hint that it was policy to build one; that it would help the place more than any thing else—except a hotel.

While Chinny was thus towering in the financial sky, Richard was fast descending. His easy bearing had left him, and he no longer walked the streets of New Bolton with that condescending air befitting the founder of a city. He was disposed to "sing small" over his recent purchase, for it would prove a dead loss, except the shadowy claim to the quarter-section on Plumb's Lake.

As a land-speculator he had failed, from having too much hope and not enough money. Money is freight and ballast; hope is sail, and had carried him over. He thought that if hopeful people could afford to be schooled by experience, it was a good way to get an education; but in his case, the preliminary course had exhausted his pocket.

So he determined to return to his first love—the law; and for this purpose he shut himself up to review. He was busily engaged at his books one day, when there came a rap at the door. He did not answer, and the rap was repeated, this time louder.

"Mr. French," said the familiar voice of Colonel Seabray, "I have a note for you."

Then he repeated the rap, and presently Richard heard a little scuffle of feet, like a man standing on tip-toe to peer over the door. The next moment there was a thump, as if he had gone down on his knees to look through the keyhole. Richard thought it must be something urgent, and got up to open the door, but stopped as he was stretching out his hand, for he heard the Colonel's breath whistling in the keyhole. He was trying to blow out the obstruction Richard had placed there. Failing in this, the Colonel got on his feet, and went, with unsteady steps, to the stairs, where he made a great many soundings off into the abyss, trying to find bottom with his foot; then slowly feeling his way down, he finally took the last two stairs at one step, and sprawled headlong across the hall. That seemed to sober him somewhat.

"Hello, Colonel," said Chinny, "you missed a step, eh? Was you lookin' for me?"

"No; I had a note here for French, but I can't find him. Suppose you take it," said the Colonel. "I can't go climbing up and down these stairs for a little law-thing;" and then they both went into the bar-room, out of Richard's hearing, where the Colonel made copious inward applications for his contusions.

Richard returned to his room, annoyed at the little scene he had just witnessed from the top of the stairs, and at himself for his incivility. He had not called on Mary since her return from Chicago; and now to refuse her note, was barbarous. No lawyer, he believed, could hope for permanent success, who so disregarded social duties. Besides, by going up there he would learn what the note contained without asking Chinny for it; and that evening he called on Mary.

"Then you really did not come here to see Miss Plumb?" said she.

"Certainly not. I should have gone to Plumb's Lake for that purpose," he replied.

"She is here, and has been all day."

"You surprise me," said Richard.

"You certainly surprise me," she replied. "I think it is too bad that Miss Plumb should escape the eyes of one she so admires. She wants to see you, and sent a note by father."

"To me? I did not get any."

"Yes, to you. It is not often that we have young lawyers out here, and we must make the most of them."

"She did not come here on purpose to see me?" said Richard.

"I believe she is getting some sugar and molasses, also," said Mary, laughing. "You know the Doctor is there; and she is too hospitable to let him go unsweetened. Don't be jealous, now, please; though the Doctor is rich, good-looking, not old, not intolerably queer, as a great many doctors are.—But to relieve your mind," she continued, "I must tell you, as a profound secret, that few girls like doctors, because they know too much."

"Who do?"

"Doctors," replied Mary.

"But I thought you admired men who were wise and learned," said he.

"Not for wisdom and learning alone, for these make men owlish and disagreeable. We like that which makes men famous. Miss Plumb, for instance, would be likely to admire such a man as Mr. Gault, a young lawyer in Chicago, who often called at uncle's house."

"What makes you think so?" he asked, quickly.

"Because he's so delightful and such an ornament to society," said Mary. "Whenever I heard him talk, it seemed as if he had just been gleaming through the gardens of literature, and was returning with his arms full of flowers."

"A shining, showy, surface man," said Richard. "A shallow stream with nothing but sparkle would not suit Miss Plumb. She wants something deeper and less transparent."

"Perhaps so; even if it were a mud-puddle," said Mary, looking at him archly.

"I would like to see this paragon," said Richard, trying not to seem annoyed or appear very jealous. "I suppose, to use a floral comparison," continued Richard, "that Mr. Gault must be, among moss-roses, the very mossiest."

"The top-blossom of culture, I assure you," replied Mary.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that emulation expired in a spasm, when Gault ceased to be a boyish bud, and shone full-blown on Society's eyes, didn't it?"

"Oh, no! Emulation and envy have spasms, and cramps, and all kinds of contortions, but don't expire—at any rate, not in Chicago," said Mary, as she saw Richard wince a little.

"I used to know Gault," said Richard, "or I would not have said what I did. He is a very large man, with black hair."

"No, you mistake the man," she replied.

"I beg his pardon," said Richard, getting up, and extending his hand. "Allow me to apologize to Mr. Gault's friend, and congratulate you both on

the mutual good taste that made you such friends. I must say good-by."

But he did not say good-by again, for there was something in Mary's eyes that prevented him. He tried to believe that it was best to say so, and henceforth devote himself to his books. He tried to go, and got to the piazza, where he made the profound remark that it strengthened him to look at the stars; and then they both found so many to look at—lucky and unlucky mixed together, and hard to sort, and so much strength to be gained, too, withal—that it was late when Richard climbed to his room and composed himself to happy dreams.

Probably there is nothing so suggestive to a man as the act of dressing. Every wrinkle and button reminds him of something to be done or undone. In Richard's case something was to be done; and by the time he had got ready to walk down-stairs he was conscious of having reviewed a long procession of yesterday's events, and at the heels of the caravan marched a resolution to get a room, and commence practice.

He soon found an abandoned land-office, which he hired, subject to the sale of the lot on which it stood. This was a step ahead.

When Mary Seabray sat up in bed, next morning, she was conscious of having seen a long caravan of camels, in a dream, and each one was loaded down with a cargo of headaches, consigned to her. Then she was conscious of a knock at the door, and the next moment of the presence of Miss Plumb.

So she piled the pillows up to recline on, and blushed a little as she said,

"I had such a delightful time last night!"

Miss Plumb's lips quivered slightly, as she nodded and smiled, and folded Mary's black hair around and around her fingers.

"He was so complimentary to you," said Mary.

"Don't ask me to believe that, Mary. Why, if I were a man, I should be perfectly fascinated with you," said Miss

Plumb; "and I know that I could not care for any one else. It makes the tears come into my eyes to see how beautiful you are, lying there;" and she buried her face in the pillow. Then, tossing back her hair, she smoothed her face with both hands, till it shone again.

"I did as you suggested," said Mary; "but do you know that I was frightened at one time, he seemed so jealous of Mr. Gault?"

Both girls laughed heartily at this.

"I cannot trust myself to do that again," she continued. "The fact is, I am half glad that he is going to pay more attention to his books than he does to us. His presence here makes Chinny so jealous and annoys father. I don't know why it is that every thing I do hurts some one's feelings. I must be destined to great things in this world, or the elements would not be so disturbed when I wink. Perhaps my mission is to marry some poor wretch, and make a man of him. Did you ever wonder whether a correct census-report would show that most women married for money, or to please their friends, or for some other motive than love?"

"When I say no," replied Miss Plumb, smoothing the hair on the pillow, "please imagine me as using a capital 'N' and a capital 'O,' which means that I never did wonder; and I do not want to hear you talk about it. As for Chinny, I wish I had him to deal with as a lover."

"I wish you had him as a lover, or hater, or any thing else, if you'd only keep him; and I will recommend you to his highness. But really, now, let us be practical, and assume that the Fates (please imagine me as using five capitals) will do their worst,—and you know they are always doing it,—don't you think Chinny could be made something of, by a woman of ingenuity?"

"Mary Seabray," said Miss Plumb, putting a hand each side of the face on the pillow, and rolling it to and fro like a baby's, then gently dabbing it down in the pillow, to emphasize each word,

"will you please imagine me as using the largest kind of capitals, when I answer 'no,' to that question?"

"But if you could only hear father talk, and see him when he comes home sometimes. I never saw a man glare as he did last night, when he found that Richard had been here."

"I do not want to hear him talk," said Miss Plumb. "The natural right of a parent does not extend so far as to let a father destroy a daughter's happiness."

"Neither can I destroy his," said Mary.

"You can your own, though," replied Miss Plumb, "by indulging such thoughts. Be advised by me, and follow my plan."

"Look me in the eye," said Mary, stretching out her snowy arm, and turning Miss Plumb's face toward her own. "Is it safe to follow your plan? I am almost jealous at the thought of it.

You never heard of the lawyer, did you, who commenced pleading his client's case with a widow, and ended by pleading his own?"

"No, but I've heard of a girl who commenced pleading Chinny's case, and ended by pleading a lawyer's. Look me in the eye, and say you do not love Richard French."

"I do not love Rich—"

"No, no, no!" said Miss Plumb, putting her hand over Mary's lips. "Look me in the eye, Mrs. Chinny, directly in the eye," and Miss Plumb ran out of the room laughing, where Mary soon joined her. The headache had gone now, and the two radiant girls sat sipping their coffee alone, telling secrets too confidential for paper.

Most of their talk was about Richard, who was, at that moment, wondering just how much poverty he could stand, to the square inch, without being crushed.

### WITH THE NUNS.

If ever there was a Protestant by descent, tradition, educational influence, and religious conviction, I suppose I was one. A Puritan ancestry on my father's side, whose graves for near two hundred years I some time since mused over at Hartford, had determined my cast in the Roundhead type, and I hated popery as ferociously as I was capable of hating any thing. Not that I *knew* much about it, but Protestant martyrologies and histories of the Reformation had, with other concurrent influences, engendered a state of feeling which, though correct enough, perhaps, in some of its impulses, was beyond peradventure eminently unjudicial. I well remember, when a boy, the abhorrent interest with which I watched the building of St. Peter's Cathedral at Cincinnati. Several years were spent in laying its ponderous foundations—in places eight to fifteen feet thick, and I sounded them many a time in search of

inquisitorial vaults made ready for their furniture of pain, and as season after season the grand enclosure grew, I wandered through crypt and gallery hunting for secret chambers, and estimating as best I could the resistance that its massive masonry would oppose to an artillery enfilade down Seventh-street—in which I proposed to make my knowledge of the building useful. For that it was a fortress under the guise of a church, was probably at that time the best settled of all my articles of faith. But the church grew through fifteen years of building to architectural maturity,—and I suppose I grew some too; at all events, I *outgrew* alike the belief in its dungeons, and the desire to knock it down.

All my family, and their collaterals, were Baptists,—a denomination, as I suppose, more diametrically antagonistic, in respect of church government, doctrine, and religious methods, to the

Romish system, than any other body called evangelical. Every congregation is a complete and unitary church. The church-meeting is the highest court of appeal. Universal suffrage had been practised by it for generations before it was patented as a political panacea. The written Word, unclogged by patristic, ecumenical, or synodical interpretations, is the sole and sufficient rule of faith and practice. It was from a Baptist church in Virginia that Jefferson drew the model from which he cast the present political institutions of the United States. It has no proxy membership. Every individual on its muster-roll is, or should be, able to do militant duty. My father was a devout and working member of this democratic faith. The last ten years of his life were chiefly spent in forwarding the erection and endowment of a theological college for the education of Baptist ministers. His work for the time being seemed to prosper, and he left the institution at his death with large and valuable buildings, extensive and elaborately improved grounds in the centre of a growing city—and an endowment of more than half a million of dollars. This he considered the one completely successful labor of his life. Here was to be “a centre of evangelical light and truth, that from age to age would shed its beams over the western churches,—a seat of gospel learning from which, under the Divine blessing, would go out long lines of thoroughly equipped and earnest men to hasten the final triumph and universal reign of pure and primitive religion.” So he wrote and prayed and planned twenty-four years ago.

Among those who wrought steadfastly at the heretical enterprise was one Dennis, an Hibernian of small scholarship, but great faith. One day I overheard him say to a fellow-laborer—speaking of my father—“He may work at his college as much as he likes, but the praists’ll get it in good time.” And they have!—or, at least, the nuns have—though neither father nor Dennis saw it with fleshly eyes. Only last week I

cut from the *Cincinnati Commercial* the following local item:

The ceremony of dedicating the St. Elizabeth Hospital, on Eleventh-street, was performed yesterday afternoon by Bishop Carrell of the Catholic Church, assisted by Right Reverend J. M. Lancaster, Fathers Butler, Mitchell, Freilich, Rolter, Smith, and others, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, including the members of the various Catholic benevolent societies of Covington, Newport, Dayton, and Ludlow. Mother Francesca, the founder of the order of the Sisters of the Poor, in Europe, who has just arrived in this country, was also present. The dedication exercises were conducted in both German and English, and were of the most interesting and impressive character. The St. Elizabeth Hospital, as most of our readers know, is conducted by the St. Franciscan Sisters. They purchased, last fall, the commodious building and grounds known as the Baptist Theological Seminary property, on Eleventh-street, with the design of converting it into a public hospital.

Then follows a description of the advantages of the building, locality, &c., &c.

But to return. While all this highly Protestant work was going on in the immediate family, my mother’s father, at nearly sixty years of age, did the most absurd, unprecedented, and incredible thing that ever was perpetrated by a private gentleman of sound mind and in comfortable circumstances,—he became a Romanist. Had he turned Jew, Mahometan, or Pagan, we would have marvelled, and been afflicted, less. For a long time the dreadful secret was carefully kept from my sisters and myself; and as he lived “across the mountains” (the Atlantic ocean was further from Ohio then than now) this was the more easily done. I think my father was too much shocked ever to speak of it. He felt that such apostasy stained—like crime, and showed it by a rigorous silence, unbroken during his life, so far as I know. There was, however, little apostasy in the case to speak of, for grandfather had always been a *bon vivant* and man of the world, who had worried himself about nothing less than religion of any kind, until two or three years before he took this unprecedented step. Awakened then to serious impressions, he took the road first at hand and



became a Baptist. This for some reason did not suit his particular moral diathesis, and he tried Methodism, which he found still worse. With him "all ways appeared to lead to Rome"—and there he brought up and stayed,—for the rest of his time a consistent, devout, and earnest man.

Ten years later he came to that test of sincere profession, beyond which, at least in this world, there is no appeal. One raw March day, he returned from a walk over Federal Hill, feeling chilly and depressed. On the next, an acute attack of pleurisy declared itself. It was the first time he had ever been sick, but he felt at once that his end was at hand—settled his business, and gave directions for his obsequies. For three days his strong frame wrestled with the Angel of Summons, but the pains of death had no power to break the anchorage of his faith. His was no such euthanasia—such translation almost, as we sometimes see among our Methodist friends—but I am not sure that I do not like it better. He had a sister-in-law, a mother in the Campbellite Israel, a most devout and excellent woman, but brusque of speech, and greatly in earnest then, who, being at his bedside, said to him, a little while before his departure, "Well, brother A., you have found your religion comfortable enough, I dare say, to live by—how does it do to die by?" A gentleman of the old school to the last, whose native politeness even the King of Terrors had not discomposed, he made answer, "If you will have the goodness to remain with me for a few hours, my dear sister, you shall see for yourself!" And she did. "I die," said he, shortly after, "in the faith and communion of the Holy Catholic Church, trusting for salvation only in the merits of our Saviour Christ." And with this testimony, he "fell asleep."

Six years before this, father had passed on through the Baptist gate, trusting and triumphing in the same salvation. If ever perfect love had cast out fear, if ever death was swallowed up in victory, if ever a mortal, not yet unclothed, entered spiritually into the Blessed Life,

it was so here. I was but twelve years old, but remember all as well as if it were last week. Never, while this recollection remains, can I call such a state ecstasis (a term by which your doctor means disease), or accept in this regard the definition of a materialistic psychology. I am sure I do not understand the subject; but that such experiences are real, and not illusory, I have no more doubt than I have that the glorious sunset before me is not a subjective vision.

Father's death left us all Baptists, with as little expectation of change as is now entertained by the reader of turning Buddhist. More than a decade has passed since there has been a Baptist among us. All are members of other Protestant churches, except one daughter, who is a Roman Catholic, and unconsciously responsible for the heading of this article, so far discursive, as she first brought the writer among "the nuns"—having entered, at her own desire, some years ago, a conventual school in Canada—and gone over to Rome, of course.

I do not remember that I ever hated nuns particularly, as I did priests; my feeling being rather that they were great fools, and the priests responsible for their unjust incarceration. But I had become considerably mollified before my first acquaintance with them three weeks ago. Occasional correspondence with the superior of the school at which my sister was a boarder, had resulted in a highly favorable opinion of her on my part. How much this was strengthened by a personal acquaintance, covering several extended interviews, need not be related here. If a face like a Madonna, an air and ways so natural that they would be called artless in a girl (she told me she was forty, and had become a nun when very young), the perfection of lady-like manners joined to a purity and goodness that no moral diagnostician could mistake, and practical wisdom which no man of sense could fail to recognize, are desirable things in a mother superior—there was no mistake made in her selection for that

office. I shall be much older than now when the impression made during our brief acquaintance lapses or grows dim.

In the course of a journey of twenty-seven hundred miles, I visited (provided with proper letters of introduction) quite a number of convents, and, though known at each as an unwavering Protestant, was in all cases received with cordial welcome, and treated with the most polite attention. Through some I was shown from garret to cellar, in such detail and with such entire frankness, that I quite forgot to look for the inquisitors' rooms. And I bear witness only to the truth, when I say that several of them were, in their appointments and discipline, the most complete educational establishments I have yet seen. Take the conventual school at Hochelaga near Montreal as an example. Within three hundred yards of the St. Lawrence River, commanding, from its upper stories, a view of the city and mountain of Montreal, the islands, and the Victoria Bridge—a vista thirty miles in all directions, of as fine prospect as can be seen in North America—stand the church, convent, and school, in a single building, with a hundred acres of grove and garden attached. The school alone is larger than any female college I know except Vassar—the halls, say, fifteen feet wide by nineteen high; balconies and bay windows in abundance; on the roof a promenade-deck covering perhaps an eighth of an acre, surrounded by a balustrade; separate study and recitation-rooms for each branch; every apartment heated with steam and thoroughly ventilated; ample space and provision for calisthenics and indoor exercise generally; library, restricted of course in range but large; organ, twelve "grand" pianos, and all other means for musical accomplishment of every kind,—it had at least all the instrumentation necessary for the physical comfort and æsthetic culture of its inmates. The two extensive dormitories were particularly admirable. Here the genius of Order appeared to reign supreme. The bed-linen on the couches was as white as

swan's down, a clothes-press at the head of each bed, the contents of which, opened at random, were found arranged with perfect system and neatness, a separate lavatory and furniture for each pupil in like condition—in a word, a complete expression of just the habits (for the young ladies attend to all this themselves), which the best of mothers try to teach their daughters, often with very limited success. As we entered each room, all the inmates rose, bowed, and remained standing until we retired. The culture of manners is a specialty at all Catholic schools. A young woman might come out of such an institution a dunce, but hardly a gawk or a slattern. And some of us, who think it a quite venial deficiency that a good wife and mother should be unacquainted with the conic sections in geometry, and the theory of compound radicals in chemistry, will regard the habit of order, cultivated so assiduously with regard to both time and tangible things, at these seminaries, as more helpful and valuable than all the mastery of French and waxwork, pastel abbeys, and worsted flowers, so patiently and successfully communicated.

Our visit was made on a Sunday afternoon. The girls, scattered through the recitation-rooms, were mostly engaged in writing to their parents and friends. The spacious and elegant reception-room on the first floor was filled with happy children and their relatives who had come from the city, or farther than that, to see them. Whatever of idolatry may be charged against the ancient faith, there is none of the Lord's Day. There was perfect decorum, but all were as cheerful, and many as merry as if they had been at a May-party.

One great attraction of these conventual schools is their cheapness. You can educate your daughter at the best institution of the kind in Canada for about one-third, including the difference in the currencies, of what it would cost you at a Protestant seminary of similar grade in the United States. And with this, the Catholic school will grow rich at its business, while the Protestant one,

unless amply endowed, is begging donations. The secret of the difference is in the conjoint vows of celibacy and poverty resting on the nuns. Whatever diversity of view there may be as to the moral value of these restrictions, there can be none as to their economy. The teachers get no salaries for their labor, and cost their employer—the church—nothing but the absolute necessities of a most frugal life. Those who have had to do with the building up of Protestant churches can realize the superiority of the Roman system in these particulars. Every brick and beam, every shovelful of earth or trowelful of mortar in the Protestant house, costs money. And when the edifice is completed, and you get a young minister, “without incumbence,” at a small salary, he marries the prettiest girl in the congregation within a year, and you are in for a parsonage. Then, of course, the salary must go up, and in a little while, besides the minister, you will be supporting the gospel in the shape of his matronly helpmeet, half a dozen unpromising scions, and two Irish Catholic servant-girls.

Not so, in the organization of a Catholic parish. Twenty-five years ago, Father Wilson (some time previously a partaker in Methodist love-feasts) commenced the building of a church edifice at an interior town in Ohio. I do not remember, and do not believe, that there was a man or woman in his congregation with other income than what was derived from day-labor. Most of the ready money was collected from Protestants. But Patrick and Michael gave labor with spade and trowel, and Kate and Bridget made strawberry-festivals and fairs of needle-work, whereby they got much gear, chiefly from heretics; and in a few years Father Wilson finished, all but the steeple, the finest and largest stone-church in the city—ten times larger than he needed then, but filled, including aisles and gallery, every Sunday now. At the same time, or shortly after he commenced the church, he started a parish-school with twenty-five or thirty ragged pupils—which I, a schoolboy then,

passed every day; and I do not think they numbered over fifty, for years. Two weeks ago I visited this school, and was told by Father Wilson's successor that he had two thousand children under his charge. I also looked in at the school I attended when I was fifteen years of age. It has one of the largest endowments in the State of Ohio: had about two hundred pupils then, and has about two hundred now. Is it not evident that we must change these ratios, or cease to be a distinctively Protestant people within the next seventy years?

Father Wilson has built half a dozen churches since then, is now engaged upon the largest one in America, and I do not believe he has cost the Catholic laity three hundred dollars per annum, one year with another, since he took orders.

A more apparently *cheerful* class of people than the nuns I have yet to see. They seem to have buried with the excitements most of the annoyances of life. “Those who do not know us,” said one of the superiors of the Loretto order to me, “think our life one monotonous vigil and prayer. If such were the case, we should be, without doubt, very stupid people. There are but few minds so constituted as to bear the perpetual contemplation of spiritual subjects without injury. The most of our duties are active, and sufficiently varied to give healthful employment to the different faculties of the mind. In attendance on the sick, in ministering in various ways to human want and suffering, in teaching children such knowledge as will make them safe and useful in this world, and happy in the next, we find a great deal to do besides telling our beads. Why, Mr. —,” she continued, “when I was sent from Dublin, with others, to establish the Loretto order in Canada, it was part of my instructions to visit and inspect every church and convent where I stopped on my route, to familiarize myself with plans, materials, and prices, that I might better understand how to erect, as well as conduct, a school of this

kind. I built this house" (a large and substantial stone structure, admirably located), "and I think it well built, as far as it goes; but our order in this country was new and poor. If we had had more money, it would have been larger and better."

We had some discussion on doctrinal points, unleavened with that disputatious spirit so inevitable in doctrinal polemics between fellow-Protestants. There was no desire manifested to argue me down. It may be that I did not need arguing down as much as, I am sorry to say, many otherwise intelligent and fair-minded Protestants do; for I knew that papists did not worship images, or pray to saints as we pray to Christ;\* I had no urgent objection to celibacy on *their* part, was rather favorable than otherwise to a purgatory, on general principles, and did not try to answer the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Once we touched on the Catholic claim of miracles. "I have been a nun," she said, "for more than twenty years, have been a great deal in different communities, some of them large ones, and I never saw or knew any one who had seen any thing of the kind. I have known, occasionally, those who supposed they had seen visions, and in these cases I have generally called in the physician, not the priest, and under proper treatment they have usually disappeared. We are taught not to anticipate such things—indeed, to suspect what appears at first to look like them. But that God does, in these as in days gone by, in His

own time and way, miraculously attest the authority of His church and the efficacy of prayer, I have no more question than I have in regard to the reality of that usual order of providence which is the more common expression of His will. No new fact in science has to run such a gauntlet of criticism and tests as a new miracle in the Catholic Church; but when, after the most careful examination, it has been authenticated by the Holy Father, we credit it as unreservedly as we do those recorded in the New Testament. And in this, we, as believers in the Bible, are consistent—not you. Did not Christ say that, when the Paraclete was come, His disciples should do greater things than He had done? Were not the apostles, before commencing their ministry, to wait at Jerusalem until they were endowed with *power* from on high? You know how that power was manifested on the day of Pentecost. And at our Saviour's last miraculous appearance, before His ascension into heaven, did He not join with the very obligation to perpetuate His religion the promise of its perpetual *attestation* by a catalogue of miracles as wonderful as any you will find in Butler's 'Lives of the Saints'?" And then she quoted the Douay rendering of Mark xvi. 15, 20.

Among the nuns with whom I became more or less acquainted—and there were many of them—I did not see any one who appeared dissatisfied or unhappy. There was, of course, great diversity among them—five different nationalities at least to start with—all ages, and all grades of the intellectual scale. They did not all look like madonnas, or talk like our mother superior; but all *did* look as if they had found their vocation, and were satisfied with it. Their hearts were, indeed, no easier to read than those of the laity, and probably many of them enshrined some holy sorrow; but there certainly was no visible sign of regret for the world they had left behind. That the means they employ, and the ends they propose, would not suit *you*, Protestant reader, is very far from being proof that they may not be the best possible ones for

\* Justice to the Roman Catholic theology demands that we should say, here, that our contributor's American love of fair play towards another sect than his own leads him to concede even more than his opponent would be willing to accept. The Roman Church does, in express terms, profess and encourage the worship of images, but claims a distinction in the sort of worship paid to them, which relieves it of the charge of idolatry. On the subject of prayer to saints, the position assumed by Roman theologians is also the contrary of that stated by our author. They claim that the distinctive *divine* worship is only the worship of *sacrifice*;—that they do "pray to saints as *Protestants* pray to Christ;" while they offer to Christ a worship such as Protestants do not practise—the "unbloody sacrifice" of the Mass.—Editor of Putnam's Magazine.

Take the word "worship" in the sense of "venerate". Catholics pray to Saints to intercede for them with Christ but to Christ to save us. The text is right, and the note misleading. Catholic

them. All over the Christian world there are souls struggling for something above the vulgar joys and sorrows of commonplace existence, asking that their "Lamp of Sacrifice"—one of the deepest and divinest principles that God has planted in our clay, the one by which we are most nearly His spiritual offspring, and, it may be added, the one most in need of the wisest human reason and the clearest heavenly guidance to trim and use aright—be lighted by a noble enthusiasm and fed by some transcendent mission. Such souls usually make terrible shipwreck: *this* world is no place for them; its chill is fatal to the flame, and the Promethean fire, once out, is never lit again. There are those who have struggled to accomplish such a vocation to the bearing of bitterer woes than men will take for wealth, love, power, or fame. No philosophy that ignores the spiritual elements of humanity will explain our many-sided nature. Man does not live by bread alone.

It is when he is clothed, and housed, and fed, that he begins to be in want. He is an animal, the king of animals, and some of his greatest mistakes arise from ignoring this fundamental fact; but he is something more. Bound up in his unstable mechanism are two warring natures. The harmonious integration and development—the at-one-ment of these is the true and final office of science and religion.

Judging from the zeal of the Church in making proselytes, one might infer that it was equally anxious to increase the number of those who take upon them its final vows. This, however, is not the case, except under important limitations. If, after having been a lay member for a proper time, one wishes to become a nun, she must first satisfy her spiritual director, and the superior of the convent to which she desires to attach herself, that she has a true "vocation," as it is called, to such a life. No mere *desire* on her part to be a nun, no consideration of the mere pecuniary gain that may accrue to the order from

her incorporation in it, will determine even the first step in the process. The life is one of complete self-abnegation and most arduous labor. The postulant must be in sound health, body and mind, thoroughly devoted, and steadfast of purpose. These points affirmatively settled, she enters a convent on a six months' probation. If this is satisfactorily completed, she begins a two years' novitiate. During all this time she assumes no vows. At the end of the two years and a half she is as free to change her mind and return to the world as she was before her probation. But when, after this extended test, she takes the veil—that, in symbol, shuts out all purely secular interests and pursuits—there must be no looking back. She lays aside every weight, to run the race set before her. For evermore the world is crucified to her, and she to the world.

Were there not some who, without knowing more, should know better, I would not refer to the vulgar insinuation sometimes heard, of conventual unfaithfulness to celibate vows. The time, I trust, has come—and we do not owe its advent to the Church of Rome—when truth can afford to be honest; and just men, however strong their antipathies, should be ashamed to charge guilt which is not only unproven, but negated by all the evidence upon the subject. Sensuality, especially when detached from the order of nature—family and domestic ties—makes marks in both the physiognomy and physiology of its devotees, which no one can hide. You know the woman of the *demi-monde* when you see her on the pavement or in the street-car. You may find the traces of most human impressions on the faces of the nuns—but not that. Every physician with a conventual practice knows that their diseases (and those of the genital plexus are not infrequent) are of the celibate type. If of that class, they are most probably those for which the medical attendant of your family is treating your unmarried sister and your maiden aunt. There are no reservations in the confessional of pa-



thology. *Nature*, at least, is true. Get rid of that vulgar notion, my friend; leave it to ignorant and brutal people; you will be very much ashamed of it when you are qualified to have an opinion on the subject.\*

One feature noticeable in Catholic convents, perhaps even more than in their churches, is the prominence given by all the art of the statuary and the painter, to the physical sufferings of our Lord. One revolts at the endless pantomime of pain, and wearies of the pine or marble Christs in versatile and studied agonies. A cheerful-looking saint is almost as hard to find as a wicked one. I do not know who first recommended the fourteen "stations of the Cross" as useful subjects of daily religious contemplation, but I shall never think him a wise or profitable spiritual guide. As rationally might we seek to promote filial affection in our children by varied and repeated representations of parturient pains. Gladly, thankfully, gratefully does the Protestant looker-on turn from this low physical plane to that sublime *life* which is the *Light* of men. The Saviour that we love, the Christ that is incarnated forever in the heart of humanity, is the Teacher, Example, and Intercessor. It was needful to know the story of the Atonement, and the steps of the sacrifice made once for all—and they are told us in the Record as briefly as is consistent with the historical completeness of the narrative. They are not *panem quotidianum*. The mysterious work of Redemption has been accomplished—"finished," said high authority, at its marvellous climax, and our calling is not to its throes and travail, but to its duties and rewards.

Very different from those of Rome are the traditions in this regard of its great rival, the Greek Church. There,

the Author of our Faith is known as the Ascended rather than the Crucified, the Victor than the Victim. With it, the ministry of the Comforter is perpetual joy.

And it is just here, unless I greatly mistake the religious impulses of our time, that the divergence between the informing ideas of mediæval ecclesiasticism and those of modern Protestantism is widest and most impassable. The staunchest Protestants now living are repelled from the ancient Church of Christendom less by her doctrinal peculiarities than by her inherent antagonism to the modes and aspirations of modern Thought. This, and not transubstantiation, purgatory, or saintly invocation, is the barrier that divides the New from the Old. As John Brown said, we believe in different gods. The most devoted lives among Protestant Christians are passed not so much "under the Great Taskmaster's eye," as in dutiful and glad observance of that "reasonable service" "which is perfect freedom," and in which are supplied the conditions of the largest growth and completest development for every part of that nature which the Sinless wore on earth, and carried up perfected and glorified into the heavens. It is getting every day to be better understood, that liberty is not only more fruitful, but safer, than repression. We are beginning to see that the Divine Worker has made fewer mistakes than we had supposed. After its many and wearisome wanderings, the human mind is at last willing to accept its congenial and final office of priest and interpreter of Nature. A new heaven and a new earth, opened up by astronomy, geology, natural history, chemistry, and social science, await its peaceful conquest and perpetual reign. We begin to see something of the plan pursued in the intellectual and moral education of the race. The word "providence" is growing intelligible. With new assurance may we pray, "Thy kingdom come:" with faith unknown to our fathers, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven."

Perhaps the most noteworthy charac-

\* These remarks are intended, of course, to apply to the conventual institutions of America. The documentary history of the Church of Rome, in the record of perpetually-repeated attempts at discipline and reform, discloses the monstrous abuses by which the institution of celibacy, both among regulars and among seculars, among nuns as well as monks, has been chronically infested in almost all other lands and ages.—Editor.

*This is directly false*

teristic of our Roman Catholic friends is the entireness of their faith in the Church as the "pillar and ground" of religious truth. They regard its logical position as impregnable. Those who believe at all, believe unreservedly. All the matters of faith and practice debated by Protestant controversialists and agitated in thinking minds among the Protestant laity, are *res judicata* to them. The way to go to heaven is as simple as the way to go to school. They carry no intellectual *impedimenta* into the *living* of their creed. Doubting Castle and Giant Despair do not lie in their pathway. Doubt of the compassion of the All-Merciful is a temptation which must be resisted without parley, and despair, a mortal sin, which confession and abandonment alone can purge away.

In this country we have known the Catholic Church mostly through its Irish constituency, and have judged it—not altogether unjustly—by its sanctifying and civilizing effect in that direction. It is commonly believed that Larry will lie, though he won't eat meat on Friday; and that Biddy will not do to trust with the keys, though she says more prayers than her mistress. It is only fair to allow just weight to the political and social circumstances which for seven hundred years have surrounded the Irish peasantry, though it may still be an open question whether Irish faith or English rule is most to blame for their obliquities. The prevailing cause, probably, lies deeper than either. There are moral idiosyncrasies in races, as there are intellectual ones in families. Two things it may be well to consider, before urging against the Church of Rome the moral obtuseness of the more ignorant populations of Christendom—whether, even tried by our standard, her religion is not a great deal better for them than none at all; and whether it is not the *only* existing form of Christianity which, in their past or present state, could be operative as a moral force. Do you really believe, my evangelical friend, that you could get the Augsburg Confession, or that of the

Synod of Dort, or the Thirty-Nine Articles, into the consciences and *lives* of the mongrel races of South America in time to prevent the dissolution of society, if Rome were to evacuate the continent to-morrow? And are you not, upon reflection, disposed to think that an earthquake, burying the Andes from the northern isthmus to the southern cape, would be, on the whole, a less fatal catastrophe than the sudden displacement of that vast though imperfect Moral Restraint, which, impalpable as the atmosphere, presses upon every grade of its barbarous society the sanctions of an endless life, with destinies the legitimate descendants of the deeds done in this?\*

While there are many ignorant priests, there are among them, particularly in the higher ranks of the clergy, very many men of eminent scholarship and learning. And, strange to say, they are on better terms with the more advanced school of physical research than Protestant divines. They do not quarrel with Bichat or Lyell. It is not the literal accuracy of the Book, but the spiritual infallibility of the Church, that they have in charge to promulgate and defend. The tendency among them is to a wider and more catholic scholarship than is common among Protestant theologians. They do not get nervous when some one unearths a new monster from the ooze, or picks up a piece of pottery from the pliocene tertiary. They have given up the miserable, hopeless fight with demonstrable science, and are the stronger for it.

This Catholic question, so important in its bearings upon the future of

\* This argument is not to be construed into an insinuation that the Roman religion is exclusively adapted to depraved, and the Protestant to elevated races. The civilization of some Catholic states, and the success of Evangelical religion in Polynesia, Madagascar, Australasia, and other most savage regions, would be quoted to the contrary. But the doubtful point of the argument may be in the uncertainty, in some men's minds, whether the Catholic religion, as administered in Spanish America, does appreciably contribute to the cohesion of society. We fear that the universal laxity of morals among the priesthood throughout Spanish America must be admitted on the concurrent testimony of travellers.—*Editor.*

America, this Church so overshadowing among the ecclesiastical activities of our time, require to be treated fairly. Those of us who believe that the Reformation marked an onward step of Providence in the secular and spiritual education of the race—that the fruits of civil and religious freedom, baptized with the blood of the Thirty Years' War, and a thousand battle-fields since, toiled and suffered for by the choicest spirits that have lived on earth during the last three hundred years, and now delivered to the keeping of the most advanced and powerful races of civilized men, are worth preserving and handing down—cannot afford to misunderstand the position of our opponents. Ignorant aspersion of their tenets or practices will help them, not us. When some well-intentioned "no-popery" man relates a string of stupid falsehoods about their history and doctrines, tell him to read up the other side of the subject, just for the sake—since he will talk—of knowing something about it. The truth is bad enough, and a better ally than its opposite. The man has not made much progress in inculcating Protestant views, no matter how tremendous his objurgations, who succeeds in satisfying his hearer that he is either ignorant or insincere. And if, for the time being, he convinces, the reaction will be still greater if the hearer finds out, two or ten years afterward, that his confidence has been abused. If there be any permanent result in such cases, it is more likely to be favorable to Romanism than adverse to it. And there are no zealots like proselytes. A larger percentage of originally Protestant than Catholic pupils in conventual schools become nuns.

Twenty years ago, the growth of the Catholic Church was almost exclusively the result of accretion by immigration and the increase of Catholic families. This is no longer the case. In this age of printing-presses and free schools, she has organized an aggressive campaign, and entered upon the work of propagandism with an energy and sagacity which have not unduly excited the in-

terest and apprehensions of such Protestants as take note of what is going on around them. And it is not only the number, but in many cases the quality of their converts that surprises the looker-on. Such proselytes as Newman and Milner in England, and Ives and Brownson in America, project an influence into the higher circles of culture and power, which no mere number of obscure Smiths and Joneses could wield. They go to work with a vim—with treatises and essays, which the alumni of Oxford and Harvard read with relish if not with conviction, and aim at nothing less than the capture of minds of equal endowments and influence with themselves. Already Protestantism, so long assailant, is put upon the defensive. Conversions from Romanism have ceased, or nearly so, and the contrary process has begun. Within a single year Archbishop Manning has made one thousand converts in a single fashionable district of London, and during the same period has admitted fifteen Protestant clergymen into the communion of the Church of Rome. I know a mother superior who, ten years ago, was a rigid Presbyterian. The present Bishop of Philadelphia was educated a Unitarian. Instances of this character are far less infrequent than unobservant Protestants imagine. And as for the matter of numerical increase of membership, it is gaining on that of the total population of this country at the rate of about twelve per cent. per annum, compounded at that.\* Consider what such facts mean and point to, you who thought that Garibaldi was going to finish the papacy a few months ago—you who believe that it is dying of a complication of printing-presses, steam-engines, and submarine cables!

What is to be the result? Is Protestantism to be reabsorbed, before the close

\* Unquestionably, this record of the advancement of the Roman Church in Protestant countries can be partially balanced by vast losses of power, prestige, pecuniary resources, and of multitudes of former adherents, in Catholic countries. But after making all the deductions which any man will claim, there remains enough to set us all to pondering some very serious questions.—*Editor.*

of the twentieth century, into the larger and more ancient mass—to make full and complete surrender, as did the Arian and Gnostic revolts of earlier time? We waive the consideration of the grand element in the problem, the question on which side the Divine Power is to work,—on which side is the Rock, and the inexpugnable Truth,—and content ourselves with calculating the resolution of the human forces, visible and invisible, that are co-working and counterworking in society towards the settlement of this question. If we depended on the counter-ecclesiastical activities of Protestantism, we might well doubt its ability for successful resistance. It is to those products of the modern thought—art, literature, and science, and that impalpable but dominating influence, the collective result of these, which we call the spirit of the age—that we turn for assurance that the moral and intellectual world shall not reverse its revolution, and go back to the times of Tetzels and Torquemada. Never again shall a Sorbonne decide a quarrel between a dogma and a fact. Never again will a council, however ecumenical, try an issue between orthodoxy and nature. *That* battle has been won, and no men know it better than the present generation of Catholic priests. No system, however conservative, can resist the subtle and ubiquitous radiations, which, from the school-room, the newspaper, the platform, and the library, permeate all ranks of society with the movings of a truer life, and the prophecy of a better time. No inculcation, however venerable, that implies error in creative wisdom or cruelty in the universal Parent, can hold the mass of healthy minds, or bind those higher ones, assigned to every age as its leaders, teachers, and guides. There is a growing and encouraging belief that the collective Human Being—living in all ages and inhabiting all climes—is to have a youth nobler than its childhood, and a maturity diviner than its youth; and that all this is in the nature of a

cosmical necessity, as far above our hindering as the sweep of the last comet, as independent of the fooleries of politicians and world-betterers as the precession of the equinoxes. Good men everywhere forward it—less of will than of grace; their glory being not at all in their achievements, but in the celestial co-partnership by which they are co-workers with God.

Not only the pervading influences of civilization, but the general order of things, which looks rather to development than conservation, is fatal in time to all ideas and systems not founded in universal truth. The removal of the human race by death and its renewal three times in a century, is a perpetual guarantee against the permanence of opinions and methods inharmonious with that nature which is alike the product and expression of the Divine Will. "Institutions have an end, but the people is eternal." Every thirty years humanity comes new from the hand of God, and fresh with His implantings. Every babe is the Adam of a new world.

The present reaction towards ultramontaniam is sporadic and temporary. It is the sign of a deeply-felt and universal want. It is a protest against the religious hollowness of the age. It is the prophecy of a new, wiser, and more reverent epoch in the religious progress of mankind.

Finally, the lesson we get from our sojourns with the nuns and colloquies with the priests is the same that comes from all our better knowledge of each other—charity. There is a wonderful family-likeness between good people everywhere. If we know saints who never saw a convent, let us believe that there are saints in convents we have never seen—just men in Samaria as well as in Judea. Wide apart as they now appear, a few years will bring these good people together. "The time cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, they shall worship the Father."

## A DAY WITH THE BABIES.

THE tall, old-fashioned clock on Miss Hope Linden's front stairs struck eight, one clear, cool morning, in September. Before the second stroke could follow the first, a spare, severe-looking servant-woman, in a dress and apron of clean blue and white checked gingham, came out into the hall, rang a little silver bell, and went back into the dining-room. The clock had not ceased striking, when a door at the head of the stairs was opened, and a little lady, with a sweet and thoughtful face, appeared. This was Miss Linden herself. She was really forty years old, five years the senior of her hard-featured maid, but her bright, brown hair was so abundant, her expression so serene and beaming, her fresh pink calico so becoming to her trim little figure and rosy cheeks, that no one could have suspected such a fact. After going down stairs, she paused a moment at the open front-door, and looked out over the fair country-landscape, with eyes that lingered lovingly and gratefully on all its beauties. The dew sparkling lawn, that sloped from her feet to the winding road; the blue river beyond, from which a light mist was languidly lifting and floating away; the low range of pine-crowned hills in the distance—she dearly loved it all, and in her heart was singing a little hymn of praise and joy.

A step on the stairs made her turn, and her face grew still brighter, as it met her brother's good-morning smile and nod. He, too, looked out, and knew how lovely the world was; but he only said,

"Wind's south! We shall have a warm day."

Then they went in to breakfast. After the chocolate was poured, and the meal fairly in progress, Miss Linden said,

"I forgot to tell you, last night, that I called on our new neighbor yesterday."

Her brother only glanced up, and lifted his eye-brows a little; but Miss Hope knew that meant, "Did you? well, tell me about it," and went on accordingly.

"Mrs. Oxford is a childish little creature, but very lovable, I should think. She was so glad to see me, that I really felt sorry I had allowed six months to pass without calling. She's very pretty, and not really little, for she's almost a head taller than I am" (Miss Linden measured four feet eleven inches); "but somehow she gives you the impression of being small, and of having been much petted and listened to. She prattled away as if I had been her aunt: talked about her housekeeping, what a care it was; her ignorant servant; how she missed her husband through the day; her children, how sick they were with measles in the spring—how much sewing she had to do for them; and all such little domestic matters. She doesn't look as if she could be the mother of the sturdy little girl and boy I saw in the yard. She consulted me about cooking, and apron patterns, and new kinds of ruffling, and cutting out shirts—all with such confiding earnestness, that I hardly had the heart to own that Jane objected to my cooking, and that I knew nothing about baby-clothes, and that you preferred to buy your shirts in New York. I tried to lead her to gardening topics and books, where I felt more at home; but she extinguished both at once; said she had no time for *such* things, with quite a superior air, and plunged me back again into arrow-root, aprons, and gussets, and all her own affairs, with such implicit reliance on my sympathy, that I felt quite hard-hearted at my attempt. She actually kissed me when I came away, and said I must run in often."

Mr. Linden shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope I am not expected to call, Hope?"



"Oh, no; I think there is no need of it. I do not suppose I shall go very often. There is so little in common between us; and yet she is very charming. I should like to have you see her. Oh! there she is now, bidding her husband good-bye. Do look, Mark! Isn't she girlish? How well Mr. Oxford looks on horseback!"

Mr. Linden leaned forward to watch the little group at his neighbor's gate.

"It is a pretty picture," he said.

The young wife stood with her baby in her arms—the little girl holding her hand, and blowing kisses to the tall father, who leaned from his horse to pull her curls. It was indeed a sweet domestic picture; and as the old bachelor and his sister watched it, each gave a little half-sigh, and then glanced hastily at the other. Their glances met, and deepened into a loving smile, that said plainly enough, "We are happy too, though in our quieter, duller way."

After breakfast, Mr. Linden sat reading the paper, while his sister washed the rare old china and silver in a dainty little cedarn tub, with brazen hoops. This was one of her regular duties, and one she loved, for every piece had been her mother's, and was dear from old childish associations.

As the clock struck nine, Dennis came to the door; but instead of saying, "The buggy is ready, sir," as he had said at that hour every morning for ten years past (except when winter changed "buggy" to "sleigh"), he only said, "Mr. Linden, sir!" and as his master looked up, made a mysterious little beckoning motion, which Miss Hope did not see. Every thing in that household moved on with such clock-like regularity, however, that she noted the man's speech, and wondered, as her brother left the room, if the horse could be sick, or if Dennis had discovered signs of thieving in the orchard.

Presently Mr. Linden returned, and coming to her side, turned her gently, so that she could not see the window, and said, in a very quiet tone,

"Don't be alarmed, sister; but Dennis is afraid Mr. Oxford has met with some

accident; and I am going to see. I hope it is not serious, but I fear he has been thrown from his horse. I want you to wait quietly here, and not to look out the window. I will come back soon, and tell you about it, and let you know if you can do any thing." Then he kissed her, drew down the front-curtains, and went quickly out.

Miss Linden had not said one word, but the color had all left her face, for she knew by his paleness that something very sad had occurred. She obeyed him, however, for that was her habit, and went on wiping the egg-shell cups with trembling fingers, but made no step towards the window or the open door.

It was well she did not. Even Dennis, rough and strong as he was, shuddered at the ghastly wreck of manly beauty and vigor which three men were slowly bearing towards the little cottage, on a litter hastily made with an old gate, overspread with their coats. Mr. Linden despatched Dennis in his buggy for the doctor, much fearing, however, that no life lingered in that bleeding, motionless form; then hurrying on before the bearers, he walked unceremoniously into that house where he had hoped he "should not be expected to call." Through empty hall and parlor he pushed forward, finding the little wife at last in the nursery beyond, kneeling beside a bath-tub, in which her plump merry boy was having a glorious game of splash-dash, which she evidently enjoyed as well.

How Mr. Linden accounted for his intrusion, or in what words he tried to prepare her for the coming shock, he never knew; but he did it in some way, and to his amazed relief, she neither screamed nor fainted. After the first bewildered, agonized pressing of her hands over her white face, she was quite calm; met the men at the door, led the way to the nearest bed-room, and, when the doctor came, obeyed all his orders bravely in silence. Mr. Oxford was not dead, and therefore she could quell every weakness, that she might be helpful in his service. She seemed to have

no other thought, and begged the doctor not to send her away.

"Certainly not," he replied. "You are doing nobly, and I want you here. If only some one could take the children, so that your attention would not be divided, we shall do well, I hope. Your husband is only stunned, and these wounds are not as serious as they look."

The little girl had flung herself into the cradle, and was sobbing violently, hiding her face in the pillow; but the boy, happily unaware of trouble, was still splashing merrily in his tub.

"I will take them to my sister," cried Mr. Linden, impulsively. "She shall keep them till you are able to send for them, and you need not be troubled about them."

"Oh, thank you, if you only will," said the poor little wife; "then I can give all my mind to *him*."

Rejoiced at the opportunity of being of service, Mr. Linden immediately snatched up the eldest child, and, despite its kicking and struggling, in two minutes had run across the road and up the slope to his own house, and put the terrified little maid into the lap of his astonished sister.

Merely stammering out, "He isn't dead, but she can't leave him; and now I'm going to get the other out of the tub," he ran off again, leaving Miss Hope trying to understand, and the little prisoner still sobbing and kicking, under a strong impression that she was stolen forever from her mother.

Regaining the nursery, Mr. Linden found that the well-meaning but awkward servant had taken the baby out of his bath, and endeavored to dress him; but her ignorance and the child's wrath were such that she had given up the attempt, and put on his little night-gown again. Hastily wrapping him and his clothes in a blanket, she delivered him to his new friend, and ran away to her kitchen, to be as far as possible from her insensible master.

Holding the little screamer tightly in his inexperienced arms—not without a keen sense of his comical appearance—Mr. Linden made another rapid flight,

and again reached the shelter of his own sitting-room, breathless but safe. His sister, meanwhile, had soothed the little girl with kind words and seed-cakes, and was holding her in her lap, when her brother entered, much flushed, and deposited baby, blanket, clothes, and all, in the middle of the floor, with a great gasp of relief.

"There's the other one," he said, with a sort of groaning laugh. "You'll have your hands full, Hope. You've got to dress it. I'll send Jane to help you, and I will take this one and amuse her in the meanwhile. Will you come and see my chickens, Totty?" he added.

The child put out her hands at once, and away he went with her, leaving poor Miss Linden quite dismayed at her share of the new responsibilities. She had never dressed a baby in her life. To be sure, she had dressed a good many dolls for fancy fairs, but *their* clothes could be sewed on, and they were not screaming and struggling like this little Beeseecker. She felt actually weak with a sense of her own ignorance; and for one minute sat motionless, despairing. But most women have a great fund of latent heroism, and she drew on hers now: sat resolutely down upon the floor, took the baby in her arms, and tried to soothe him by gentle words, cuddling and patting and kissing him, as women naturally do. But the child would not be soothed in that way; so she got up and walked about the room with him—rather a task for the little woman, for he weighed twenty pounds at least. After she had tried him, in desperation, with all the movable articles on the side-board, he was pleased to fancy the silver hand-bell, and although it was freshly brightened and one of the apples of her housekeeping eye, she resigned it to his chubby hands, and welcomed the sound of its incessant ringing, in exchange for his cries, which now suddenly ceased. How thankful was Miss Linden to sink into a chair, breathless, and in a violent perspiration with her unusual exertions. In the blessedness of the rest, she incautiously closed her eyes for a moment—

when, whack ! came the sharp edge of the bell against her forehead, for Master Baby was sturdy in all his motions, and was apparently going through the dumb-bell exercise, though the adjective hardly applied to his jingling toy.

At this moment Jane came in ; Miss Hope gave her aching head a hasty rub (trusting it might not swell and turn blue), and said, in a voice of assumed cheerfulness,

"Now, Jane, we've got this dear little boy to take care of, for poor Mrs. Oxford's husband is almost killed, and she can't leave him. Let us see if we can't dress him before Mr. Linden comes in again."

Jane was not fond of children, and disliked being called from her work ; but she never wished to acknowledge ignorance on any subject ; so she replied,

"Suttinly we can, marm—as neat as a pin. Here's his little cambric shirt, and the petticoats, and the ruffled dress, and the socks and shoes. Oh, yes ; I've dressed children afore now."

And then, with much coaxing and twisting, and constant dodging of the ever-ringing bell, all these articles were at last put on, and Jane turned in triumph to pick up the shawl, when, as she shook it, there fell out a dainty little knitted shirt of white wool, which mistress and maid saw at a glance ought to have been put on first of all. Miss Linden sighed with dismay, and Jane proposed letting him go without it ; but,

"Oh, no ; he would get cold. There is nothing to be done but undress him, and go through the whole performance again."

Unfortunately the child was by this time tired of the bell, and another tour of the room had to be made before he chose a little fancy dust-brush of scarlet feathers, as his next plaything. It had been a present to Miss Linden, but she surrendered it bravely, rejoicing that it was at least less dangerous to the features and knuckles of herself and Jane.

The second dressing was at last completed ; and very proud were both the nurses of his tidy appearance and peace-

ful mood, when Mr. Linden came in with *his* charge.

"Upon my word, Hope," he said, "you have worked a miracle. You must have a real faculty for tending babies."

This pleased Hope so much that she hardly winced when the baby pulled a handful of feathers out of the little brush ; and Jane took the opportunity to pick up the now despised bell from the corner where it had been hurled by his majesty, give it a sly polish with her apron, and replace it on the side-board in such a way that the deep dent it had received should not show.

"I must go now," added Mr. Linden. "I think the children will not trouble you much. Nanny was delighted with the chickens. You'll want to wash her hands, though, for I let her feed the cow with apples. I shall be at home by four, I think. Good-by."

And the two women were left with their new visitors.

"I'm thinking gentlemen don't know much about children," remarked Jane, in a low voice. "It's *my* opinion the work may go, if we've them two to mind all day ; and your flowers, too, Miss. I don't see, for my part, why that great Irish girl couldn't have kep' one on 'em at least."

"For shame, Jane," said her mistress, while little Nanny stared with very wide, wise eyes, from one to the other. "Mr. Linden brought them away, so that the house should be perfectly still ; and it is very little for us to do, when they are in such trouble. You may wash the little girl's hands, and then go to your work. I can amuse them both for the present." She spoke with considerable spirit and dignity, all the more because she was conscious of a certain sinking of her inmost heart, and a disposition to count the hours which must pass before her brother's return.

Jane's tempers never lasted long, and she held out her hand with what she meant for a coaxing smile ; but Nanny knew well enough that this was not one of her natural allies ; and, stamping her foot, said obstinately,

"I don't like you, and you s'ant wash my hands." Remonstrances were vain.

"Take the baby, then, Jane, and I will take her up to my room."

The baby, however, was equally unwilling to go, and clung, screaming, to his perplexed protectress. This was flattering, but very inconvenient. At last a compromise was effected. Miss Hope, with the baby in her arms, went into the kitchen, Nanny holding fast by her dress, and making faces at Jane, who furnished her with a basin of water and a towel, in a chair, and allowed the perverse little maid to wash and dry her own hands. During this performance the baby was attracted by the glittering tins, arranged on a shelf over the sink, and flinging the now much-crushed brush into a pan of dish-water, would not be pacified till two large covers and a colander had been presented to him. He then allowed himself to be carried back to the dining-room, and placed upon the floor with his shining toys, from which he speedily evoked a crashing din. Miss Hope, glad of a temporary rest for her aching arms, sat down to recover breath and smooth her crushed collar and cuffs, enduring the impromptu cymbals as best she could.

Little Nanny had spied a family of kittens in the kitchen corner, in a big basket, and made herself very happy with them for nearly half an hour. Of their bliss we cannot so confidently testify. Jane took the opportunity to despatch some of her morning work; but the lull did not last very long. Master Baby, who was in the habit of consuming a large cup of bread and milk after his bath, now became restless and cross. Even banging both tin covers against the colander no longer soothed him; and from fretting he soon passed to indignant screams and sobs. In vain Miss Linden carried him about, and offered him every object within her reach; he pushed at her with both hands, wailing for "Ma-ma, mā-ā-mā," till she thought she should certainly go crazy.

"What makes him cry so, Nanny?" she asked, at length.

"Fweddy c'ross," returned the child, sagely, "coz his tooties comin'."

"It's my belief he's hungry," said Jane, coming down from her chamber work.

"Of course he is, poor lamb!" echoed Miss Linden. "Why didn't I think of that? What *do* you suppose they feed him with? I remember Mrs. Oxford said something about Bermuda arrow-root yesterday; but I didn't feel particularly interested then, and don't remember what it was. I didn't suppose it would be my concern so soon," she added, with a nervous little laugh. "But we haven't any in the house, if I *did* know how to prepare it. Do you suppose sago would do, Jane?"

"I never heard as 'twas good for babies, ma'am," replied Jane, who was in an unsympathizing mood.

"Nanny, what *does* baby eat," said poor Miss Linden, in despair.

"B'wed and butter, and cwacker and milk, and wice and tato and cooky," responded the child, fluently.

Miss Hope caught at the first suggestion with eagerness.

"Bread and milk! Certainly; why, of course! And I might have known it; the poor little abused darling, so he should. Quick, Jane, bring me a cup of the morning's milk and a slice of bread."

Jane obeyed in silence. The little fellow's cries abated, as he saw the dish and spoon approaching, and his nurse felt quite happy when he opened his mouth wide for the first mouthful; but no sooner had he tasted it, than he sputtered it out again, and struck out so suddenly with both hands and feet, in an inexplicable fit of rage, that the dish was knocked violently from his amazed nurse's hands, and its whole contents went streaming over her fresh wrapper on to the carpet.

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried the distressed lady, "what *can* be the matter now?"

Nanny ran to pick up the broken cup, and sipped the drops that remained in it.

"It is all *told*, and no suggar," she

said, scornfully. "Mamma mates it nicer than you."

Jane wiped up the milk, and the baby was crying more hopelessly than ever.

"I might have known," sighed poor Inexperience. "Never mind my dress now, Jane; warm some more as soon as possible, and sweeten it well. I'm sorry for the cup; it was my sister Lizzie's. She drank out of it for twenty years, and never cracked it. But it's of no use mourning. Oh baby, baby, hush!" and once more rising, she began to pace up and down, singing "Little Jack Horner," which was one of the few nursery-rhymes she could recall from the long-ago time when she had tended Mark. Before her breath was quite gone, the new breakfast was ready. It proved acceptable, and was eagerly eaten. The wailings ceased, the tears dried on the plump cheeks, and Miss Linden experienced real delight in ministering to the child's comfort at last. Hardly was the final drop sipped, when the bold blue eyes began to grow heavy, and the curly head to nestle towards her shoulder.

"He is sleepy, Jane!" she cried, in a happy undertone. "Pull down the curtains, give Nanny that book of Natural History, and shut the door softly."

"The child may tear it, Miss," remonstrated Jane, jealous for "Mr. Mark's" property.

"I will take care of that; this dear little creature *must not* be roused," said the mistress, decidedly, feeling all a mother's sense of the supreme importance of "baby's nap" over all other considerations. Jane sniffed, obeyed, and retired. Nanny, well trained to the above-named doctrine, was as still as a mouse over her book. And now slowly the pink lids dropped over the dreamy eyes, gently the little fingers unclasped their hold on the porringer, softly the weary head sank down upon the waiting arm, and again Miss Linden experienced almost a mother's tender joy as the rosy little tyrant subsided trustfully into unconsciousness upon her breast. With a sigh of mental satisfaction and physical relief, she leaned back in her chair, rock-

ing softly and singing low, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber." It had not been on her lips, or in her mind for many years; but it came unbidden now, and surprised her as much as did the tears that had gathered in her eyes, as she watched the helpless little one she held.

For half an hour she sat dreamily rocking and singing. Jane peeped in twice, and could hardly believe her eyes and ears. At last Nanny closed her book with a sudden clap, and, forgetting her caution, yawned aloud. The charm was broken. With a violent start the sleeping cherub was transformed into an injured, sobbing boy, and rocking and trotting, singing and patting, had all to be recommenced, taxing Miss Hope's strength and patience to their very extent. "Hush, my babe," was useless now. "Mary had a little lamb," was received with yells of impatience. "Jack Horner," "Sleep, baby, sleep," "Gayly the Troubadour," "Baa-baa black sheep," and "Araby's Daughter" were all essayed without any apparent soothing effect; but suddenly, in the midst of the "Last Rose of Summer," baby's cries changed to a little accompaniment of cooing and crooning, the eyelids fell—rose—struggled—and fell again, the cooing tapered off softly into silence, and my lord again slumbered, this time so soundly that Miss Hope ventured to lay him on the sofa, behind a barricade of chairs, draw a long delicious breath, and stretch her cramped arms freely. Having darkened the room still more, picked up the rejected toys, and arranged the disordered furniture, she stepped to the door to look after Nanny, who had gone out to play after waking her brother. A melancholy sight met the lady's eyes. Six stately stalks of pure white Japan lilies, which she and Mark had watched through days of slowly-opening buds, had been rudely uprooted, and were replanted in a large mound of gravel, which had heaped up on the lower door-stone. Round the base of the pile were set the tops of a dozen of Mark's choicest balsams and



fuchsias. Nanny was nowhere to be seen. Hope felt as if at that moment she could hardly bear to see her. Her flowers were *her* children. She and her brother had spent many hours over them, and for *this*! Her cheeks burned with displeasure; but after a momentary struggle she turned and went along the entry to the kitchen. Jane was paring apples.

"Take your work into the other room, Jane, so that you can watch the baby, while I go and find Nanny. I thought she was with you." So saying, she stepped out the back-door—a most fortunate circumstance. Near it stood a half-barrel to catch the rain-water from the eaves; and just visible over its edge were Nanny's little kicking legs. A scream and a spring, and the child was rescued from what would soon have proved a fatal position. There were ten inches of water in the barrel, and her arms could not long have supported her weight. In one she held fast a tin-cup, in trying to fill which she had lost her balance.

"I was on'y dettin' water for my dardin," she sobbed, clinging to her friend. "I made a 'plendid dardin for Fweddy to see when he wates up; to me and see," and she pulled Miss Linden round the house, and pointed in triumph to the funeral pile of the lilies. Her recent danger softened the lady's heart, and she only said,

"It is very pretty, Nanny; but next time you must ask leave before you pull Mr. Linden's flowers. See, your sleeves are wet and your hands are dirty. Come up in my room, and I will make you nice again."

Innumerable questions followed the introduction to the upper rooms: "What is this?" "Is this yours?" "Please, may I look at that?" "May I hold it in my hands?" etc., etc., until Miss Linden felt her brain begin to whirl. At last, however, both she and the little girl were freshened and in costume for dinner; and, going down, found the baby just awakening, rubbing his dimpled knuckles into his eyes, and yawning and stretching in the most luxuri-

ous manner. Jane returned to her own domains, with the airs of a paroled prisoner; and her mistress realized that she must not summon her from the mysteries of dinner preparation, but rely wholly on her own resources for the amusement of the children until that meal should be fairly over. Fortunately, King Fred was in high good humor, and made himself very happy, toddling about the room with his sister and the kittens, while Miss Linden prepared him some more bread and milk, with which he then allowed her to feed him—only once, with a sportive fling of both arms, knocking spoon and contents against her silken sleeve. "French chalk, benzine, or ether," thought the patient lady, "if only he will be good till Mark comes." Next came dinner for herself and Nanny, a meal rather confused and disorderly, as she afterwards related to her brother.

"I was not sure what Nanny ought to eat, and had to refuse her various things that she wanted. Baby wouldn't let Jane touch him, so I had to keep jumping up to attend to him. The front-door must be closed, or he would run out—in fact, all the other doors too. Once he tumbled against the table, and made a big lump on his head, and it took me nearly ten minutes to pacify him. He pulled one of my work-table drawers entirely out before I knew he was near it; and the whole contents poured out upon the floor, and had to be picked up in a hurry by all of us; and I am not quite sure that he did not swallow one button in spite of our care. When dessert came he was so tired of amusing himself, that I had to hold him in my lap, and let him play with the sugar-tongs, while I ate my pudding—Nanny ate her sauce clear; and I was very thankful when it was over, and I could give myself up to the children."

When Mr. Linden came home, at four, he was met by a succession of surprises. From a distance he saw the front-door was closed, a most unusual circumstance in summer. As he drew nearer, the sand-mound, bedecked with his cher-

ished flowers, made him groan aloud. Entering, he missed his umbrella from the stand, and the scarlet lamb's-wool mat from the floor. Peeping into the sitting-room, he saw his sister's work-table minus all its drawers, which were piled up on one end of the mantelpiece. On the other end stood his own cuspidor. His favorite crimson easy-chair, its "tidy" gone, was strewn with crumbs of moist "cooky," and the floor was scattered all over with cats and cows and nameless beasts, cut out of white letter-paper from his desk. A confused sound of shouting and laughter led him on to the parlor, where, to his utter amazement, he found his dignified sister sitting on the floor, the missing "tidy" on her head, and her whole attention given to rolling two large colored marble peaches over the carpet to Baby Fred. He sat enthroned on the lamb's-wool mat, under the canopy of the open umbrella, yelling with surprise and delight whenever the cold balls rolled against his chubby bare legs. In the bay-window kneeled Nanny, building a wonderful castle with his own much-prized minerals and shells, of which she had entirely emptied the corner cabinet. Corals and nautili, fragments of spar, and crystal and agate, fossil fish and petrified ferns, rare and curling ganoids,—they were all mere "stones" to the busy little architect; and she had reared her edifice to almost her own height, and was just putting a carved Swiss "chalet" on top of all, when Mr. Linden's "Heavens and earth!" startled them all.

"Oh, Mark," cried Miss Hope, starting up, and blushing guiltily, "I didn't know it was so late. I meant to have every thing in order before you came. I had to give them whatever they wanted, for they cried to go home."

She looked so young and so careless as she came forward with her cheeks flushed, her hair rumpled into little curly ends, under the forgotten "tidy," the baby in her arms clinging to her neck, half disposed to cry at sight of the stranger, that Mark kissed her involuntarily, and said,

"Never mind, sis" (he had not called her so for years); "let Jane tidy up, and I will take you and the tots to drive. I stopped at Mrs. Oxford's just now, and found the poor fellow had recovered his consciousness, and fallen asleep, and his brave little wife was asleep beside him, all worn out with anxiety and the effort she had made to control herself."

"Oh, that is good news!" cried Hope; "and I should enjoy a drive of all things. I have not been out to-day, for the children couldn't go. Do you suppose their girl could find their hats and things without disturbing any one?"

"I'll go and see."

He soon returned with all the necessary wraps, helped Hope to dress the children; and soon they were all four packed into the buggy, Nanny on a cricket in front, and the baby in Hope's lap.

What a blessed rest it was to that faithful little woman! How glad she was to let Mark answer Nanny's unwearied flow of questions, to lean back, and relax the strained attention and watch-care she had exercised all day. How she blushed and laughed when they met a carriage full of city acquaintances, who stared in amazement at the children! The baby was perfectly good, and soon fell asleep, and at last Nanny did the same.

When they reached home it was nearly six o'clock; and rousing the little ones made them fretful and restless. Hope hurried into the kitchen to get bread and milk for Freddy, while Mr. Linden marched up and down the sitting-room with him, bravely enduring many an impatient clutch at his hair and moustache. Nanny subsided into low whimpering for "papa and mamma," and refused to be diverted. The poor child was really wearied out by a day of unusual excitement, as well as fretful at having been awakened from her sleep. Her mournful persistent sobbing was harder to bear than even Freddy's exasperated yells, which grew louder every moment. The kitchen-

fire was low and the milk long in getting warm; and when at last, with flushed face, Miss Linden appeared with it, she found her brother almost beside himself with vexation at his own failure as a nurse and alarm at the violence of the baby's cries.

"Take him quick, Hope!" he gasped. "I've tried walking and trotting and rocking, and singing and whistling and scolding and coaxing. I'm afraid it will be swearing next. I'm all in a perspiration; and I believe he has made a bald place on my head. Just hear him! You don't think he's in a fit, do you?" inquired the distressed bachelor, sinking into a chair, and fanning himself with a newspaper.

The sight of the bread and milk seemed only to enrage the child still further, and he repelled it with arms, legs, and voice.

"He *must* be hungry," said Miss Linden. "See if you can feed him while I hold his hands."

Her brother accordingly knelt upon the carpet before her, and, holding the porringer in one hand, solemnly dipped out a large morsel of the softened bread, and tried his best to guide the spoon into the little roaring mouth, while Hope clasped the struggling hands and feet as firmly as she dared, and tried to make audible her assurances that "he was a poor tired lammie, and he *should* have his good supper."

At that moment the door was thrown open, and in ran little Mrs. Oxford, still in her morning wrapper, her girlish face quite haggard with anxiety. In an instant she had snatched her baby from between its well-meaning tormentors, and was cooing and crying over it—the brave self-control she had exercised throughout the day now all broken down.

"Mother's blessed own, own comfort," she murmured, almost devouring him with kisses; and the little rebel's cries were hushed at once. He clung to her in happy silence, only now and then catching his breath in a pathetic little sob, the ebbing wave of his storm of passion. Nanny flung herself upon

her mother, and was happy too, with a share of the embracing arms and showered caresses. For a brief space Mr. and Miss Linden were, and felt themselves, forgotten outsiders, wondering spectators of a rapture which puzzled and saddened them. Only for a moment, however; the pretty wild-rose face came up from bending over its buds, all dewy and sparkling after its sun-shower of happy tears.

"Dear, kind Miss Linden! How can I ever thank you enough for taking care of my darlings all this long, fearful day! And your brother, too! What should I ever have done without such kind neighbors! I *had* to be with my husband, you know; and Bridget never *could* be trusted with children; but I know they have been safe and happy with you. And now Frederick is out of danger, I can take care of them and him too. Oh! you don't know *how* I've missed them, and their sweet little ways! It seems a whole month since I saw them! I began to feel as if I were a childless widow. Oh, it was terrible! I know now how to pity those poor things who haven't any children—oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't mean—but you must see, after a whole day with them, how charming they are, and how lonely it is without them." And she clasped and kissed them, as if fearing a new separation. Her hearers had no suitable reply ready; but she did not wait for it.

"You must come over often and see them, if you find you miss them. I shall never forget how good you were. Now, I *must* take them home, and put them to-bed, the dear little tired things. You didn't think I could spare them all night, did you?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Hope, very earnestly.

"I know I couldn't sleep without hearing their soft breathing beside me. Good-night, *dear* Miss Linden," and holding up her baby's and then her own artless face to be kissed, she allowed Mr. Linden to carry drowsy Nanny, and hurried away before him, through the fading daylight, to her own house.

Miss Hope sat on the door-stone, and looked after them with a strange mingling of relief and regret. She was unfeignedly glad to be set free from the day's new responsibilities, and yet—was there not a longing envy in the sigh she drew, as she remembered the mother's rapture? She recalled the dinted bell, the ruined brush, the broken cup, the interrupted dinner, the disordered rooms, the uprooted flowers, the greased dress and carpet, the whole day passed without reading or gardening or music. All these things had tried her orderly spirit severely; and yet, and yet—

When her brother returned, and sat down on the step beside her, there was no fretfulness or complaining in the face she lifted towards him. Weary it was, very weary, but he thought he had never seen her look more beamingly sweet, more womanly, and gentle. Neither spoke for a long time. The twilight deepened and the stars came out. Both thought their own thoughts, happy in being near each other, content

without communication. It was often so with them. At last, however, when the darkness made it easier to speak from the inner self, when, in the hush of the night, the barriers between heart and heart were melted away, Mark suddenly said,

"Speak out, little woman; tell me the question you've been puzzling over all this time." And Hope replied,

"I was remembering how I half despised Mrs. Oxford yesterday, for being so absorbed in her housekeeping and nursery cares, and how she seemed to think lightly of my gardening and German and reading; and now I have spent to-day in *her* way; and somehow I feel better satisfied with myself than I sometimes do when I have disposed of my time according to my taste. I feel as if—"

"Yes, Hope——"

[What Hope said is the moral of our little sketch. Curiously enough it is needless to repeat it. For once the lesson must inevitably be clear to every one who needs it.]

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### THE MOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE.

FAR, far above  
This easy slope I've gained, a mountain shines  
And darkens skyward with its crags and pines;  
And slowly up I move,

Because I know  
There is no level where I can pause and say  
This is sure gain. It is too steep a way  
For mortal foot to go.

There is no end  
Of things to learn and books to cram the brain.  
They who know all, still think they can attain.  
What boots it that they spend

Long toiling years  
To touch horizons dim and limitless?  
The higher up the mount the more the stress  
Of alien atmospheres.

All is the same.  
Why climb these steepes of knowledge, gathering stone  
And flower and leaf? Let book-worms creep alone.  
Give us a nobler aim!

What is the good  
Of heaping pile on pile of musty lore ?  
No paper promises or uncoined ore  
Can buy us house or food.

Even the flame  
Of morning burning o'er yon cedar heights  
Is dull, unless an inward morn excites.  
All sunshine is the same.

Our skill and wit  
Snare us in useless labor and routine.  
The more we search, the more retires unseen  
Nature, the Infinite.

The same in all.  
And telescope and microscope but teach  
One mystery, above, below our reach.  
There is no great or small—

No grand or mean—  
No end and no beginning. For we float  
In Being—learn our creeds by rote,  
And see not through Heaven's screen.

This—mainly this  
We cling to—hope that as we upward climb,  
Some essence of the juices of the time,  
Some light we cannot miss

Gives toil its worth ;  
Secretes and feeds and builds up strong and fair  
The young recipient being, with food and air  
Of mingled heaven and earth.

Only what creeps  
As sap from trunk to branch, from branch to flower,  
Fills with the quiet plenitude of power  
The oak's unconscious deeps ;

While south-winds sift,  
And light pours subtle health through myriad leaves,  
And the gnarled regent of the woods receives  
The air's benignt gift.

What the soul needs  
It takes to itself ;—aromas, sounds, and sights—  
Beliefs and hopes ;—finds star-tracks through the nights,  
And miracles in weeds ;—

Grows unawares  
To greatness through small helps and accidents,  
Puzzling the pedagogue Routine, whose tents  
It leaves for manlier cares.

And by the light  
Of some great law that shines on passing facts,  
Some nobler purpose brooding o'er our acts,  
We read our tasks aright,

And gain the trust  
That knowledge is best wealth. So shall the ends  
Crown the beginnings. He who wisely spends  
Gathers the stars as dust.



## COMMERCIAL PROGRESS IN CHINA.

In the year 1786 a vessel of three hundred and fifty tons burden sailed from an American port for Canton. She was the first to carry the flag of the United States to the shores of Cathay, and to begin a commerce that has since assumed enormous proportions. European nations had carried on a limited trade with the Chinese before that time, but they were restricted to a single port, and their jealousy of each other prevented their adopting those measures of co-operation that have recently proved so advantageous. China was averse to opening her territory to foreign merchants, and regarded with suspicion all their attempts to gain a foothold upon her soil. On the north, since 1727, the Russians had a single point of commercial exchange, and by the treaty between Russia and China all the trade between the two nations was to be conducted there. Two small cities, one thoroughly Russian and the other as thoroughly Chinese, were founded, and grew up, side by side, for the purposes of international commerce. The name of the Chinese city (Maimaichin) signifies "place of trade." Along the whole northern frontier of the Celestial Empire there was no other settlement of its name or character. In the south was the single point open to those who came to China by sea, while along the coast-line, facing to the eastward, the ports of the empire were sealed against foreign intrusion. Commerce between China and the outer world was hampered by many restrictions, and only the great profits derived from it served to keep it alive. But once fairly established, the barbarian merchants taught the slow-learning Chinese that the trade brought advantage to all engaged in it. Step by step they pressed forward, to open new ports and extend commercial relations, which were not likely to be discontinued, if only a little time were allowed to show their value.

As the years rolled on, trade with China increased; the merchants, of all classes, found that foreign gold and silver were desirable things to gather into their possession, and that the teas and silks and porcelain of the empire brought a remunerative price from those who came to purchase. For a long time the foreigners trading with China had no direct intercourse with the General Government, but dealt only with the local and provincial authorities. It was not until after the famous "Opium War" that diplomatic relations were opened with the court at Peking, and a common policy adopted for all parts of the empire, in its dealings with the outer world. Considering the extremely conservative character of the Chinese, their adherence to old forms and customs, their general unwillingness to do differently from their ancestors, and the not over-amicable character of the majority of the foreigners that went there to trade, it is not surprising that many years were required for commercial relations to grow up and become permanent. The wars between China and the Western powers did more than centuries of peace could have done to open the Oriental eyes and teach the oldest nation of the world that its superiority in age had not given it superiority in every thing else. Austria's defeat on the field of Sadowa, whose cannons' echoes are still ringing in our ears, advanced and enlightened her more than a hundred years of peace and victory could have done, at her old rate of progress. The victories of the allied forces in China, culminating in the capture of Peking and dictation of terms by the foreign leaders, opened the way for a free intercourse between the East and West, and the immense advantages that an unrestricted commerce is sure to bring to an industrious, energetic, and economical people.

With a river-system unsurpassed by

that of any other nation of the world, China relied upon navigation by junks, which crept but slowly against the current when urged by strong winds, and lay idle or were laboriously towed or poled by men when calms or head-breezes prevailed. Of steam applied to propulsion, she had no knowledge, until steamboats of foreign construction appeared in her waters and roused the wonder of the oblique-eyed natives by the mystery of their powers. The first steamboat to ascend a Chinese river created a greater sensation than did the Clermont on her initial voyage along the Hudson or her Western prototype, several years later, among the Indians of the upper Missouri. The Chinese very speedily saw the advantages of steam-navigation on the great rivers of the empire, and were quick to patronize the foreign invention when it was fairly established. In 1839 the first steam venture was made in China. An English house placed a boat on the route between Canton and Macao, and advertised it as ready to carry freight and passengers on stated days. For the first six months the passengers averaged about a dozen to each trip—half of them Europeans, and the rest natives. The second half-year the number of native patrons increased, and by the end of the second year the boat, on nearly every trip, was filled with Chinese. The trade became so lucrative, that another boat was brought from England and placed on the route, which continued to be a source of profit until the business was overdone by opposition lines, just as the same kind of business has been overdone on the Hudson and elsewhere in America. As soon as the treaties permitted, steamers were introduced into the coasting-trade of China, and subsequently upon the rivers and other inland waters. The Chinese merchants perceived the importance of rapid and certain transportation for their goods in place of the slow and unreliable service of their junks, but the advance in rates was overbalanced by the increased facilities and the opportunities of the merchants to make six times as many ven-

tures annually as by the old system. Probably there is no people in the world that can be called a nation of shopkeepers more justly than the Chinese; thousands upon thousands of them are engaged in petty trade, and the competition is very keen. Of course, where there is an active traffic the profits are small, and any thing that can assist the prompt delivery of merchandise and the speedy transmission of intelligence, money, credits, or the merchant himself, is certain to be brought into full use. For the first few years the steam-vessels in Chinese waters were owned by foreigners, who derived large profits from the native trade; but very soon the Chinese merchants conceived the notion of purchasing steamers and running them on their own account. No accurate statistics are at hand of the number of foreign steamers now in China, but well-informed parties estimate the burden of American coasting and river-vessels at upward of thirty thousand tons, while that of other nationalities is much larger. Steamboats, with a burden of more than ten thousand tons, are now owned by Chinese merchants, and about half that quantity is the joint property of Chinese and foreigners. In managing their boats and watching the current expenses, the Chinese are quite equal to the English and Americans, and sometimes display an ability to carry freight upon terms that are ruinous to foreign competitors.

Foreign systems of banking and insurance have been adopted, and work successfully. The Chinese had a mode of banking long before the European nations possessed much knowledge of financial matters; and it is claimed that the first circulating-notes and bills-of-credit ever issued had their origin during a monetary pressure at Peking. But they were so unprogressive that, when intercourse was opened with the Western World, they found their own system defective, and were forced to adopt the foreign innovation. Insurance companies were first owned and managed by foreigners at the open ports, and as soon as the plan of secur-

ing themselves against loss by fire or other casualties was understood by the Chinese merchants, they began to form companies on their own account, and carry their operations to the interior of the empire, where foreign trade had not penetrated. All the intricacies of the insurance business—even to the formation of fraudulent companies, with imaginary officers, and an explosion at a propitious moment—are fully understood and practised by the Chinese.

By the facilities which the advent of foreigners has introduced to the Chinese, the native trade along the rivers and with the open ports has largely increased. In this respect China has only followed the rule that everywhere prevails where men engage in commercial pursuits. On the rivers and along the coast the steamers and native boats are actively engaged, and the population of the open ports has largely increased in consequence of the attractions offered to the people of all grades and professions. The greatest increase has been in the foreign trade, which, from small beginnings, now amounts to more than nine hundred millions of dollars annually. As this is all from the open ports, it naturally follows that the domestic trade, tributary to those ports by means of the numerous canals and rivers, and coming from a population of more than four hundred millions of people, must be enormously large. Where formerly a dozen or more vessels crept into Canton, during each year, there are now hundreds of ships and steamers traversing the ocean to and from the accessible points of the coast of the great Eastern Empire. America has a large share of this commerce with China, and from the little beginning, in 1786, she has increased her maritime service, until she now has a fleet of sailing-ships second to none in the world and a line of magnificent steamers plying regularly across the broad Pacific, and bringing the East in closer alliance with the West than she has ever been before.

Railways will naturally follow the steamboat, and an English company is now arranging to supply the Chinese

with a railway-system to connect the principal cities, and especially to tap the interior districts, where the water-communications are limited. Railways in India, where the population is dense, have been found profitable, and the promoters of the scheme are confident they will prove equally so in China. There is no system of mail-communication in China; the Government transmits intelligence by means of couriers, and when merchants have occasion to communicate with persons at a distance they make use of private expresses. Foreign and native merchants, doing an extensive business, keep swift steamers, which they use as despatch-boats, and sometimes send them at hundreds or thousands of dollars' expense to transmit single messages. It has happened that, on a sudden change of markets, two or more houses in Hong Kong or Shanghai have despatched boats at the same moment; and some interesting and exciting races are recorded in the local histories. Some of the native merchants have expended much money in purchasing and maintaining their despatch-boats, and occasionally, when business is dull, they get up private races, on which respectable amounts of cash are staked.

The barriers of Chinese exclusion were broken down when the treaties of the past ten years opened the empire to foreigners, and placed the name of China on the list of diplomatic and treaty powers. The last stone of the wall that shut the nation from the outer world was overthrown when the court at Peking sent an embassy, headed by a distinguished American, to visit the capitals of the Western nations, and cement the bonds of friendship between the West and the East. It was eminently fitting that an American should be selected as the head of this embassy, and eminently fitting, too, that the ambassador of the oldest nation should first visit the youngest of all the great powers of the world. America, just emerged from the garments of childhood, and with full pride and consciousness of its youthful strength, presents

to ruddy England, smiling France, and the other members of the family of nations, graybeard and dignified China, who expresses joy at the introduction, and hopes for a better acquaintance in the years that are to come.

During the time of his residence at Peking as minister of the United States, Mr. Burlingame interested himself in endeavoring to introduce the telegraph into China, and though meeting with opposition on account of certain superstitions of the Chinese, he was ultimately successful. The Chinese do not understand the working of the telegraph—at least the great majority of them do not—and like many other people elsewhere, with regard to any thing incomprehensible, they are inclined to ascribe it to a satanic origin. They believe the erection of poles and the stretching of wires would disturb the currents of *Fung Shuey* (good luck), just as some of the residents of Tennessee and Alabama, ten or twelve years ago, believed the telegraph-wires caused a lack of rain. Hence their opposition to the construction of the telegraph; and it remains for the prejudice to be overcome before electric communication in China will be a success.

Some years ago, as the story runs, some Americans erected a line fifteen or twenty miles long, between Shanghai and Woosung, the place where all deep-draught vessels approaching Shanghai are obliged to anchor. The Chinese made no interference, officially or otherwise, with the line during its construction, and allowed it to work for some weeks, which it did very successfully. They did not investigate its operations, but supposed the foreigners employed active and invisible devils to run along the wires to convey messages. Had these bearers of despatches confined themselves to their own affairs, their highway would not have been disturbed; but, unfortunately, a Chinese died, one day, in a house that was crossed by the telegraph-wire, and actually touched by one of the poles. It is not an unusual thing for a Chinese to die—thousands of them do so every day

—but several friends of the deceased Oriental set a rumor afloat that one of the foreign couriers had descended from the wire, and caused the native's death. A Chinese mob very soon made short work of the telegraph-line.

In this the Chinese only followed the example of the Southerners referred to in the preceding paragraph. When the telegraph-line from Cincinnati to New Orleans was built, some of the people along the route supposed it would affect the fall of rain and injure their crops. A drouth confirmed them in that opinion, and a great many miles of wire were torn down in consequence.

To avoid all possibility of interference with the proposed line in China, Mr. Burlingame suggested that it be placed out of harm's reach by laying it in the form of a submarine cable along the coast. The Government readily adopted the suggestion, as it would prevent any disturbance by superstitious or ill-disposed persons while the line was being tested; as soon as the people were accustomed to its workings and satisfied of its harmlessness, the construction of land-lines could be ventured. The concession granted by the Government was accepted by an American company, which is empowered to lay submarine cables, connecting all the treaty ports from Canton to Peking. Quite likely, the submarine telegraph will astonish John Chinaman a great deal more than a land-line; if intelligence can be flashed instantly along the bottom of the ocean, where there is no apparent communication, he will be compelled to admit that a visible, tangible wire on land is a safe and feasible route of communication. While the cable is in deep water, out of reach of anchors, and only to be touched by the apparatus specially designed for its recovery, it will hardly be liable to the calamity that befell the Shanghai-Woosung line. Nobody will have a local habitation in its vicinity except where it is brought to shore, and even should it be charged with the death of some unfortunate native, the next of kin and the neighbors and friends of the

deceased will not be able to wreak their vengeance and protect others from a like misfortune. When John is convinced that the foreign innovation harms nobody, and is an excellent medium of communication, he will be not only willing, but anxious to extend its benefits through the whole length and breadth of The Middle Kingdom, and connect the interior and seaboard cities by means of the electric wire.\*

The foreign houses established in China will furnish a large patronage for the telegraph when completed, and their example will be an excellent one for the native merchants, and especially those who compete directly with the foreigners. In California, the Chinese residents make a liberal use of the telegraph; though they do not trouble themselves with an investigation of its workings, they fully appreciate its importance, and when a message is retarded from any cause, they are as ready as their paler-faced competitors to make complaint and demand the reason for delay. In California all messages must be sent in English, or at all events in English characters. Grammatical precision is not insisted upon; if it were, it is possible many a native-born American would find his telegrams refused by the receiving clerks on account of deficiencies of style. John, in California, is at liberty to send his messages in "pigeon-English," and very funny work he makes of it occasionally. Chin Lung, in Sacramento, telegraphs to Ming Yup, in San Francisco, "You me send one piecee me trunk," which

means, in plain language, "Send me my trunk." Mr. Yup complies with the request, and responds by telegraph, "Me you trunkee you sendee." His English is more Californian and less Cantonese than that of his Sacramento friend. Canton throws in the word "piecee" (piece) very often, and the same is the case with the Chinese-English spoken in most of the treaty ports. The inventor of pigeon-English is unknown, and it is well for his name that it has not been handed down; he deserves the execration of all who are compelled to use the legacy he has left; and it is proper to say that he has received a great many epithets, the reverse of reverent, from irate English and Americans. It is just as difficult for a Chinese to learn pigeon-English as it would be to learn pure and honest English, and it is about as intelligible as Greek or Sanscrit to a newly-arrived foreigner. In Shanghai or Hong Kong, say to your Chinese *ma-foo*, who claims to speak English, "Bring me a glass of water," and he will not understand you. Repeat your order in those words, and he stands dumb and uncomprehending, as though you had spoken the dialect of the moon. But if you say, "You go me catchee bring one piecee glass water; savey," and his tawny face beams intelligence as he moves to obey the order.

In the phrase, "pigeon-English," the word pigeon means "business," and the expression would be more intelligible if it were "business-English." Many of the foreigners living in China have formed the habit of using this and other words in their Chinese sense, and sometimes one hears an affair of business called "a pigeon." A gentleman, whom the writer met in China, used to tell, with a great deal of humor, his early experiences with the language. "When I went to Shanghai," said he, "I had an introduction to a prominent merchant, who received me very kindly, and urged me to call often at his office. A day or two later I called, and inquired for him. 'Won't be back for a week or two,' said the clerk; 'he has gone into the country, about two hun-

\* The proposed telegraph-line has an aggregate length of nine hundred miles, connecting the following cities:

	Population.	Distance in Miles.
From Canton.....	1,000,000	
To Macao.....	60,000	70
" Hong Kong.....	250,000	75
" Swatow.....	200,000	130
" Amoy.....	250,000	115
" Foo-Chow.....	1,250,000	120
" Wau-Chu.....	300,000	120
" Ningpo.....	400,000	125
" Hangcheen.....	1,200,000	60
" Shanghai.....	1,000,000	80
Total.....	5,910,000	595



dred miles, after a little pigeon.' I asked no questions, but as I bowed myself out, I thought, 'He must be a fool, indeed, and I was all wrong when I supposed him a sensible man. Go two hundred miles into the country after a pigeon, and a little one at that! He has lost his senses, if he ever possessed any.'"

Of course it will be necessary, in China, to use, in part at least, the language of the country in transmitting telegrams. As the Chinese written language contains thousands of characters—linguists do not agree as to the exact number—it will not be possible to make separate telegraphic signal for each character. Some of the missionaries and others who have lived long in China have endeavored to reduce those characters to symbols; a French *savant* claims to have arranged two hundred symbols, that comprise the written language of China, while Dr. Macgowan—formerly in the service of The East India Telegraph Company—is the author of a system using less than twenty. Both these gentlemen are confident of their ability to apply their inventions to the practical working of the telegraph; at any rate, they will soon have the opportunity of making the experiment. Most of the business along the coast-line and between the treaty-ports will be transacted in English, by means of the ordinary apparatus, which will also be available for the symbolic methods. Probably it will be more satisfactory to the Chinese to receive despatches, not only in the exact language, but in the handwriting of the sender. This can be done by the Lenoir method—a French invention—and also by that of an Italian, whose name now escapes me. The French method is less cumbersome and works with greater rapidity than the Italian one, and will probably be adopted for autographic telegraph-

ing in China. The principle is the same as that which Mr. Bain attempted to introduce in America, some years ago, but did not find practicable; its want of success in Mr. Bain's hands was due to the slight demand for autographic despatches rather than to any defects of the system.

Could a native of China, or of any other country in the world, fail to acknowledge the power and importance of the telegraph, when he receives in a few moments a letter in his own language, and in the familiar chirography of a friend a hundred or a thousand miles away? His wonder and respect would be greatly increased if the intelligence was borne to him beneath the waters and by no visible pathway.

Apart from its value as a financial speculation, the enterprise of supplying a telegraph system to China has a great national importance. The gift of the youngest nation to the oldest is, commercially and socially, important, as well as politically and evangelically. In commerce, it will serve to make more intimate the relations of the two countries, and will fitly succeed the establishment of a steam-line from California to the Chinese coast, and the completion of our great national undertaking—the Pacific Railway. Socially, it will awaken sympathies between two people, whose language, customs, and modes of daily life are strange and almost incomprehensible to each other. Politically, it will serve as a bond of peace and good will, and as time goes by and the nations become more intimate, will render of little moment the diplomat and the warriors who too often accompany him. Evangelically, it will make more welcome the missionaries from a land that first brought the telegraph into practical use, and will facilitate their labors in the proportion that it creates a kindly regard for America.

## TWO LETTERS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

## I.

—, —, 1868.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: You ask me what I think of the modesty and sense of a woman who can insist, in these days, that she is not sufficiently cared for in public and in private, and who wishes to add the duties of a politician to those of a mother and housekeeper.

This is a large question to ask, and a still larger one to answer by letter; but since you have a clear and thoughtful head of your own, and we are widely separated just now and unable to converse together as in times past, I will see what can be said by pen and paper for just the woman you have described.

And let me begin by asking you the meaning of the word politician. Having consulted your dictionary, you reply, "One who is versed in the science of government and the art of governing." Very well. Now who is thus versed in the science and art of governing, so far as the family is concerned, more than the mother of it? In this country, certainly, the manners, the habits, the laws of a household, are determined in great part by the mother; so much so, that when we see lying and disobedient children, or coarse, untidy, and ill-mannered ones, we instinctively make our comments on the mother of that brood, and declare her more or less incompetent to her place.

Now let me suppose her to be one of the competent ones who, like your Aunt E., has helped six stout boys and four of their quick-witted sisters all the way from babyhood up to manhood and womanhood, with a wisdom and gentleness and patience that have been the wonder of all beholders—and let us think of her as sitting down now in her half-forsaken nest, calm, thoughtful, and matured, but fresh in her feeling as ever she was, and stretching out by her sympathies in many directions after the

younglings who have gone each to a special toil, and what wonder if she finds it hard to realize that she is unfitted either by nature or education for the work of law making, on a broader and larger scale than she has ever yet tried.

Her youngest boy, the privileged, saucy one of the crowd, has just attained his majority, we will say, and declares in her hearing on the incompetence of women to vote—the superiority of the masculine element in politics, and the danger to society if women are not carefully guarded from contact with its rougher elements—and I seem to see her quiet smile and slightly curling lip, while in memory she runs back to the years when said stripling gathered all he knew of laws, country, home, heaven, and earth, at her knee—"and as for soiling contacts, oh! my son, who taught you to avoid these, and first put it into your curly little head, that evil communications corrupt good manners, and that a man cannot touch pitch, except he be defiled."

I have taken the bull by the horns, you perceive, in thus taking our mother from her quiet country home and setting her by imagination among the legislators of the land;—but it is just as well, because the practical end of suffrage is, not *eligibility* to office merely, but a larger *use* of this privilege than most women have ever yet dreamed of, much less desired.

I hope, by the way, that you have not forgotten the unanswerable argument of Mr. Attorney General Bates on "What constitutes the citizen," which we read together some years since. If it is not fresh in your mind, please read it again, because no woman ought to be ignorant or unmindful of her relations to her government, nor of her rights and duties under it, in times like these,

especially, when our country is forming itself anew, as it were, and needs all the wisdom and strength she can gather from every quarter.

And now she is there, we will say, in the legislature of our State—a high-minded, well-bred woman; one who, amid all her cares, has never failed to read the newspapers more or less, and to keep alive her interest in the prosperity of her country, whatever the claims of her numerous family. She is one, too, who has not had the assistance of wealth in doing all this; she is, as you know, straight from the rural districts, a genuine farmer's wife. But she has more leisure now than she once had, and with it there comes a longing for change, for more cultivated society, for recreations and diversions such as her busy hours have seldom afforded her; and just now, by the unanimous vote of her townspeople, she is sent to our glorious old Hub, to spend the winter in considering what the Commonwealth of Massachusetts shall do this year, by legislation, for the public good.

She enjoys right well the prospect of ten or twelve weeks spent at the metropolis, where she may refresh herself, in the intervals of business, by the music of the Great Organ, and where she may command libraries and means of culture hitherto quite beyond her reach, and in whose busy life she may study human character and human activities under new aspects, which are of great interest to her matured and thoughtful mind.

Having secured a home not far from the old State House, she seeks the Assembly Room and meets there gentlemen from all parts of the State—farmers, merchants and mechanics, physicians, teachers and ministers, lawyers and bankers, and they go into debate on such questions as these: Shall our deaf mutes be educated at home, or in the Institution at Hartford, as heretofore? What of the economies of our past practice, and are there better methods of training than those instituted there? State Prison—shall the discipline be penal merely, or reforma-

tory? the institution self-supporting by a system of rigid tasks, or partially supported by the State? what punishment shall be allowed, what religious and moral instruction furnished, and what sanitary regulations enforced? The prohibitory law—has it proved itself adapted to the suppression of intemperance? are its provisions enforced, and why not? Is a special license law better adapted to the desired end, or is there any thing which human ingenuity can devise that shall arrest the spread of intemperance over the land? The school for juvenile offenders—is that managed judiciously? Here obviously the great aim should be reformation. Is a system of rewards or punishments, or both together, best adapted to that end? Should boys and girls be associated in the same buildings and classes, and for what length of time should they be retained for improvement before sending them out again into society? Endowments for colleges and other educational institutions supported in whole or in part by the State: Shall these be confined to institutions designed exclusively for men, or shall they be applied equally to the education of both sexes? Taxation—how apportioned? What interests can best bear heavy taxation, and is any further legislation needed to secure the right of representation to all who are taxed? Prostitution—shall it be licensed as in the old countries, or left to itself, or subjected to severe penalties? Divorces—by whom granted, and for what cause, and upon what conditions? Common schools, and high schools, and the whole system of State education; insane asylums, poor-houses, jails, and many other institutions of modern civilization:—in all these objects, you will perceive, our mother has a deep and intelligent interest, and it is not difficult to imagine the warm, even enthusiastic energy with which she will give herself to the discussion of the questions involved—some of them the highest that can come before a human tribunal.

If you say, There are other State in-

terests with which she is less familiar, I reply, No one legislator understands the detail of all the business that comes before the House, or is expected to; committees are appointed for specialties, as you know, and composed, or they ought to be, of those whose education and training have fitted them for that special investigation.

Our mother will have her hands full if she should serve on the Committee of Charitable Institutions alone; and none can do better service there than such a wise, prudent, affectionate care-taker as she has ever been. And I could name to you one lady who might be called to sit on the Judiciary Committee, and help to frame and modify the laws without discredit to herself or to the Committee. She is Miss W. of —, of whom you have heard your father speak as a well-read lawyer, and the very able office partner of her father, Judge W—; and there is many a woman now-a-days whose counsel in the matter of framing laws ought not to be despised. She need not necessarily perfect herself in the technicalities of a legal education, though some would like well to do that, no doubt; professional gentlemen are generally called upon now by committees at their need; but she can bring a clear, practical, and experienced head and sound heart to the help of many a vexed question. And as to railroad bills and management—would that she might have a voice there; you may be sure that all charters would contain provisions for the comfort and safety of passengers, and the holding of all officials to a strict responsibility for neglect of duty.

And so in all matters pertaining to merchandise and business, which fairly come under state jurisdiction; it is late in the day to assert that women know nothing of these things, and could not learn if they should try. There are too many honest and successful women-traders, artists, and litterateurs in every city of the land, and too many men dependant in whole or in part upon their earnings, to give a show of color to such assertions—to say nothing of a

whole city full of Parisian women, who have for years demonstrated that the delicious feminine graces, which the world of men are so fearful of losing, are in no danger of being driven out by the practice of honest industries.

On the whole, then, my dear, you begin to perceive that my mind receives no shock when I am charged with the crime of desiring to meddle with politics, and to educate my daughters as well as my sons to take an intelligent, and, if need be, an active part in the government of their country; though I begin to fear, since the receipt of your letter, that my efforts in your behalf have not been crowned with the success I had much reason to hope. However, there is a gallant young husband in the case now, and I am very much mistaken if this is not the chief cause of your present difficulty; so I wish to say further, that I owe my young son-in-law no grudge whatever for this counter influence, nor do I abate one jot my confidence in him as a man of intelligence, integrity, and true nobility. The truth is, that one chief reason why your husband, and so many like him, oppose the extension of suffrage is, that their sense of true gallantry, their desire to shield and protect, is violated by *their conception* of the probable result of a woman's going to the polls. This is certainly a misconception. Every woman knows in her own heart that she does not hold her purity and delicacy subject to injury by such cause. We know that we have never entered any precinct, however vile and debased, without carrying something of that God-given power of womanhood—of motherhood—with us, which is a greater protection against insult and contamination than all the shields that man can devise. But we ought not to blame men too severely for their reluctance to relinquish this office of protector and guardian, which custom has so long laid upon them as a high duty and privilege.

In the days when physical forces ruled the world, men might naturally offer, and women receive with thankfulness, the protection of a strong arm,

and become greatly dependent upon it, without serious harm to either sex; but in the day of moral forces it is quite otherwise. This day has come upon us, however, so silently, so gradually, that we ourselves have scarcely recognized that we are now near its noon-tide: how then can our fathers, brothers, and husbands be expected to feel its quickening glow and inspiration? It may seem to them a consuming heat, though to me it is delicious warmth, pure air, God's own blue sky, and His benignant smile over all.

But I must stop here and wait your reply, since on your acceptance of my views thus far stated will depend the courage and enthusiasm with which I shall proceed to develop further my thought on the whole matter of the relation of the sexes to each other and to government. I confess that I have a philosophy of the past and a hope for the future that gives me much peace of mind and satisfaction amid the perplexing and sometimes rampant discussions which fill the land, and it would give me great pleasure to try my theories first upon you, before committing myself to their defence before other tri-

bunals. Moreover, I am persuaded, contrary to the judgment of many earnest advocates of equal suffrage, that women are quite as much responsible for the present condition of affairs as men, and that they, as a body, will be the last to be convinced of their duty in the matter of good citizenship; so I am seriously anxious to make converts to my faith from the young mothers, rather than from any other class. I know, of course, that the power of regulating suffrage now lies wholly with men; that not a single vote can be given, save by them; but I know as well that the minds of all honest, earnest thinkers among them are turned to this subject, and that they are inclined to give it an impartial hearing; and I am convinced that the indifference, not to say opposition, of their wives, mothers, and sisters, stands in the way of their coming to a right solution of the problem before them, beyond anything or all things else.

I beg you, therefore, to give my argument so far a candid consideration, and let me hear from you in reply.

I am always your affectionate

MOTHER.

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I F.

STRONG little monosyllable between

Desire and joy, between the hand and heart

Of all our longing; dreary death's-head seen

Ere our quick lips to touch the nectar part!

O giant dwarf, making the whole world cling

To thy cold arm before the infant feet

Of frail resolves can walk, man-like, complete,  
Steep mountain-paths of high accomplishing!

Dim dragon in the path of our designing,

No Red-Cross Knight may vanquish! Though most brave,

Strong Will before thee crouches, a mute slave—

Faith dies to feel thee in her path declining!

If! thou dost seem to our poor human sense

The broken crutch of our blind providence!

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## A DAY OF SURPRISES.

Mrs. FANNY VANE was a painter who deserved to be called an artist. Her pictures evinced more than talent—even genius. She was rapidly gaining distinction, and promised to have power enough to be benefited by popularity instead of being deteriorated by it. Fanny was the daughter of Dr. Freeman Ward, a physician in Northern New York, of marked characteristics and eminent ability. Her father's talents, in a great degree, she inherited, but the use to which she would apply them remained for a time a problem. Pretty and piquant, but wayward and capricious, frolicsome as a gipsy in many of her moods, and strangely gloomy and defiant in others, little Fanny Ward, as a child, was a mystery, to herself and others. From twelve to sixteen flirting was her principal occupation during the summer. In the winter, she devoured books, and developed her ardent energies as she best could. She read and studied with her brothers, visited the sick with her father, aided her sisters in their household duties—her mother she had lost in her infancy—and made lonely pilgrimages through the snowy mountains, holding for hours a mystic communion with nature. Her sturdy strength and resolution generally enabled her to achieve success in whatever she undertook.

At sixteen Fanny surprised her friends by marrying Mr. Henry Vane, a merchant from New York. In a worldly point of view, the match was excellent, but sympathetically it proved unfortunate. After a brief courtship, and without understanding any of the mysteries of her own nature, the young girl had united herself to a man with whom she was totally uncongenial. A strange effect was produced upon her by the false relation into which she had so rashly entered. She lost her peculiarities, and with them her individuality. Her spirits forsook her. She became

demure, quiet, formal, conventional. The wild flavor of her piquant individuality evaporated. She was like a flower whose odor has suddenly ceased to exhale, which continues to exist, but as the soulless image of itself.

She had been married about nine years, when Mr. Vane was called by business to New Orleans. Important speculations, in which he was engaged, failed disastrously. He lost his property, and at the same time was attacked by a fever, induced by the climate, which proved fatal. After a brief illness, he died. If, therefore, Fanny, at sixteen, had married from interested motives, she was justly rewarded. She had been compelled to endure nine years of a wasted life, and at their conclusion found awaiting her the same poverty which she had suffered so much to escape.

Poverty she no longer dreaded. From the profounder spiritual sorrows that it had been her lot to experience, she had learned one lesson: to smile at difficulties; to find that they may arouse and stimulate instead of deadening the energies and will. From the pale and lifeless image of herself that she had seemed, she suddenly blossomed into an earnest and enthusiastic woman and artist. When uncongenial natures are arbitrarily allied, the tyranny that is sometimes exerted by the one over the other—and, generally, by the inferior over the superior nature—is sometimes appalling. Fanny, for nine years, had been subjected to a sort of slavery, from which she did not escape until she had learned how to use her freedom. She recovered her gayety, her originality, her energy. Her soul was restored to her as if by magic, and she began the pursuit of her early aspirations precisely as if the dawn of her youth had not been separated from the bloom of her womanhood by a frightful chasm.

After several years, Mrs. Vane succeed-

ed in achieving a success not only in art, but in happiness. She loved. The suspicion of calculation had rested upon her youth, and, probably, not without a cause. In strong natures it frequently happens that the judgment is developed at an earlier period than the imagination and affections. At sixteen, Fanny was ambitious and prudent. She had experienced the inconveniences of poverty in her father's household, and desired to escape them. She had desired to be an artist, and imagined that the advantages to be derived from wealth and position would aid her in carrying out her plans. She reflected deliberately upon the future, and, after mature consideration, had jilted a young admirer, whose devotion she might have returned if she had listened to the voice of her heart, and had married a man of wealth without appreciating the necessity of an ardent affection as the basis of such a union.

At twenty-eight Mrs. Vane was tender, impassioned, and ideal. At this period of her life she was utterly incapable of being influenced by an interested motive. She now rejected several wealthy suitors who were anxious to gain her favor, and engaged herself to a young artist to whom she had become deeply attached. After all, she was a fortunate woman. She was old enough to value happiness, and young enough to enjoy it. Youth casts away the most costly advantages in the sheerest blind, wilful ignorance—advantages for which the tears of a life cannot atone; and, too often, before lost opportunities can be regained, the hapless spendthrift can no longer avail himself of the blessings which he did not learn to appreciate until too late.

So Time pursued his course, at the same time robbing and restoring—enriching with priceless compensation the very heart that he had bereaved.

On a bright morning in the spring of 1866, Mrs. Vane was standing before a finely-carved, antique mirror, one of the ornaments of her picturesque studio. She was trying on several purchases that she had just been making, a pleasing

employment, suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door. The artist turned from the mirror reluctantly, but when, on opening the door, she recognized the intruder, her face brightened, and she gave her visitor a warm welcome.

"Is it possible, dear Adèle! Welcome a thousand times! I was just thinking of you, and wishing that you would call. I have something important to tell you."

Adèle Courtney, the young lady thus addressed, was Mrs. Vane's most intimate friend. She was a brilliant, "stylish-looking" girl, with a tall, graceful figure, dark hair and eyes, and a face full of sensibility and genius, and which, besides, was regularly beautiful. While her friend was speaking, she sank down upon a sofa, out of breath with climbing to the difficult eyrie.

"I am glad, in that case, that I obeyed my impulse and came," she answered. "I must have felt an intimation wafted from your mind to mine. But what is your news?"

"I have had a most singular adventure, and, what is of more importance, I have selected a subject for a new picture."

"And what is it?—Vivien, the serpent Vivien coiling upon Merlin's knee; her fair hands playing with the wintry icicles of his beard?"

"No! You are three days behind the time. Vivien has been laid upon the shelf for that period. Have you read the 'Lost Tales of Miletus'?"

The book had appeared only a few weeks before.

"No; I have not seen it."

"Then I must tell you the story of the 'Secret Way,' a pathetic old legend, to which the modern poet has given a most graceful embodiment."

Mrs. Vane related Lytton's graceful story with great dramatic intensity, and took up a book that was lying on a table by her side.

"That is the scene," she cried, with kindling countenance, "that I intend to illustrate—Argiope recognizing Zariades at the banquet. You can easily imagine it. The poor princess has re-

ceived a goblet from her father's hand, which she is to present to the warrior whom she chooses for her bridegroom, as a sign of her preference. She stands pale and drooping, until urged by a high-priest, who attends upon her, to obedience. Then lifting her sad eyes, she vaguely gazes about her, and of course sees and recognizes the prince—

'Sudden those eyes took light, and joy, and soul,  
Sudden from neck to temples flushed the rose,  
And with quick-gliding steps

And the strange looks of one who walks in  
slumber,

'She passed along the floor, and stooped above  
A form, that, as she neared, with arms out-  
stretched,

On bended knees sank down  
And took the wine-cup with a hand that trem-  
bled.

'A form of youth—and nobly beautiful  
As Dorian models for Ionian gods.

"Again!" it murmured low;

"O dream, at last! at last! How I have missed  
thee!"

'And she replied, "The gods are merciful,  
Keeping me true to thee when I despaired."

There, Adèle, I have shown you my picture," Mrs. Vane cried, throwing away the book, from which she had read the above stanzas, while her blue eyes began to flash in their deep caverns like quivering flames. "Ah! think what a scene! From the moment that I read the poem it has never ceased to hover before me day and night. Ah! that love-kindled princess, with the magical goblet in her hand and her youthful lover, a warrior and a king, kneeling at her feet, what a subject! It has the grand simplicity and breadth of one of the old Greek mythological themes, with the advantage of being new, or at least newly expressed, and inspired with a modern sentiment. And then think of the costumes! Think of those gorgeous Eastern dresses, with their rich colors, purple and gold, and lustrous creamy white. Color is my strong point; and I shall try and show in this picture what wonders an artist can achieve when he is allowed to follow the original bent of his genius. Never have I had an idea, for a picture, that pleased me so well. If I can only embody this poet's dream as I feel it, I

shall produce a work that will be a genuine inspiration. Yes! the youngest child, you know, is always the favorite; and so with the youngest fancy. I have a presentiment that this old legend will prove the foundation of my fame and fortune."

Mrs. Vane, eager and excited with her narrative, sprang up, and began to pace the room.

"I am sure you will succeed, and I congratulate you upon your having found a subject that suits you so well."

Adèle spoke in a low, measured tone, indicating not only sympathy, but repressed sadness. She sympathized with her friend's enthusiasm, but, at the same time, envied her happiness. She envied her the power of abandoning herself so freely to the inspiration of art, which so seldom entered into her life, and without which life appeared to her so poor and worthless.

"Time will prove," Mrs. Vane answered, in a more subdued manner. "But do not let us talk of it any more. Even now I tremble, lest my overweening confidence should be the precursor of disappointment. I shall do my best to realize my ideal; more I cannot do. And, in the meanwhile, you must hear my adventure."

"Gladly! What was it?"

"It is connected with my picture, or I should not consider it of so much importance. You will never guess it, and I will not tantalize you, therefore, by asking you to try. I have seen the prince."

"The prince! What prince?"

"What prince, indeed? Prince Zariades!"

"Nonsense, Fanny! Tell me what you mean."

"I went out this morning to make some purchases; and, my shopping concluded, got into a stage to return to my studio, when whom should I see sitting opposite me but Prince Zariades! A man, Adèle! But such a man! Hyperion to a satyr to ordinary mortals! Never have I seen so handsome a human being! His face was purely, grandly Greek. You remember my friend, Mrs.

S—, whom I have always considered so fine a specimen of Greek beauty. Prince Zariades was even more perfect. The type was underdrawn rather than exaggerated, and was the more effective upon that account. And what strength, what character, what manliness in his expression! No description can do justice to the personality of the man. He had character, moral force—qualities that I admire so much more than a merely brilliant intellect, an evanescent flame, amounting to little or nothing, if unsustained by the moral force of which it should be the instrument. Not that Prince Zariades was deficient in intellect. He may have been a second Socrates for aught that I know. I wish simply to express that a strong personality, character, manliness, struck me as his distinguishing traits. And his unusual beauty! He had one of those foreheads that indicate strength. What is it that gives certain brows such an expression of power in reserve? The sockets of his eyes were carved like those of a Greek statue. The lids had that divine droop that is only seen in the highest types of beauty. The eyes themselves were of a dim blue, the blue of a sleeping thunder-cloud. His throat was like a column; his mouth, nose, and chin were those of the Apollo; and as for his hair—can you imagine, Adèle, the color of his hair?"

"Undoubtedly that which the gods designed—whatever that may have been."

"A bright, chestnut brown, the rarest of all colors, the most beautiful; and he wore it in short crisp curls. Just such covered the heads of the gods when they sat around their banqueting-tables in Olympus, and Hebe poured out their wine. Ah! those chestnut curls! They in themselves alone would have been enough to bewilder an ordinary brain; but what bewildered me was the strange impression that I was gazing upon the actual being whom I had been endeavoring to imagine. There was the face that had so painfully haunted me from the moment that I first conceived the idea of my picture. In the spirit world

I must have known Prince Zariades, but little did I imagine that my dream, as well as that of the heroine of the legend, would prove a reality. Ah! my prince! my prince! What do you think of him, Adèle?"

"Without a *dénouement*, your story was not worth relating. How did it terminate?"

"In nothing! It is that which troubles me! I looked at Prince Zariades in despair. Monsieur, I thought, I would give a fortune, if I had it, for the privilege of sketching that handsome face of yours; how shall I make you acquainted with the fact? I thought of a thousand excuses for speaking to him, and asking his address; but there was some fatal objection to every scheme that occurred to me. I took out my card, and resolved to state my request plainly, in writing, and ask him to call at my studio; but my pencil refused to frame a single sentence. Finally, my observation began to attract his attention, or I imagined so, and became embarrassed. Before I had recovered my self-possession, he stopped the stage, and got out. I let him slip from me, and he disappeared in the crowd."

"I think you were very foolish, that is, if you really wished him to sit to you."

"It was not the fear of disregarding conventional rules that prevented me from speaking, but the mere habit of yielding to them. Conventionality is a woman's inheritance, and she does not know how closely she is bound until a sudden emergency calls upon her to act with the freedom and spontaneity of an independent being; and then her wits are sure to play her false. We have courage enough, heaven knows, to conquer kingdoms, but we cannot break a single link of the subtle, insidious, invisible chains, wound about us in our infancy, that have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, until they seem to have become a portion of our very life. What miserable slaves we are! To gain the greatest name that life can offer, we cannot pass beyond the imaginary circle

in which our petty lives revolve! I saw the truth of what you suggest as soon as it was too late. Five minutes after he had gone I could have cried with vexation at my stupidity in letting him depart. I could cry now, if I chose, but will not, for tears will not aid me in finding him, and that is the object to the attainment of which I now intend to devote myself."

"How do you propose to accomplish it?"

"You must assist me. What shall I do?"

"I really do not know, unless you advertise. Stay! I will write a 'card' for you."

Adèle took a slip of paper, and wrote:

"PURELY, GRANDLY GREEK! The gentleman who can conscientiously lay his hand upon his heart, and swear that the above description applies to him; and, furthermore, who remembers attracting the observation of a lady in a drab suit, with pale complexion, blue eyes, and a card-case, while riding in a stage, on Monday morning, the sixth instant—will find it greatly to his advantage to call at Studio No. —, etc., etc."

"Prompt attention to this important summons is earnestly requested. The party will be rewarded with a royal title and immortality."

"There," she said, handing the card to Mrs. Vane, with an air of triumph, "I flatter myself that this will prove successful. There can be but one such Apollo in the city, of course. He will be conscious of his own perfections, and will hasten to answer for himself."

"Nonsense, Adèle!" said Mrs. Vane, laughing, in spite of herself, as she glanced over the card. "It is you who are talking nonsense now. I ask your advice, and you reply by turning me into ridicule."

"Are you really in earnest, Fanny?"

"Ah! if you knew the importance to me of meeting this stranger again—if you knew the influence that seeing

him will exert upon my life, you would not ask me whether I am in earnest. The difficulty of obtaining proper models is one of the greatest that I have had to contend with since I began to be an artist. Ah! to be compelled to evoke pale shadowy images from your own weary brain, when you are longing to copy from nature with a firm and glowing hand—how hard it is! If I could have pursued a proper course of study in art, I should have a hundred times the power that I have; and it is to gain this, and with it the privilege of working to the best advantage, and for this reason alone, that I am so anxious to hasten my departure for Italy. I must give expression to the truth. I will do so, or will cease being an artist altogether; and the time has come when I must decide on the path that I am to pursue. The picture that I am now contemplating I will either make all that I desire,—and I can do so, if I am able to command the necessary means,—or, if this is impossible, I will not paint it at all. I will abandon the idea forever."

"And you wish me to advise you?"

"I asked you to do so."

"If the success of your picture is to depend upon finding the stranger whom you have just described to me, give up all idea of painting it, at once and forever. Or at least throw it aside until you are able to consider the question more calmly. A thousand subjects more beautiful, more grand than this old legend exist, and will in time occur to you. Reinspire your artist brain with one of these, or take poor Vivien from the shelf to which you have been so cruel as to consign her, and give her the form and being which she so richly deserves. It will be your wisest course, for the Unknown you will never see again. A host of gentlemen you will meet in your daily walks through the crowded streets, but among them he will not appear. I have noticed that Providence never offers the same chance to a single individual. It would be like drawing the same prize consecutively from a lottery. Very probably your



good spirits may have tried to do you a favor, by introducing you to a person who had it in his power to render you a great service; but since you were not wise enough to seize the occasion, all that you can do is to accept your loss as final, and make up your mind to bear it philosophically."

"I believe there is a great deal of truth in what you say."

"I know there is. Unless I should chance to bring him back to you, you will never see Prince Zariades again. And after all, it may be better for you not to see him. Who knows how much misery might have resulted from this chance meeting, if it had ripened into an acquaintance?"

"What do you mean?"

"How would Paul Clare like your excessive admiration of an absolute stranger? Have you not regard enough for him to prevent you from making him jealous?"

"I declare, Adèle, you are as bad as a conventional fashionable lady. Paul Clare jealous, indeed! he who is a portion, and the best portion of my own soul; he to whom I am united for all eternity, by a perfect love. How dare you compare my artistic admiration for a profile that I want to study, and my love for Paul? You are exactly like Mrs. S——."

"Thank you! Mrs. S—— is the most hypocritical, false, affected, absurd specimen of a fair, fine lady, that I have the misfortune to know."

"And yet, had I told her my story, she would have answered me just as you have done. She called on me the other day; and while she was here, I happened to speak with admiration of Mr. L——, the husband of my darling Emma. 'What! Mrs. Vane,' she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and lifting them to heaven in holy horror, 'can it be that you allow yourself to speak with so much admiration of another woman's husband and you engaged to Mr. Clare!' I informed her that the tenderness of my nature had been marvellously developed by my affection for Mr. Clare, and, as a natural

consequence of my increased capacity of emotion, that my affection and admiration for all my friends, ladies as well as gentlemen, had been augmented by it a thousandfold. You can imagine the sublime indignation with which she arose and left me. Poor little pitiful doll! Not only is she afraid of any expression of genuine feeling, but she is ever on the watch to misinterpret any sentiment that she does not comprehend, in some silly inexplicable fashion, the secret of which is known to herself alone. How I like to shock Mrs. S——, and the whole class of women whom she represents!"

"Remember, nevertheless," Adèle answered, laughing, "that it is precisely among 'this class of women' that you count your principal patrons. If you give them such violent shocks that they run away, and never return to you, and do not allow their friends to return, what will become of your orders, your great pictures that are to make you so famous in the future? What of your journey to Italy, and all the success and happiness that you are to reap from it? This class of women have it in their power to blight all your prospects."

"Patrons, ——! I have my doubts even of you, Adèle, or I might be tempted to be profane. If, before another year has elapsed, I cannot dispense with patrons, and command my own destiny, I will give up art, retire to a mountain in some wilderness, and live in a cave for the rest of my mortal days. For the present, let us dismiss the subject, as beneath our consideration."

Having said these words, Mrs. Vane threw herself back upon a lounge, in an attitude of superb and disdainful nonchalance, while Adèle gazed at her with mingled mirth and admiration, and made no immediate response.

There was something contradictory, both in Mrs. Vane's mental development and in her appearance. She was a strange combination of a joyous, sensuous woman, such as Rubens would have delighted to paint, and an imprisoned Payche. Her eyes were blue and deeply

set, with a habitual expression of flashing, sparkling merriment; and yet they were capable of the dark tragic glance of a foreboding sibyl. Over her forehead was cast a veil of pallor, the memorial of years of unuttered and unutterable grief; and yet, in spite of this signet of despair, her pale, brown hair, fine and soft complexion, coral lips, and *petite* features, gave her face an expression of mirthful, piquant prettiness, that was inconsistent with the unusual force of her character. She was below the middle height, and her figure, although finely and even voluptuously moulded, suggested an idea of strength and endurance, rather than of beauty. She seemed to have been designed for a larger growth, a grander development than she had succeeded in obtaining. Both her face and form indicated an ideal that they did not fully express, and the original thought of nature, the nobler soul of the woman, flashed fitfully through an imperfect embodiment, and looked almost incongruous in the inferior mould that it had actually received.

And yet Mrs. Vane's faults and imperfections were like spots upon the sun. Her power, genius, sincerity, were all her own. She possessed the rich inheritance of a free, generous, and noble nature. Her character rested upon a firm foundation of sterling qualities, that caused her to be cherished by her friends, and respected and admired even by those whom her peculiarities offended. It was impossible to see her without anticipating how much grace and tenderness might be developed in the fulness of her maturity, as the flower of that strength, the only true root of beauty, that she possessed to so ample a degree.

Adèle looked at her friend, as she sat reclining upon her couch, and these thoughts, mingled with a melancholy that she could not dissipate, floated vaguely through her mind.

"What is the meaning of all this luxury?" she said at last, with an effort to throw off her sadness, as she strolled to the table upon which Mrs. Vane had

laid her purchases. "A gipsy-hat, new dresses, a jacket, gloves, boots, a parasol! Have you had a visit from your fairy good-mother? I am jealous of her favoritism. Where did you get all this finery?"

"If that absurd Zeriades had not driven every sensible idea that I have out of my head, I should have told you before, of my good fortune. It was to inform you of it that I wished so particularly to see you. I sold one of my pictures yesterday, most unexpectedly—the head, you remember, that hung over the door. It was a mere sketch, dashed off in a few days, but, really, it was not without merit. I sold it for five hundred dollars—too small a price for the picture, but a large enough sum to save me from an abyss of difficulty. I have paid my debts, bought myself a complete outfit, and yet have contrived to reserve a hundred dollars, which I shall devote to a special purpose. I am going into the country, Adèle. I shall go to D——, the home of my childhood, and spend three long months in rambling about the mountains that I know so well, in rolling on the grass of my native meadows, in drinking new milk, in picking berries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, all in their season, and in eating them as well. And then I shall see my old father once more—a happiness that will itself renew my childhood. I shall have a glorious time, Adèle, and shall return, in the autumn, with better health, and the strength of a giant, able to achieve miracles. And, in truth, this respite has come just in time! Dear as my pretty studio is to me, I was beginning to feel that I could not endure, for another day, being shut up like a prisoner within its four walls. I seize the idea of this visit to the country, as a prisoner rushes forward to embrace his freedom."

She paused for a moment, and then continued, with the inconsistency of a mercurial temperament,

"After all, it may be for the best that I should be prevented from undertaking my favorite picture at present. Very probably I should fail in elabo-

rating it, simply from the extreme exhaustion of my nervous vitality—my reward for a long year of excessive application. In the autumn I shall be a new being. It will be impossible for me then to fail in any thing that I undertake. Think, Adèle! all this happiness, this new life, I shall receive through the agency of this little hundred dollars, shut up in this little purse! I should like to see any one get it from me! What think you of that for a miracle? Is there not something more in it than natural, if philosophy could find it out?"

"Money is, indeed, a potent magician, and I wish the miserable wizard would condescend to perform a few more of his hundred-dollar miracles, for my benefit, than he seems inclined to. But what will Mr. Clare do without you?"

"D— is not on the Rocky Mountains, and neither is it in China! He will come and visit me as often as possible; and if he is prevented from leaving New York, he will resign himself to my absence. My progress is his. If it is for our mutual benefit to be separated for a time, he would consent to it, of course. He is the last person in the world who would refuse to sacrifice a temporary enjoyment for the sake of securing a higher happiness in the future."

At this moment a little clock, that hung on the wall, struck two. Adèle started, and looked up at it in surprise.

"I must go," she said. "I have a sitter at half-past two, and shall not have more than time to get to my studio, and prepare for her. I did not know it was so late."

Adèle shook hands with her warm-hearted friend, and, hurrying from the room, closed the door, but almost instantly partially reopened it, and peeped in, her face radiant with smiles.

"What will you give me if I find Prince Zariades for you?"

"Himself, of course!"

"Indeed! Such a bribe may tempt me. I will think about it, and let you know when we meet again. Farewell."

Again she closed the door, and this

time did not reopen it. Her smiles ceased; the light playing over her face vanished; she became pale; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned against the wall for support.

To many favorites of fortune, sheltered from the ruder experiences of life by the protecting ties with which affection loves to surround its object, and guarded from the knowledge of want by wealth and luxury, a career like Mrs. Vane's will seem a career of privation, suffering, and danger. To Adèle, how rich it looked in hope and happiness! How poor and tame her own career seemed beside it! She had no fame to cheer her in her hours of lonely isolation, and inspire her with the glorious hope of commanding, through her own efforts, a noble and happy future; no journey to Italy in prospect; waiting to be transformed from a happy dream to a happy reality; no Paul to labor for and with, in the blissful heaven of love, thrilling the fleeting present with the satisfying completeness of eternity. Nor was she ever visited—bitterest privation of all—by the flame of artistic inspiration—the consolation of all sorrows, and compensation of all wrongs—uplifting her soul from the cold, dull gloom of material realities into the sunshine of creative energy. Love! Inspiration! Why, she was denied even the privilege of spending a few months in the country, picking berries, lying on the greensward, and gazing into the blue sky. But one future could she anticipate—a future of painful, ungenial toil, draining her nerves and brain of their vitality, only to give her life to endure suffering; a future of isolation, of petty anxieties, of neglect, and, worse than all, *ennui*! The life of her friend was a rainbow-tinted heaven of hope and joy, of intense anticipation and rich fruition, in comparison with the dreary desert of her existence.

Adèle was a miniature-painter, and her exquisite talent was so well appreciated that she could not work rapidly enough to satisfy the demands made upon her time and strength. And yet

the host of her fashionable customers had been quite ready to take advantage of her friendless position, her poverty, and dependence, to pay her trifling sums for pictures which they could not have obtained from other artists at any cost, and for whose inferior equivalents they would gladly have paid five, ten, twenty times the amounts that she received. Adèle, upon her part, too faithfully conscientious in the discharge of her duty, labored to attain perfection in all that she did, neither for fame nor money, but because her artistic nature would not allow her to do otherwise. It was not ambition that she lacked, but the aggressive spirit of self-assertion, which her friend possessed—a most necessary quality in achieving success, but by no means an essential element of genius and a noble nature. Sympathy and appreciation would have aroused her to self-consciousness; but these she did not meet with, and, becoming timid and self-distrustful, allowed herself to be imposed upon. The natural consequences followed. Poorly paid, and eager to achieve the highest excellence, her utmost exertions scarcely enabled her to keep body and soul together. She was shut out as completely from the higher joys of an artist's life as from every other kind of happiness. She made no progress, or seemed to herself to make none, but declined into a routine of drudgery, from which she could not escape. Finally—the greatest misfortune of all!—her work became distasteful to her. She began to loathe the delicate bits of ivory, upon which bloomed, beneath her cunning fingers, so many fresh and smiling faces; and yet she could gain no reprieve from her pleasing but monotonous and wearing labor.

A joyous, healthful temperament had enabled Adèle to endure her trials for years—she began her career as an artist when a mere child of fifteen—with cheerfulness, and it was only within a short period that her peace of mind had been disturbed. For several weeks, or rather months, a restless, morbid melan-

choly had been stealing over her. She felt a strange sense of dissatisfaction, a disgust of the present, and fear of the darkening future, which she vainly combated; and these emotions, her visit to Mrs. Vane, forcing her to contemplate an inner life so rich and varied, although far from being harmonious, had suddenly intensified, until it became difficult for her to refrain from giving them expression. Several times, while receiving her friend's confidence, she had been on the point of dropping the mask, throwing herself into her arms, and weeping forth the story of her despondency. She had resisted the impulse from a feeling that it would be ungenerous to cast her burden upon another who had sorrows enough of her own to bear. But now again the passion seized her, and she felt that she could no longer resist giving way to a burst of hysterical weeping.

Adèle was restrained by only one consideration. At this very moment she should have been in her studio preparing for a sitter. The habit of fulfilling her engagements punctually, a sort of incapacity of shrinking from a duty, however painful its performance might be, which had become her second nature, proved stronger than the impulse which was urging her to abandon herself to emotion. Her sense of duty enabled her to overcome her weakness, and lead her onward, to meet a very different destiny from the one that she had been contemplating.

She recalled her engagement, and determined to fulfil it. Repressing her sobs, and wiping away her tears, she drew her veil over her face, ran down the long flights of stairs leading to her friend's eyrie, and, hurrying into the street with a breathless speed, that was the result of agitation even more than of haste, struck directly against a gentleman who was walking by with almost equal rapidity.

Both started back in some confusion from the collision; and Adèle, looking up bewildered, beheld in amazement—

Prince Zariades!

(Conclusion in next Number.)

## WHOM THE PEOPLE WILL ELECT, AND WHY.

WITH all the ardor, genius, and audacity of the American character, but with less, we trust, than its full candor and caution, our countrymen have plunged into the excitements of a political contest, scarcely exceeded in importance by those of 1860 and 1864. The hairsplitting platforms of the parties and the merits of the candidates only enter into the contest as chips and straws floating upon the surface, which indicate the drift, sweep, and movement of the tide that bears them along. While it is said that principles are more important than men, it is certain that platforms are less vital than candidates. The platform comes down when the campaign is over, but the successful candidate—the coming man—has then only begun to prepare for the duties of his office. He it is, and not the platform, who is sworn and inaugurated, who makes appointments, recommends policies, receives ambassadors, negotiates treaties, commands the army and navy, and exercises a power equal, if prudently administered, to that of Congress, and constitutionally equal, whether used prudently or not, to two thirds of both houses. But even the candidate, important as his qualifications, availability, and views may be, is more the creature than the creator of the conditions which surround him. He cannot resist the sway of the great tide which gives him his promotion, which bears him onward from the position of a citizen to that of, for the time, the most powerful potentate in the world. As the platform sinks below the candidate, so the candidate is lost in the party. However trifling eddies on the shore may belie the general current, the essential drift and tendency of both parties are, at all times, unmistakable. On these, and not on the cunningly evasive resolutions, or the merits of candidates, the battle is really fought. In all earnest conflicts of men, parties, and

nations, their issues simplify as their passion deepens, until, in the heat of the struggle, all the elements of the contest are fused into one ruling idea that seems inscribed in the very heavens, in letters of light and glory, like the cross in the path of Constantine.

The triumphs of the Republican party have heretofore been won upon questions remarkable, like all moral issues, for their simplicity of statement, and for the vast consequences they involve. "Shall we extend slavery?" asked the Nation in 1856. The Republican party sprung into life to answer, "No." "Shall we subdue the rebellion?" asked the Nation in 1860. The Republican party, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, replied, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, by God's help we will subdue the rebellion." "Shall we restore the nation on the basis of equal rights?" asked the Nation in 1866. For, more or less plainly, the platforms of both parties in that year anticipated the policies which were afterwards enacted into law. The Republican party carried every loyal State for equal rights. Having embodied in legislation the previously expressed will of the people, the same party now comes before the country in a spirit which its convention has expressed less happily than its candidate. Its platform declares that,

Reconstruction on the basis of equal rights for all men, shall be consummated and carried out; and that

The national faith towards its creditors shall be preserved.

But General Grant, in the closing sentiment of his brief letter of acceptance, has happily struck the keynote of the campaign, in the brief, terse, Saxon words—

"LET US HAVE PEACE!"

The spirit of the Democratic party breathes in those words of their platform and letters of acceptance, which



denounce "negro supremacy." Their bond of cohesion is the assertion that political rights shall be enjoyed by white men only, or, as they express it, under "a white man's government."

The Republican party therefore seeks peace on the present basis of reconstruction; while the Democratic party aims to overthrow that basis, in modes which, as we shall see, might easily involve war, and possibly are wholly impracticable without war.

The first issue, therefore, is whether it is more desirable to have a government wholly white, or one in which the political rights of the black and white races are equal; whether, if a white man's government were the more desirable, it is now practicable to obtain it by the election of Seymour and Blair, without or with a civil war; and whether, if it be desirable, but involve war, its attainment would justify the war it would involve.

The fact that the attainment of an object involves war, proves that the constitutional majority of the people oppose it. If they did not, the end could be obtained by legislation, without war. To assert, in a republic, that civil war is necessary to attain any end, is to assert the right in the minority to rule the majority. To declare that it will avail, is to claim a power in the minority to conquer the majority in battle. As the criterion of wisdom, in republics, is the approval of the majority, nothing is wise until the majority approve it. When they approve it, civil war is unnecessary to carry it out. The threat of war is, therefore, in the strifes of a republic, a confession of weakness. It is evident that the election of a Democratic president, and his control of the constitutional powers of his office, would not overturn the congressional policy of reconstruction, and afford us, in the Democratic sense, a "white man's government." The Democracy controlled Andrew Johnson as fully as they possibly could Horatio Seymour. With an ability and sincerity equal to those of Seymour, and with an experience and energy far greater, the actual President

has fought, inch by inch, the battle for a white man's government, through four years of bold and audacious and commanding political warfare. He began, backed by an able and popular Cabinet, and a very strong party in Congress. He has been vanquished at all points, and at last stands indebted to the magnanimity of his ablest enemies for leave to serve to the end of his term. If the Democratic party, reinforced by the conservative wing of the Republicans, could not, with a President of their own heart already in the chair, prevent the adoption and enforcement of the present reconstruction laws, how will they, without any allies, be able, by the election of another Democratic President, to repeal or overthrow them? What with greater means they could not prevent, how shall they, with less, reverse? Mr. Seymour, if elected, would enter upon his office with a majority opposing him, in both Houses, of more than the two thirds or three fourths which have overwhelmed President Johnson. None of the existing reconstruction laws can be repealed while these majorities shall remain; and they must remain for at least two years in the House and four in the Senate. No reconstruction law could be repealed until Mr. Seymour's term would be about expiring. Meanwhile, seven of the ten States would have been in the Union five years, under constitutions which confer equal rights on both races. A much larger proportion of blacks each year would have voted with the Democrats, and more of the whites with the Republicans, until the lines dividing the races would have ceased to divide the two parties. The remaining three of the seceding States would also have been admitted, on the adoption of constitutions conferring equal political rights. There will be, for four years, a majority prepared to pass every law and constitutional amendment calculated to preserve, in each State, the enjoyment of equal political rights by both races. These laws, Mr. Seymour, as President, must enforce, or lay himself open to removal by impeachment. He would find himself in a di

lemma, like that which met him as Governor in 1863. Though opposed to the war, emancipation, and the draft, he was then compelled, by his manifest official duty, to forward troops and lend reluctant aid to the measures and principles he condemned. So as President, if he would not become a rebel, his political principles must "bide their time," while his official acts conform to the laws of Congress. Conscious of these facts, Mr. Blair, Governor Orr, and other Democratic advisers, have shown that by no constitutional exercise of his powers could a Democratic President reverse or overthrow the reconstruction policies of Congress. Governor Orr wisely infers that they are irreversible, and advises the Southern people to accept the political equality of the races as established; but to modify its evils by requiring property and educational qualifications of the voters of either race. Mr. Blair, however, declares that the President should promptly and boldly use the army to trample under foot the laws of Congress, abolish the existing Southern State governments, turn out their members of Congress, destroy their constitutions, and cause new ones to be adopted, based on the white vote only. This would be a *coup d'état* as dangerous, despotic, and, if successful, as brilliant as that of Napoleon III., in stepping from the presidency to the throne. Like that, it would require that the President should first remove the general-in-chief of the army, imprison or suborn his subordinates, and arrest and confine the leading Republican members of both Houses. Nothing less would prevent his own prompt removal by impeachment. Unfortunately for this little enterprise, America is wholly unprepared for a monarchy under any name; neither Mr. Seymour nor Mr. Blair is of the Napoleonic stock, or could pretend to revive the glory of a former and historic empire; and the trifling force which the President could command for such an undertaking, would be a mere corporal's guard compared with the millions whom the lawful general-in-chief of the

army could summon to his standard to resist the usurpation. It is needless to prove that Mr. Blair's proposed *coup d'état* would result in summary defeat and ignominious punishment. Of all the crimes the Democratic party could commit, this would be the most stupendous; of all its failures, the most humiliating. While its foreshadowing won for Mr. Blair his nomination, it sunk forever all the claims he may previously have had to be considered either an able or a patriotic politician. His reputation for military courage and gallantry, like that of Arnold after his unrivalled treachery, remains undimmed. But one who solicits promotion from those recently arrayed in rebellion, by promising to lead them in a new revolt, ceases to be a loyal citizen, far less a patriotic statesman.

Since it is not practicable to deprive the black race of political rights by electing Seymour, either without or with civil war, let us inquire whether a government by the white race only is intrinsically more desirable than one wherein all are equal before the law.

The exclusion of free black men from political rights was a later culmination of slavery. In other ages and countries, slavery had been an accident of condition, into which the noblest men of any race might fall. Here they sought to make it a taint in the blood, an indelible stain on the posterity and kindred of the enslaved. In ancient Rome or modern Brazil, in the republics of Greece or of Mexico and South America, the slave, when free, became not a freedman, but a freeman. No insuperable bar excluded him from the senate of Rome, none now excludes him from the imperial cabinet of Dom Pedro or the presidency of Chili. In Brazil, though African and Indian slavery still exist, no brand attaches to men of either race after emancipation. At all times some of the highest civil, military, and judicial officers have been persons of color. Free blacks and even slaves were allowed to fight in our War of Independence as well as that of 1812. A very common sense of justice associates the obligation

to defend a nation in war with a right to vote upon its policies in peace. By the national Constitution, and by twelve of those of the original thirteen States, no distinction of rights or privileges, on account of color, was made. South Carolina wrote the word "white" in her constitution as a limitation upon voting. In other States, free black citizens, possessing the requisite qualifications, voted. But by the excitements kindled by the slavery question, after 1820, State after State followed South Carolina in disfranchising its colored citizens, until only five of the New England States permitted the race, whose emblem was the hoe, to hold the ballot.

In the strict sense, therefore, we have never enjoyed the blessings of an unalloyed white man's government. It is impossible to judge by experience how great they might be. In the cup of our most sparkling political prosperity there have always been some dregs of "negro supremacy," or some nectar of equal rights, according as we may affect the "slogan" of Republicanism or Democracy. However slight the visible admixture of African blood in our body-politic may have been, it puts an end to all pretence that ours is, constitutionally, a white man's government. Our Constitution recognizes no race or color as entitled to monopolize citizenship, suffrage, or office.

Those who still claim that emancipation was a blunder, which ought to be atoned for by restoring the colored race to slavery, are consistent and logical in affirming that it should not be allowed to vote. But all Americans profess now to recognize the right of the freed race to be free. As the white man regards the ballot as the indispensable weapon to preserve his own freedom, it devolves on every advocate of partial suffrage to show how black men can maintain their freedom with any fewer weapons than white men require. Whatever the argument, it involves the superiority of the black race over the white.

It may be answered that the white race will preserve the freedom of the black. The freedom which depends on

the will of another to give or withhold, to maintain or destroy, is slavery. In this instance the abstract principle comes reinforced by palpable illustration. Under President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, the white race of the South enjoyed for three years a magnificent opportunity to preserve and maintain the freedom of the black. They responded by enacting codes which subjected the negro to all the hardships of slavery, with none of its protection. They forbade him to keep arms for the defence of his home, though, by the common law, every American's house is his castle. They denied him the right to own or lease land, or to hire a house, thereby preventing him by law from gathering his family into a household, and compelling its members to go out as servants into the families of others. They required him to hire his services for the year during the first weeks of January, in order to confine him to agricultural labor, and compel him to accept such compensations as might be offered in that period. For idleness, and other petty offences, they condemned him to be sold into slavery, so as to revive that odious institution. They denied him the right to sue, or testify, or sit on juries. Under these and other similar laws, which the white race, if not prevented by the military power of the United States, would have enforced, the blacks would, long ere this, have been restored to the most abject and absolute slavery. These facts show that the freedom of black men at the South is not safe where none but white men vote. It therefore devolves on those who accept emancipation, but would withhold the suffrage, to point out by what means the freedom of the black race can be maintained without the suffrage. The Freedman's Bureau and military law were tried for a while. But these are despotic, and temporary makeshifts, mere jury-masts to get into port after a storm. To make them permanent, would be to abolish Republican government at the South. Ponder the problem as we will, there remains no alternative but to allow slavery to be

restored, or to give the ballot to the negro. The white race of the South, instead of maintaining the freedom, would restore the slavery, of the blacks. The ballot had hardly been conferred when its magic spell was felt. Politicians lately intent only on disfranchising the negro, immediately began to consider how they might obtain office through his vote. That constitution of government is wisest which makes it the interest of the governing classes to consult the welfare of the governed. Benevolence is a transient emotion, but ambition is a constant quantity. Under the President's reconstruction policy, benevolent statesmen, if there were such, might weep over the condition of the negro. Under that of Congress, selfish politicians will strive eagerly to promote his welfare. One, as a magistrate, will give him the justice for which, without the ballot, he would sue in vain; and for want of which he would be despoiled of his labor, and reduced to want and slavery. Another, as school-trustee, will provide education for his children. Another, as sheriff, will return his stolen property. Another, as a member of Congress, may even appoint him postmaster. All things work together to enslave the non-voter, and to maintain the freedom of the voter. It is not the effect of his vote upon the laws, but upon the law-makers and politicians. He holds in his hand the *quid pro quo*, the "something for which" every official will do him equal and exact justice, and this is all he needs. The blacks who vote the Republican ticket aid in sustaining their right of suffrage. Those who vote the Democratic ticket, disarm the hostility to their use of the suffrage, by proving that they can use it as wisely as the Democrats themselves.

Some have felt alarm that so large a mass of ignorant voters should be permitted to degrade the suffrage. But ignorance merely no more degrades masses of men, than simplicity without immorality disgraces the individual man. The people in voting always choose simply between two tickets.

Conventions of either party adopt its platform and select its candidates. There is no danger of any lack of intelligence in either of these acts. Each ticket represents very simple principles, which none can seriously misunderstand. "Shall we sustain the party that has given us freedom and the ballot, and proposes to give us education and promotion?" is a question which penetrates the thickest skull from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Rebels threaten to reenslave as frankly and plainly as Republicans promise equal rights and education. Nine in ten vote for their rights. The tenth man votes from affection, fear, or regard for his late master. One party guarantees freedom, the other employment; one holds out education for his children, the other reminds him perhaps who was kind to him in his sickness, and, what is equally effective, to whom he was kind; one appeals to his pride as a freeman, the other to his favors or sacrifices as a servant. The negro decides according to his necessities or feelings; in the main, according to his real personal interests. The divine mode of providing for all, is to have each provide for himself. If every negro votes according to his individual interests, the collective interests of the entire mass are represented by the aggregate vote. If the negro votes with the majority, his vote stands approved; if with the minority, he has the satisfaction of having millions for company. Suffrage has its evils, but the denial of the suffrage is wholly evil. The way to prepare men to vote is to give them the ballot, and forthwith ten thousand orators mount the stump to give them gratuitous instruction. Withhold the ballot, and the same orators will prove that the flood-gates of society would be unloosed if the ballot were conferred. Pigs are of two kinds—those who are in the clover, and those who are trying to get in. The pig in the clover is conservative, and believes in fences. The pig out of clover is radical, and believes in passage-ways. There is a great deal of human nature in pigs.

Four millions of people once enslaved,

then emancipated, but denied the suffrage, would have continued to be as great a monstrosity and as fruitful a source of political agitation and sectional strife as they were when slaves. Peace between the races at the South being impossible, and liberty existing only in name, the North would have labored for reform, and the South for disunion. All the evils from which emancipation was supposed to have delivered us, would have returned to testify that, in the denial of the suffrage, emancipation had been repealed and slavery restored. Universal suffrage was not then a new fact, but a part of emancipation.

On a calm survey of the effects of granting and withholding the ballot from the colored race, the intelligence of the country must ultimately be convinced that universal suffrage, so far from being an evil, which we should plunge the country into another gigantic civil war to abolish, is the sole hope of freedom and the only pledge of peace between the races, and of the voluntary maintenance of the Union without the despotic aid of the bayonet.

Yet the transition is so sudden, and the question of its safety so nearly divides public opinion, that, if submitted without any accessory circumstances, it is doubtful whether a majority of the Northern people would, at present, endorse it. In this dilemma, General Francis P. Blair, by announcing his revolutionary plan of settling the question by a *coup d'état*, and using the army to defy Congress; the Democratic Convention, by nominating General Blair because of this letter, and by denouncing the Southern State governments as "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void;" General Wade Hampton, by announcing that this was his plank in the platform, and that it meant all that Blair said; and Wise, Vance, Forrest, Toombs, Cobb, and other fire-eating rebels, who proclaimed that all that was lost under Jeff. Davis would be regained under Seymour and Blair,—all these have shifted the issue, and brought the country face to face with the problem, "Shall

we allow the question of the status of the negro-race to be settled by rebellious force; in short, shall we have war or peace?"

The Republican majorities given in Vermont and Maine, compared with previous majorities in those and other States, show a gain which authorizes us to expect that Connecticut will give a Republican majority of 2,000 or 3,000; New York, of from 7,000 to 10,000; Pennsylvania, of 20,000; leaving, of the Northern States, only New Jersey to the Democrats, by about 5,000. It is seldom that the real foreshadowings of the September and October elections disappoint us in November.

While the fate of the canvass thus turns mainly on the question of peace or war, the incidental discussion of financial issues has been important and salutary. The Democratic party, abandoning its ancient hostility to a paper-currency of any kind, has adopted a resolve in favor of "one currency," without defining whether that may mean specie, greenbacks, checks, national bank-notes, or State bank-notes; but with a very general interpretation in favor of greenbacks only. It is silent upon the national banking system, notwithstanding the continued hostility maintained towards the banks by Democratic orators and journals. For aught that appears in its platform, the one currency it demands may as well be that of the banks as any other. Departing from its ancient doctrine of free-trade, it advocates, in plain terms, such an adjustment of our tariffs on imports to our internal revenues as will protect domestic manufacturers. Mr. Carey, Mr. Greeley, or Mr. Morrell, as protectionists, could ask no more. It revives, however, its ancient hobby of direct taxation on all capital, in order to levy a tax on the national bonds. While it advocates paying the "fifties," which form the bulk of the national debt, in greenbacks, it claims to do so, not with any repudiatory intent, but on the plea that the letter of the law is satisfied by this mode of payment. Since the "greenbacks," before



the five-twenty bonds were issued, were declared by law to be "lawful money and legal tender, in payment of all debts, public and private, except customs, and the interest on the public debt," there is obviously a basis for the position that the "letter" of the legal-tender act makes them "legal tender" by the Government in payment of the principal of the five-twenties. At the passage of the legal-tender act, there was an intense desire, especially on the part of Mr. Stevens, its author, to give the highest possible credit to the legal tenders. He desired them to be legal tender in payment of customs as well as internal taxes, and of interest as well as principal of the public debt. He believed they could, by these means, be kept at par, and steadily and furiously denounced the requirement of gold for customs and for interest, as in itself a repudiation by the Government of its own legal tenders, which would result in depreciation and two currencies. The omission to make the five-twenties expressly payable in coin, was caused by this hope that the greenbacks could be kept at par. On the other hand, all our Secretaries of the Treasury and the mass of Republicans, with a few Democratic speakers and journals, declare that, this expectation having failed, the bonds, which were sold on the representation that they would be paid in gold, shall be paid according to such representation; and that, having been put forth as national obligations, for sale in the markets of the world, they shall be paid in the manner necessary to sustain our credit among nations, in the currency of the world.

The practical importance of this discussion is very slight. The depreciation of the greenback is caused by the fact that our debt is larger than we are able to pay in several years. Until we shall be able to pay it, it is premature to discuss how we shall pay it. When we become able to pay it, our ability will place the greenback on a par with gold, and the public creditor will accept one as readily as the other. In the meantime, if we desire to lessen our debt, we can

buy the bonds with the greenbacks at so nearly par in greenbacks as to amount, practically, much nearer to a payment in greenbacks than in gold. Now that the greenbacks are depreciated, there is a degree of inconsistency between the letter of the legal-tender act and the spirit of the five-twenty loan. The former makes the legal tenders payable in discharge of the principal of the public debt; the latter requires that the public debt be paid in gold. This inconsistency disappears with the resumption of specie payments, which the authors of these measures hoped would never be suspended.

The Democratic resolution demanding the "equal taxation of all kinds of property, including Government bonds," is directly at issue with the Republican resolution in favor of "equalizing taxation," so far as the national faith will permit. The Republican resolution agrees with the general system, which has been actually adopted, of taxing the earnings and incomes resulting from the use of property, rather than making all taxes on property according only to its value. This system admits of discriminating in taxation, so as to favor the poor, and pass over the necessities of life, at the expense of its luxuries and superfluities. The Democratic system, however, would tax all property alike, whether it be a distillery earning 200 per cent., or a farm earning 10 per cent.; and would exempt those who have large incomes but no capital, from all taxes. The liquor manufacturers and dealers, who form as truly the backbone of the Democratic party of the North, as the churches are the support of the Republican, have a strong interest in a platform which transfers \$50,000,000 of taxes, per annum, from the liquor-dealers to the farmers, which taxes a distillery at the same rate as a church or college, and protests against all inquiry into the nature or extent of any man's business. Such direct taxation as the Democratic platform demands would fall with crushing weight on all owners of real estate, and would prove the most unequal system of taxes

ever devised. Its leading object, however, is to respond to a supposed popular demand for the taxation of the national debt. This measure, though denounced by some as repudiatory, has been voted for by a majority of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, and bills for carrying it into effect have been introduced by Republican Senators.

It is contended that such a tax is not repudiatory, provided it taxes the bonds no higher than other investments. While the decisions of the Supreme Court forbid States and local authorities to tax them, as a State right, Congress might, constitutionally, authorize the States to tax them, equally with other property. The incomes derived from all bonds held by Americans are now taxed under the income-tax; about \$600,000,000 of them are held abroad, and would not be reached by State and local taxation; about \$1,000,000,000 are held by savings banks and insurance companies, as the basis of stock, deposits, and dividends, which are taxed. In order to reach the remaining \$500,000,000, it would be necessary to lay direct taxes on all other property, real and personal, in the country, amounting to \$17,000,000,000. For every dollar of tax collected from the bonds, \$34 would be collected by direct tax from houses, farms, and other property. Since the exemption of the bonds from taxation lessens by so much the rate of interest, the amount thus saved is saved by all the taxpayers in exact proportion to their taxable liability. The amount of the tax could not be divided among them more equally than the benefits of the exemption.

The discussion of financial questions has elicited the gratifying fact that, including our unliquidated debt, our entire war debt, outstanding in June, 1865, and amounting to about \$3,300,000,000, has been reduced by over \$800,000,000, or one fourth its entire amount.

The effect of the approaching election of Grant, upon the rebel and reactionary elements of the South, will be like that of the reelection of Abraham Lincoln,

in 1864: Then every rebel in arms, in council, or in sympathy, felt that the nation was unconquerable, that the mass of the American people would fight on, and ever, for union and freedom, until the victory should be won. This conviction melted the hosts of the rebellion like snow under an April sun. So the election of Grant will end all efforts to reverse, in the arena of politics, the results won by the nation on the battlefield. State rights will finally yield to the sovereignty of the nation, and the aristocracy of race to the equality of man.

The prejudice against permitting the lately subject race to enjoy equal political rights, must slowly fade with returning material prosperity and the education of the colored race. Before the latter can hope to wholly escape the odium of their past servile condition, they must develop from servants and menials into merchants, farmers, manufacturers, scholars, orators, poets, men of science, and statesmen. For the fine arts, music, oratory, painting, etc., they have, in sporadic instances, already developed no small capacity. Rising races and nations have usually attained a higher excellence in the imaginative and sensuous arts during their dawning periods, than in their fuller civilization. But all growth in intellect, morals, and religion waits upon the development of industry, wealth, and leisure. The temporary effects of emancipation, both in the United States and Russia, have been seriously to diminish the productive powers of both countries. Our first problem now is, to prove that freedom is more productive than slavery. We believe that during the four years of union, security, and peace, which will be secured by General Grant's election, the annual products of the South will reach a value never before attained; that mainly through their export, the balance of trade with Europe and the flow of gold will be turned once more in our favor; that the national debt will be reduced by another fourth, or even by one half; that, with the completion of the Pacific Railroad and the

opening up of our trade with the populous empires of Eastern Asia, the fact will dawn upon the world that the future centre of the world's industry and commerce lies right here in our midst; and in the light of these facts it will be clearly seen that our recent tremendous and agonizing war, and the after-struggle for equality of political rights, were

necessary, not only to the complete eradication of human bondage, but to the development of a system of free government, which may afford at once protection and unity to a hundred States, and liberty, equality, and the noblest arena for social progress and political ambition to hundreds of millions of people.

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### LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

It is not in this country alone that we are passing through a fierce transitional epoch that is leading us to a higher stage of development. All the various races in Europe are struggling to gather their scattered forces, and combine them into a living, organic unity, and the country that does not succeed in organizing itself in harmony with a better order of things, will retrograde fearfully, and take a lower position hereafter, than it has ever occupied among the sisterhood of the nations. But it is in South America, that unredeemed Eden of the world, that tropical wilderness, with its magnificent scenery and immense resources, which a short time ago was regarded as beyond the boundaries of civilization, but, at present, which is beginning to attract the attention of the whole civilized world; it is in South America that the struggle of a new birth into a higher life has been the most protracted and dangerous. The series of earthquakes that have just devastated the western coast of South America have not been more preternatural in their fury, and disastrous in their consequences, than the revolutions that have convulsed its social life; and when we remember that the Argentine Republic has just elected Sarmiento President; that Brazil is under the dominion of a wise, humane, and enlightened Emperor; and that the last of the barbarian chiefs who have been a scourge to the land, Lopez, according to the latest accounts, has been subdued in Paraguay, we are tempted to believe that the spirits of discord and barbarism are being driven from the land, and that it is this *legion of devils*, no longer able to interrupt the operation of moral forces, that have rent the physical frame of the continent, before taking their final departure.

In the volume now before us, a clear and philosophical account of the social struggles

of the Argentine Republic is, for the first time, presented to the English public. To this is added a biographical sketch of the author, compiled by Mrs. Mann, with extreme judgment and discrimination; a sketch which greatly enhances the interest of the main body of the work, and to those readers who are not familiar with Sarmiento's life, which will serve as a key to many events in the history of his country, which, otherwise, would remain involved in obscurity.

Sarmiento was born in 1811, the year after the Argentine Republic freed itself from the yoke of Spain. His parents were poor, although of noble descent, and his mother, a woman of lofty spirit and noble character, lived a life of ceaseless labor and self-sacrifice, in order to give her children the educational advantages which she had not been able to enjoy; a domestic training preëminently fitted to prepare her son for the noble and beneficent career in which he has since gained such enviable distinction. Sarmiento's childhood was rocked by revolutions, and while a mere boy he perceived the great truth that the only sure foundation of a republican government is an educated people. Henceforth, he devoted himself to the great cause of popular education with all the enthusiasm and energy of his nature. When only sixteen years old, he was imprisoned for political insubordination—the only virtue possible in the condition of his country at that time—and two years afterward emigrated with his family to Chili. Here he established schools and papers—besides working as a miner for his support—and succeeded in elevating, in a marked degree, the moral and intellectual tone in the society of that State. In 1837 he returned to San Juan, and continued there his life-work as teacher, editor, and author; establishing schools and col-

leges, founding liberal papers, etc., etc., until renewed persecution once more compelled him to withdraw into Chili.

In 1841 he resolved to join Colonel La Madrid, who was opposing Rosas, the barbarian chief then tyrannizing over Buenos Ayres. Before he had crossed the Andes, however, Colonel Madrid's army had been routed, and after rescuing the fugitives, and affording them all the assistance and comfort which his influence could command, Sarmiento, despairing of gaining a foothold in his native country, left Chili to visit Europe and the United States. He now devoted himself to studying the institutions of foreign nations, with a good effect, of which his after-life has given evidence. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm by the literary men and liberal statesmen of Europe, and all facilities afforded him for pursuing his investigations. In this country, under the guidance of the lamented Horace Mann, he applied himself especially to the study of our public-school system, and, on his return to Buenos Ayres, succeeded in inaugurating the same system in that distracted State. He took part in the revolution led by General Urriquez, that overthrew Rosas, and in 1857, several years after the fall of that tyrant, he went to live in Buenos Ayres, where, although merely as a private citizen, he devoted himself with his usual energy, and triumphant success, to reforming abuses and conducting enterprises for promoting the public good.

It is impossible to estimate the influence that Sarmiento has exerted, without referring directly to facts and dates; the two changeless pillars upon which the most romantic superstructures, if they are to endure, must be erected. In 1860, seventeen thousand children were receiving free instruction in the public schools that had been established in Buenos Ayres through his exertions; and it is due to him that religious toleration was granted in Buenos Ayres, and that there are now as many Protestant as Catholic churches in that city. After he was elected Senator, the violence and disorderly conduct that had disgraced the Senate-chamber ceased, and the Provincial Convention became a model of parliamentary order and eloquence. In 1858, after two years' discussion, he succeeded in obtaining permission from the government to survey, and lay out in small farms in the North American mode, an extensive tract of land in Chivilcoi, at that time in the possession of *thirty-nine* individuals, distinctively known as *squatters*. Last year a railroad

was opened between this region and Buenos Ayres, and those who witnessed the ceremony found the terminus of their journey a *Chicago in the wilderness*; a city elegantly laid out, and already containing a church, a beautiful public school-house, private schools, a bank, a fine railroad station, etc., etc. The same lands that were owned, in 1858, by *thirty-nine squatters*, are now occupied by *twenty thousand happy, prosperous, farming people*, who enjoy all the conveniences of civilized life, and among whom, although no immense fortunes are made, great riches are uniformly distributed, and are increasing rapidly and wonderfully.

Redeeming the Isles of the Parana from the waters of the La Plata, and cultivating them, was another of Colonel Sarmiento's enterprises, which proved as successful as the laying out of the lands in Chivilcoi. After five years' cultivation, these islands, which had been considered waste land, had become a new and exhaustless source of wealth to the State, besides being unsurpassed as a country resort. "At the end of five years, the aspect of the canals was one of magical beauty; they were planted with poplar-trees for leagues and leagues, and barques of all descriptions were navigating them, receiving the showers of peaches that fell from the trees for miles together. \* \* \* There is perhaps no place in the world so picturesque, or of such dream-like beauty as these channels bordered by trees. They are the delight of all the dwellers upon the river La Plata."

These projects, and many of similar character, Sarmiento carried out while Senator in Buenos Ayres, and engaged in the most exhausting political contests. He educated the people, in the first place, and gave them strength to conquer their tyrants; and having regained their freedom, he has taught them to use that priceless boon with moderation, forbearance, and wisdom. Nor should we forget, in estimating the character and genius of the man, that he has established popular education in a country where teaching was not only neglected, but where the vocation of the teacher was despised; in a country where a man was sentenced "to serve three years as a schoolmaster, for having robbed a church;" and that he has been the invariable advocate of popular rights and constitutional liberty, in a land that has been convulsed with ceaseless revolutions from the day of his birth up to the present hour. After such a career it is not strange that the people of the Argentine Republic should have risen up, at their

last elections, like one man, and with one voice, with unanimous enthusiasm (equal to that with which we are about to elect Grant) should have elected this hero, patriot, and representative man of the age, president of the republic.

In spite of the activity of his life, and his varied and important pursuits, Sarmiento has found time to be a voluminous and a successful author. Many of his books, his "Life of Lincoln," and others, were written expressly for his own people, and he has shown a truly wonderful genius in presenting the facts that he has recorded, so as to make them an inspiration to the Argentine people in their struggle for independence. His "Life in the Argentine Republic," which Mrs. Mann has introduced to the American public, will be particularly important to foreigners. It is the first philosophical analysis that we have had of the social and political struggles in which the South American states have been involved, and from which they are finally beginning to emerge.

In the words of our author, "The Argentine Revolutionary war was two-fold: 1st, a civilized warfare of the cities against Spain; 2d, a war against the cities on the part of the country chieftains, with the view of shaking off all political subjection, and satisfying their hatred of civilization. The cities overcame the Spaniards, and were in their turn overcome by the rural districts. This is the explanation of the Argentine Revolution, the first shot of which was fired in 1810, and the last of which is still to be heard."

In 1810, when the cities of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, San Juan, Cordova, and the other capitals of the various districts of the Argentine Republic, rebelled against the authority of Spain, they could already boast of a high degree of culture, refinement, and wealth; and Buenos Ayres, at least, had seized with enthusiasm the ideas of intellectual liberty and social reform, with which Europe, at that period, was so ardently inspired. But these cities were surrounded by vast tracts of an unreclaimed wilderness inhabited exclusively by a race of barbarians remarkable for their ignorance and brutality. These barbarians—the *Guachos*, as they were called—were the descendants of the Spaniards and aboriginal Indian tribes, and they inherited the worst characteristics of both races. In some respects they resembled the Bedouins of Arabia, and Gypsies of Europe, but, in many particulars, they were unlike all other savage tribes; a strange race peculiar to the soil that gave them birth.

They were like the Bedouins in appearance, and in the reserve and pride of their characters, while they resembled the Gypsies in their lawless independence, in the marvellous acuteness of their senses (witness Sarmiento's stories of the *Restreador* and *Baqueano*, classes whose keenness of sight and acuteness of hearing were perfectly marvellous), in their love of nature, and in their taste for music and poetry. However barbarous they might be, they never failed to render homage to the muses in the person of their *cantor*; a rude native minstrel who wandered over the plains, seeking adventures of his own, and celebrating those of his favorite heroes in wild, but rhythmic songs. Their distinctive peculiarities were, the haughty isolation in which they lived, their incapacity to labor or to submit to any form of government, and their indomitable hatred of civilization. They dwelt in rude abodes, leagues apart from each other. They had but one occupation, that of pursuing the immense herds wandering over the boundless plains that surrounded them on every side; and but one idea of a social life, that of meeting their comrades at the country stores, where they went to exchange horses and cattle for merchandise; to listen to the songs of the cantors; and above all to display their courage and skill in the use of the lasso and the knife. Possessing immense physical strength, and despising the refinements and luxuries of civilized life; fierce, unsubdued, and dangerous; they displayed, at the same time, the lawless independence of the Arab or Gipsy, and the fierce assumption of authority of the feudal lord.

These *Guachos* were armed, and taught to comprehend their power by the cities, who needed their help in the war that they were waging against the Spaniards, and when they had once been united under their own chieftains, when they had once learned the secret of the strength of association, they turned with instinctive hatred upon their allies, and for the time being completely subjugated them. The history of the next fifty years is the history of these two opposing forces of civilization and barbarism (represented by the leaders of the cities and the rural districts) meeting and receding, alternately defeated and victorious.

At the head of the *Guacho* chieftains described by Sarmiento, stands *Tacundo Quiroga*, well named by his own people the *tiger of the plains*. Tacundo was a *Guacho* of the *Guachos*; a man thoroughly imbued with the



"genius of barbarism." Sarmiento, with the rare moderation which is one of his marked characteristics, and that always induces him to judge as favorably as possible of his own enemies, speaks of him as a *Cæsar* or *Napoleon* (the compliment after all is not an extravagant one) born under unfavorable circumstances; and it is impossible to deny that he had great qualities, but those qualities were so completely subordinated in his nature to mere brute force, the one faculty through which he attained self-consciousness, that it is almost impossible for the reader to imagine him in a higher phase of development. Tacundo was an innate savage, with the physical strength of a *Hercules*, invincible courage and audacity, keen intelligence, and without a perception of the moral and spiritual qualities; a terrible monster to rage unchecked among human beings. His passions were those of a wild beast, and he gratified them with unrestrained ferocity. His theory of government was to subdue through fear, and when he subjugated a city, he committed such fearful outrages upon the unfortunate inhabitants thrown upon his mercy, that he compelled even the haughty citizens of Buenos Ayres, who had forced "eleven thousand English to surrender in their streets, and who afterwards sent five armies against the Spaniards!" to crouch whining at his feet like a whipped spaniel. His conflict with Colonel Madrid, with General Paz, in a word, with the representative leaders of the cities, was a direct hand to hand battle between personified civilization and barbarism, and for a time modern culture and refinement lay crushed and bleeding under the heel of savage violence; like a beautiful woman trampled upon by the rude outlaw by whom she has been violated.

As the Guachos gained power their party was divided by new and distinct interests; the inevitable result of the growth of a party. Other chieftains besides Tacundo gained preëminence, and asserted their authority. Chief among these were Rosas, and Lopez, and between the most important members of this dark triumvirate, Rosas and Tacundo, a secret antagonism soon declared itself. There was not room enough for both of them in the Argentine Republic; this they knew, and in the unspoken conflict that ensued between them, Tacundo was the one to fall. His death—a strange episode in the history of remarkable men—was as wild and passively instinctual as his life. He was more powerful than his opponents of his own

race, and had completely vanquished the leaders of the cities, but the forces whose representatives he had conquered were stronger than he. Rosas subdued him through his superior cunning and ambition, and he seems to have been fascinated by the wreck of the civilization that he had trampled upon. Instead of consummating his victories, he lingered in indolent inaction in the city of Buenos Ayres, while his colleague wove his toils about him, into which, when they were completed, he fell with open eyes. The work of the herculean savage was done, and as he had no rival in strength, the gods maddened him, and made him seek his own destruction. He was *fêe*, as the Scotch say, and rushed to his death as to victory. Rosas had formed a scheme to assassinate him; Tacundo was acquainted with all the particulars of the plot, and yet, possessed with the wild idea that his mere presence would compel his assassins to relinquish their purpose, and minister to his triumph, he hurried to meet them and perished.

Sarmiento describes Tacundo's career with unequalled power and energy, and his sketches of Rosas, the colder, and more crafty tyrant by whom he was succeeded; of the monk Aldao, a man of more mind and education than Tacundo, and hence who was more degraded by his unrestrained indulgence in his savage animal propensities; of Lopez, the recent leader of the rebellion in Paraguay; and, on the other hand, of the leaders of the Cities, Rivadavia, Colonel Madrid, Lavalle, Barcala, General Paz, and other subordinate characters whose romantic and tragic careers are fitly commemorated by the glowing touches of his spirited pen, although briefer, are almost equally remarkable. The author's style, as we should anticipate from a knowledge of his character, is vivid, impassioned, and remarkable for its nervous strength and energy. It is evident that he is writing of scenes that he has seen, and people that he has known, and that he is describing a conflict in which he has been an important actor. The Argentine Revolution is the epitome, it is the history in brief of the struggle between civilization and barbarism, between antagonistic races, and opposing forces out of which modern Europe was developed only after long centuries of strife; and Sarmiento illustrates the development of this drama in his country—quickened by the tropical climate and teeming soil of the south, and the passionate inspiration of progress of the nineteenth century—by describ-

ing the careers of the representative men on both sides, by whom it was conducted.

The *Life in the Argentine Republic* is a work of striking genius, and yet as a history it has many defects. It assumes too much knowledge on the part of the reader to be easy of perusal, and it lacks a clear, sustained narrative—the background of the picture—connecting and fusing into a whole the vivid scenes that pass before the mind with bewildering rapidity. It contains, however, the important elements of a great historical work; the dramatic scenes that give such a work interest, and the philosophical principles that give it enduring value, and if the reader—remembering that it is impossible for an exhaustive history to be written by a contemporary of his own epoch—will undertake a little of the labor of the historian; if he will blend and fuse in his own mind the brilliant fragments with which Sarmiento presents him, in careless but artistic combination, he will be rewarded for his trouble by gaining a clear insight into one of the most remarkable national revolutions and rehabilitations of this century. Mrs. Mann's able "Preface" will aid him in performing this task, as it contains many of the historical data wanting in the work which she has so admirably translated.

It is impossible to leave this interesting subject without desiring to pay a personal tribute to Sarmiento, and without casting a final glance upon his glorious career. The good that he has done has been incalculable. The stars in their courses have fought, not against him (as in the case of Sisera and Louis Napoleon), but for him. He has succeeded as only that man can succeed who acts in harmony with great moral principles, and hence through whose every deed flows an infinite power. He has guided the Argentine Republic in safety through a conflict which threatened to overwhelm it with utter ruin; and has given it character and position as a nation. He has educated and given material prosperity to millions of individuals, and has taught his country to make use of her resources; thus opening to her exhaustless mines of wealth. Sarmiento's career offers an extreme contrast to that of Louis Napo-

leon. The life-work of the latter has been to deteriorate and exhaust a powerful and enlightened nation, at the head of whose government he was freely placed; while that of the former has been to build up an exhausted and deteriorated nation, through his personal influence. The difference between them, is that the one has sacrificed his country in the vain effort to establish his own fortunes; while the other has freely sacrificed his personal interests—what would be called so—in the successful effort of serving his country. Both are striking examples of the power for good or evil, that one man, who has courage to assume the control of events, can exert; a power so great that it does not merely influence, but may be said to create the destiny of the race.

Sarmiento's character combines qualities that are seldom seen united in the same individual: courage, enthusiasm, disinterestedness; the electric force of passion by which multitudes are thrilled and swayed; principle, and undying patience and perseverance. He stands to-day as a representative of the most advanced principles of education, of government, and of social reform, advocated in this country, or in the world, and as such he cannot fail to receive the sympathy and admiration of the great party of progress and freedom, wherever a single member of it is to be found. The greatest material reward that could have been bestowed upon him he has just received, since his election to the presidency is the acknowledgment of the Argentine people of the services that he had rendered them; and when we recall the immense influence that he exerted as a private citizen, and even as a persecuted exile, it is impossible to hope too much from his present exertions, now that he will have full scope to carry out his great and beneficent schemes for the elevation of his people. Unless all the analogies of history are falsified Sarmiento's administration will be, to the Argentine Republic, the dawn of a new era; the beginning of a glorious career of peace and prosperity, which will inaugurate in that country a civilization commensurate with the marvellous natural beauty and wealth for which South America is so remarkable.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

## UNITED STATES.

OUR August number closed with a record of the earlier ballots of the National Democratic Convention, which, on July 9th, nominated Horatio Seymour for President, and Francis P. Blair jr. for Vice-President. As the campaign on both sides fairly begins at this date, we group its subsequent features in a single summary.

—On July 8th the Republican State Convention of New York nominated for Governor John A. Griswold of Troy. The vote in the Convention stood for Griswold 247, for Horace Greeley 95, and for Stewart L. Woodford 86. Mr. Griswold is a nephew of Gen. John E. Wool, and was during youth a member of his family. He was educated to the iron business, and has amassed considerable wealth as an iron manufacturer and banker. He was first elected to office in 1855 as Mayor of Troy, on the Democratic ticket. On the breaking out of the rebellion he presided at the first Union war meeting in Troy, and assisted in raising three regiments, of which one was known as the Griswold Light Cavalry, afterwards the 21st New York. He was one of three to sustain the pecuniary risk of building the famous Monitor, to whose victory over the Merrimac we were indebted for the preservation of vast property, and perhaps of the Capitol itself. His services in promoting this enterprise were of the highest value to the country. In the following October he was nominated and elected as a Democrat to Congress. But the uniform support given by him while in Congress to all measures for the support of the Government, the maintenance of our financial credit, and the abolition of slavery, caused him to be re-nominated and elected by the Republicans, in 1864, and again in 1866. On this third nomination he was returned by a majority of 5,316 votes. His enterprise as an iron manufacturer has been no less a public benefaction than his political services. He is one of the introducers of the Bessemer process of making steel, which promises to substitute steel rails for iron throughout the country.

—On July 8th the Republican Convention of New Jersey nominated Hon. John I. Blair of Warren Co., and that of Maine renominated Governor Chamberlain.

—Wm. M. Evarts, having been previously nominated by the President as Attorney-General, was confirmed by the Senate on July 15th, and soon after entered on his office. Mr. Evarts, a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer of great acuteness and scholarship, has for several years occupied a leading position at the bar of New York city, and therefore of the country. He first attracted attention as Deputy U. S. District-Attorney for New York in certain Cuba filibustering cases, and afterward in the Lemmon slave case, Parish will cases, &c. He was run by the Seward-Weed wing of the Republican party for U. S. Senator, but was checkmated by Mr. Greeley, the contest resulting in the election of Judge Ira Harris. His previous affiliation with the Republican party gave to his services, as the leading counsel for the President on the impeachment trial, a political as well as a professional weight, and for this he is rewarded by the appointment of Attorney-General.

—On July 20th the President vetoed a joint resolution of Congress excluding the unreconstructed States (Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas) from having their votes counted in the Electoral College, and the same was passed over his veto.

—On July 16th the Republican Convention of Missouri nominated Hon. Jas. W. McClurg of St. Louis for Governor, on a platform strongly pledging the State to payment of the National Bonds in coin.

—The untimely death of Gen. Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) occurred on August 3d, in consequence of an overdose of chloroform, taken to soothe the agony of intense neuralgic pain. After fifteen years of literary labor, attended by indifferent success, Mr. Halpine, in 1861, while acting as Major on the staff of Gen. Hunter, began that series of witty, humorous, patriotic, pathetic, and poetic productions, mainly in verse, which caused the *nomme de plume* of Miles O'Reilly suddenly to blaze forth with the rare lustre of true genius. His authorship of the "Poems by the Letter H," and of the stanzas to the American flag beginning with the line

"Tear down that flaunting lie,"

are only revived as incidents rendered of

interest by his subsequent truly masterly productions, which are now being collected for publication.

—The Cornell University enters on its career free of debt, owning its real estate and buildings, and endowed, including the agricultural land grant of Congress, and the munificent donations of Mr. Cornell, with an income of \$66,000 a year. It aims to enable every young man seeking a University education to support himself by work either on the farm or in the workshop attached to the institution. President White returned from Europe in August, having secured valuable works for the College library, and the services, among others, of the eminent Prof. Goldwin Smith, late of Oxford, England, who designs taking up his residence in the United States, at least for the present, with the view of studying and writing upon our institutions.

—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens died in Washington, on August 11th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was born in Vermont, graduated at Dartmouth, removed to Pennsylvania and taught school, was admitted to the bar in 1816, at 23 years of age, practised in Adams Co. until 1842, then removed to Lancaster, where he continued to practise in the intervals of his official life. As a lawyer his forte lay in his knowledge of human nature, his bluntness of speech, and the indomitable will which bore down any moderate or merely intellectual opposition by sheer force and pluck. His bluntness caused him to be trusted by the common people as honest, though he excelled in a certain kind of shrewdness, indirection, and cunning. He served several terms in Congress without becoming specially prominent, but in the XXXIXth and XLth sessions the chief essentials of statesmanship were no longer knowledge of and reverence for the precedents of the past and the opinions of the compromisers, but innate original will, overwhelming force, and crushing energy in the direction of the intellectual, moral, and physical powers of the nation toward abolishing slavery and subduing the rebellion. The first Mr. Stevens had not, and therefore could not shine in the era of the Websters and Clays. The last he had in full degree, and they made him the recognized "leader of the House" in every struggle of the loyal with the disloyal element on the floors of Congress. His style of speech was like that of the best style of English Parliamentary orators, terse, epigrammatic, brief; touching only the imme-

diate question before the House, and relying as much on satire and audacity as on argument for his success.

—The Democratic Convention of New York, on September 3d, met at Albany and adopted a platform, the main feature of which was a more distinct assertion than had been made in the National platform, that such of the National Bonds as were not expressly payable in coin should be paid in currency. John T. Hoffman, who has been three times elected and is still serving as Mayor of New York, was nominated for Governor. Mr. Hoffman is well and favorably known in this city, and it is indirectly creditable to his personal character that Republicans are compelled to direct their attacks more at Mr. Hoffman's Democratic associates than at himself.

—The State election in Vermont, on September 1st, was approached with great interest by both parties, not from any doubt as to the result, but as a means of judging, from the Republican majority in this compared with former campaigns, whether the low ebb reached by the Republicans in 1867 still continued, or whether the tide were rising. Official returns have been received from nearly every part of the State, showing the vote for Page (Rep.) to be 42,527, against Edwards (Dem.) 15,274, leaving a Republican majority of 27,253, which the remaining returns will probably increase by about 100. The Republican majority last year was 20,184. The gain over the vote of 1867 is 10.7 per cent. on the total vote.

—Ex-Gov. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut died at Hartford, Sept. 3d, aged 61 years. He had been a lawyer, member of Congress from 1843 to 1845, served in Mexico as Major of a New England regiment, where he formed those personal acquaintances with Franklin Pierce and Jefferson Davis which so strongly influenced his political views and made him one of the most ultra Southern politicians on Northern soil. He was made a Colonel after the battle of Chepultepec—was elected Governor of Connecticut in 1850, and reelected three times, and was appointed Minister to Russia under President Pierce. He was an amiable man socially, of mediocre ability, kind as an officer, but relentless as a politician.

—An interesting political episode was the conference between Gen. Rosecrans and Gens. Lee and others late of the rebel army, at White Sulphur Springs, Va., embodied in their letters published September 4th. Gen.

Rosecrans assumes that those who controlled public opinion at the South during the rebellion still represent it, and that no basis of reconstruction can be just, peaceful, or lasting which does not treat these rebel leaders as the true representatives of the Southern States. Gen. Lee and a score of rebel officers reply, in substance, that they will be entirely satisfied with reconstruction on the basis of white suffrage only, leaving the rights of the late slaves in the hands of the late rebels, and removing all disabilities from the rebel class. During the earlier years of the war, when Gen. Grant had the reputation of being a conservative, Gen. Rosecrans was regarded as a radical. Their personal relations have not been friendly.

—The white members of the House of Representatives of Georgia, on September 3d, passed a resolution declaring that, by the present constitution of Georgia, colored men are ineligible to office, thereby expelling their twenty-four colored members from seats in the Legislature. Four more members, tainted with African blood, (quadroons and octo-rooms), were afterwards expelled. The act created intense excitement, especially as the expelled members were not allowed to vote upon the question, the chairman virtually deciding the question in advance of the house, and as thirty of the members voting for expulsion were ex-rebels, who were themselves ineligible to office under the XIVth Amendment, but who obtained their seats in part through the indulgence of those whom they afterward expelled.

—The election in Maine on September 14th was attended with more excitement and enthusiasm than prevailed in Vermont, owing to the very laborious and thorough canvass of the State by the speakers of both parties. The official returns from the entire State, except one town and twenty-seven plantations, are received, and show a total vote of 131,266, of which Governor Chamberlain (Rep.) received 75,835, and Pillsbury (Dem.) 55,431, leaving a Republican majority of 20,404, as against 11,614 in 1867, of 27,687 in 1866, and of 22,332 in 1865. The Legislature stands 29 Rep. and 2 Dem., and the House 119 Rep. and 89 Dem.—Republican majority on joint ballot 116, against 80 last year. From one district we have no returns, and one shows a tie vote.

—Congress met on September 21st pursuant to adjournment, as a precautionary measure, and after a session of 1 hour 10 minutes, adjourned to October 16th at noon.

—Fuel has been added to the smouldering fires of rebellion, and intense bitterness aroused throughout the State of Georgia, by the attempt of the sheriff of Mitchell Co. and some citizens to prevent a Republican meeting, consisting mainly of colored people, from being held at Camilla, a small town near the celebrated town of Andersonville, and by the riot and bloodshed which resulted from such attempt.

The facts are, that on the 15th Captain Pierce, late of the Union army, a Kentuckian by birth, and now a candidate for Congress from the district, accompanied by John Murphy, also late of the Union army, came to the village of Americus, unattended and unarmed, and proceeded to hold a political meeting in the Court House Square. The white inhabitants of the town turned out armed with pistols, and drove them and the members of the Republican meeting out of the Square. Pierce and Murphy escaped by a side entrance, found concealment for a few hours in the house of a friend, and at night, though the roads to a considerable distance from the town were picketed, and every means was used to find and murder them, they evaded their pursuers in safety and reached their homes. But on the 19th, being engaged to speak at Camilla, they approached the town attended by about 70 colored Republicans, most of whom were armed. On the way they were joined by others, until nearly 400 had assembled. The Sheriff and his posse warned them not to enter the town, to which they replied by demanding that he should protect them in their right to hold a political meeting unmolested. On entering the town they were fired upon, and after returning the fire in part, they fled. Of the white or Democratic party none were killed, and but six were wounded. Of the colored or Republican party several were killed, and an unknown number, variously stated at from sixty to eighty, were wounded.

#### FOREIGN.

THE most extended earthquake recorded in history, and one of the most destructive and terrible since the unparalleled convulsion at Lisbon in 1755, began in Peru on the 13th of August, extended into Chili to the southward on the 14th, and then into Ecuador to the northward on the 16th, pervading the whole western coast of South America throughout forty degrees of latitude, and from the Andes to the Pacific Ocean. Twenty towns and cities were utterly demolished, be-



ing first shaken into fragments or swallowed up by the opening fissures, and the wreck submerged and buried beyond recognition by the ocean, which first retired hundreds of feet and then advanced in a huge tidal wave, sweeping landward like a wall of water fifty feet high, and bearing every thing before it to destruction. The loss of life is estimated at 20,000, and the loss of property is placed by the Peruvian Government at \$300,000,000. Whole blocks of edifices were swept away in a moment. Ships lying at anchor, including two vessels of our Navy—the steamer *Waterloo* and the storeship *Fredonia*—were taken up, borne far inland, dashed to fragments, and their crews lost. The convulsions began with a terrible trembling and rocking of the earth, which lasted incessantly for ten minutes. Those of the inhabitants who were not immediately buried under their falling dwellings, rushed into the streets and plazas and fled toward the hills. Many were stifled by the nauseous fumes, poisonous mineral vapors and dust which poured up from the yawning fissures and crevasses. On the seacoast, thousands who escaped these dangers were suddenly overtaken and surrounded by the ocean wave which poured landward at the rate of ten miles an hour. Outrage, conflagration, and pillage added to the horrors of the scene, which forms one of the most appalling catastrophes in history. Mr. Ferrar de Canto, editor of the Spanish journal *El Cronista*, of this city, has undertaken, with the sanction of the Peruvian Minister at Washington, to collect subscriptions for the benefit of the sufferers.

—The troubles which have been brewing in Spain for several years, and the popular and official hostility to the excesses of the dissolute Queen Isabella, have culminated in a revolution which, at latest accounts, bids fair to sweep away the throne of this last of the Bourbon sovereigns. General Prim, the leader of the insurgent forces, left Paris and met the generals who were recently exiled by the Government, at Cadiz. The ironclad *Saragossa* opened the insurrection by bringing her guns to bear on the royal troops garrisoning the city. These surrendering, the city of Cadiz declared for the insurgents. Each general then sailed to pre-arranged points on the coast, and simultaneously raised the standard of revolt. By September 22d the provinces of Corunna, Lugo, Orense, Pontevedra, Murcia, Alcacete, Huesca, Zaragoza, and Fernel had pronounced for the revolution. The provinces of Barce-

lona, Tarragona, Lerida and Gerona declared for universal suffrage and a change of sovereigns. Gonzalez Bravo, the prime minister, resigned and fled. Queen Isabella, at San Sebastian, attempted to reach Madrid, but found the road blocked by the revolutionists. General Concha took command of the royal troops. A provisional government was formed by the rebels at Seville, the headquarters of the insurrection, and risings occurred in Galicia and throughout Andalusia. Martial law was proclaimed throughout Spain, but the greater part of the country rapidly passed into the control of the insurgents, and the efforts of the Government to stem the tide were ineffectual, and grew daily weaker. Rumor is divided whether the revolutionists will be content with the abdication of the Queen in favor of her infant son Alphonse, now eleven years of age, and the calling of a National Cortez to settle the succession, and appoint a regency; or whether the demand will be for the transfer of the throne to the Duke de Montpensier, of the House of Orleans, husband of the Queen's sister; or whether they will prefer the accession of the Count of Girgenti, a Neapolitan Bourbon, husband of the eldest daughter of Queen Isabella. Espartero is proclaimed by a portion of the rebels President of the Provisional Government, while other accounts represent General Serrano, the Duke de la Torre, to be acting as the Civil Head of the Revolutionary Forces. The insurrection spread into the city of Grenada, but there, after a fight of two hours, was suppressed. General Gasset, commanding Valencia, is reported to have been seized by the mob, killed, and his dead body dragged through the streets. General Senader, sent with a force of royal troops against the Province of Santander, joined the insurgents. General Prim was reported marching northward with 20,000 troops. The Queen has at last advised retired into France, had an interview with the Emperor and been assigned the Castle of Pau as a residence during her absence from the Spanish throne. Both the minister and the General de la Concha have resigned, and it is rumored have joined the revolution, which indeed seems to have completely succeeded. Mr. Domez has been called to the head of the provincial Government, and it is rumored that the ancient claims of the House of Savoy to the throne of Spain are to be recognized in the person of the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel.

## LITERATURE.

*A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant*, by ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, (American Publishing Co., Hartford.) Ulysses S. Grant, whilom tanner, present General-in-Chief and probably future President of the United States, is undergoing a severe ordeal; he is having his biography written, not by one, but by many pens; and worthy of commemoration as are many of the events of his life, we presume he is weary enough of having them continually re-chronicled. Fortunate is he in having an experience that will stand so searching an investigation, and reveal so little of which his countrymen need be ashamed.

Among the many biographies that have been produced within the present year, Mr. Richardson's book will take high rank; it is less full and exact in its description of military operations than the more exhaustive work of Colonel Badeau, and naturally the staff-officers would have had better opportunities for obtaining the facts of the campaigns, and better knowledge for analyzing them than the newspaper correspondent. But what Mr. Richardson has to relate, he gives us in a simple, straightforward style, and succeeds in making a very comprehensive and comprehensible picture of the great movements of Grant's Armies, which are the really interesting facts of Grant's life. What qualities for statesmanship, and capacities for ruling a nation General Grant may, and we trust does possess, his life has given him thus far but little opportunity to set forth.

Mr. Richardson entitles his work a "Personal History," but even his graceful pen has not succeeded in investing with much interest the person of the captain, the house-agent, and the tanner. Grant's actions first become to us of value when as a Colonel he shows a capacity for commanding men, and increase in interest in exact ratio to the increase in the responsibility and importance of his command. A few qualities stand out in bold relief, there may be many latent; but we know Grant as a soldier, and the strong common-sense, clear judgment, modest self-reliance, and integrity of purpose, of which he has shown himself possessed, will stand him in good stead in the performance of the more complicated duties of the Presidency.

Mr. Richardson errs, we think, as a biographer, in not calling attention to the blunders as well as the successes of his hero, forgetting that the greatest commanders have been

those who have educated themselves from their mistakes, have drawn victory from failure. No one, probably, would be more ready than Grant himself to admit that the position of the army at Pittsburg Landing showed bad generalship; that the bloody repulse at Cold Harbor proved a miscalculation of the strength of the enemy's position, and of the fighting capacity of his wearied troops; or that the humiliating disaster at Ream's Station arose from a careless under-rating of the strength and vigilance of his opponent; but we claim that one of the strongest titles to generalship that Grant possesses is that firm persistency which won victory from disaster at Shiloh, and would not allow itself to be turned from its purpose by such checks as Cold Harbor and Ream's Station. Mr. Richardson's book is carefully written, and contains few errors of statement. He speaks of Danville, to be sure, as being in North Carolina, and says that Sheridan reformed his line at Cedar Creek without profanity, which piece of information was certainly not obtained from the members of the sixth or nineteenth Corps; but the work, as a whole, is useful and trustworthy, and will doubtless remain one of the standard biographies of our future President.

OLIVER OPTIC, the indefatigable, has written a life of Grant, intended for boy-readers, and entitled "Our Standard Bearer." It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Mr. Adams' books are always brightly written, full of information, and attractive to his boy-readers. It is, perhaps, fortunate for the latter that the war-times are over, as the Standard Bearer throws such a *coulour de rose* over the experience of a soldier that they might otherwise be tempted to make a general exodus to the field of glory, with the view of becoming lieutenant-generals at once.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also publish a memoir of Grant & Colfax by Hon. CHARLES A. PHELPS, late Speaker of the House of Representatives. His volume is compact and concise; arranged for campaign reading.

*Our Branch and its Tributaries*; being a History of the Work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries during the War of the Rebellion. By Mrs. SARAH E. HENSHAW. 8vo. pp. 432. Chicago: Al-

fred L. Sewell. The Commission, whose history this handsome and well-written volume narrates, worked four years; received and expended over \$400,000; distributed about 70,000 packages, containing three hundred and thirty-five different kinds of goods and provisions. It was the centre of operations for some 3,000 auxiliary societies all over the Northwest, and in its vast and immeasurably useful labors, 30,000 women did noble service. But neither words nor figures can in the remotest degree approach a statement of the value of the misery and the agony prevented and cured, the comfort given, the health secured, and the lives saved, by the Commission. Tears and thanks together have thousands of times failed to express the gratitude of some one poor fellow for his individual benefit received from the Commission; but neither arithmetic nor calculus, neither rhetoric nor narrative can condense that sum total of good done into a table, nor spread it into a speech.

Mrs. Henshaw has prepared a clear and plain narrative of the facts of the work of the Commission, set here and there with many striking and effective illustrative anecdotes. This judicious management both gives interest to the book, and gradually affords the reader, through his sympathies, a real apprehension of the work.

In announcing the book, Mr. Alfred L. Sewell, the publisher, takes a very justifiable pride in the fact that the book is so thoroughly a Western production. Its paper and type were made and its stereotyping executed in the West; its printing done there, on a Chicago-made press; its maps drawn and printed, and its binding done, in Chicago. The printing ink is, apparently, English; but we are sorry to say that no first-class printing ink is made, to our knowledge, in America. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Sewell in the very satisfactory excellence of his publication in every mechanical particular, and we are glad that literature and typography find so encouraging a home in the Northwestern Metropolis.

*The Natural Wealth of California*, comprising Early History, Geography, Topography and Scenery; Agriculture, Geology, Mineralogy and Mines, etc. With a Detailed Description of each County. By TITUS FEY CRONISE. Roy. 8vo. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. Cronise has compiled a very handsome volume, whose manufacture is wholly Cali-

fornian and is a credit to the typographical art of the Pacific coast. The statistical value of the work is great, for it embodies the most recent as well as full information, having been prepared during the year preceding its publication, and with the aid of competent authorities in its various departments. Portions of the work, very naturally, give token of its rapid preparation. We think that investigation and reflection would have caused Mr. Cronise to modify the unqualified terms of the following marvellous story:

"The armor belonging to Montezuma, which was obtained by Cortes, and is now in the museum at Madrid, is known to be of Asiatic manufacture, and to have belonged to one of Kubla Khan's (*sic*) generals."

Which one? This statement is part of an argument to show that the Aztecs were Mongolians. If authenticated we shall not be surprised at a San Francisco reprint of the general roster of Kubla Khan's army, or to find it shown that Montezuma (died A. D. 1520) had inherited all the treasures of the "stately pleasure dome," which Kubla Khan (died A. D., 1294, two centuries earlier) decreed in the hitherto little known region of Xanadu, as recorded by the historian Coleridge.

Of a like visionary nature is the statement that "Alta" in the name "Alta California" "is a word of Mongolian origin, signifying gold." The perfectly obvious fact of course is, that Alta California is Spanish for Upper California, as distinguished from the Peninsula. These however are minor defects. As a whole, Mr. Cronise's book affords an interesting and valuable picture of the natural advantages of this powerful young State, and of the present extent to which those advantages have been developed by man.

*The Amazon*, by FRANZ DINGELSTEDT. Translated from the German by J. M. HART. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1863. Upon Dingelstedt's "Amazon" has fallen the honor of opening Messrs. Putnam & Son's promised series of translations from the German. The selection is, we think, a happy one; for the author, who has long been known in Germany as one of the ablest literary critics and translators of Shakespeare, himself makes, in the "Amazon," his debut as a novelist. Dingelstedt is at present director of the Royal Theatre in Vienna, if we mistake not, and the "Amazon" is an artistic embodiment of the experiences of art-life and human nature which he has gathered in

that capacity. The principal heroine is a prima donna, the hero a celebrated painter; to match them, we have a diplomatist and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, while the banker himself furnishes the golden background. The action of the novel is both easy and powerful (to borrow an expressive German word, *schwinghaft*); the reader is carried along from page to page, from chapter to chapter, with an interest that never flags. In our experience of novel reading we cannot remember a more piquant laying of the plot than that contained in Chapter V., "Diplomatic Intervention;" while Chapter X., "A four-handed Game," containing the dénouement, is a gem of character-analysis. The personages are all sharply drawn, and move naturally. Beside, the entire work is pervaded with the subtlest and most exquisite spirit of humor—all the more unusual in a German author. We cannot better characterize this ethereal quality than by saying that it reminds us of Heine in his happiest moods; but with all his gall extracted. The author's humor is most frolicsome in his description of maestro Bullermann's projected opera, "The Deluge;" but, in our opinion, it attains its perfection in the artist Roland's quaint and vigorous letter, which concludes the work. The "Amazon" bids fair to be the opening wedge to a long and successful series of translations, which shall offer to the American reader the cream of recent German literature.

*What Answer?* By ANNA E. DICKINSON. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.) This novel would not satisfy the requirements of Mr. Taine, the great French critic. It is didactic, which he thinks novels should never be. It moralizes, and a moralizing novelist Mr. Taine abominates. Moreover, the moral element in Miss Dickinson's book predominates over every thing else. The æsthetic is merely the channel by which she seeks to convey it. She writes, not under the inspiration of art, but under the inspiration of justice. Instead of sacrificing every thing to art, which is Mr. Taine's recipe for a good novel, she bends every thing to the defence

of her great gospel of fair play, as opposed to the monstrous prejudices that exist against the colored race. But, because to our minds art should always be the servant of justice, the æsthetic the hand-maid of the moral, we give this book a hearty welcome. It was evidently not written from any desire to shine in literature as on the rostrum, but from a living wish to further with her pen the same great lesson of humanity that she has been enforcing with her living voice. Of course, Miss Dickinson's admirers will be satisfied with the result. But, if we are not mistaken, many who cannot be classed as such will be pleasantly surprised at the absence of extravagance and any attempt at fine writing, qualities which some of her Lyceum performances would lead them to expect. She tells her story with great calmness, and in a most simple and straightforward manner. It is the story, all too true, of the prejudice against the black race everywhere existing in America. Various incidents of the late war are woven into it in a skillful and interesting manner. The heroine is Miss Ercildoune, whose father was a mulatto, whose mother an English lady, "excessively (?) beautiful." The hero, William Surrey, a high-minded Northern youth. Side by side with the fortunes and misfortunes of these leading characters, we have the "fixæ, pax, et oscula" of James and Sallie, the development of whose interests helps the main story, and illustrates in various ways the main idea of the book. In short, Miss Dickinson has done well during these summer months, when her voice is necessarily silent, to vary with a book the form of her apostleship.

Under the rather fanciful title, *The Gospel in the Trees*, Mr. ALEXANDER CLARK, a Methodist clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa., has given expression to many pious as well as poetical thoughts. The latter part of the volume contains Mr. Clark's *Pulpit Opinions on Common Things*, which are uttered with considerable pith and point. The author is evidently a man of earnest convictions, and not trammelled by denominational bands or shackles.

#### TABLE-TALK.

A FEW weeks ago, all America and England were talking about Mr. Roebuck's speech at the dinner given by the Master Cutlers of Sheffield to the American Minister, Mr. Reverdy Johnson. Perhaps we shall be doing Mr. Roebuck too much honor

by recalling the fact, that any speech of his was ever able to engage, for even the shortest time, the attention of two great peoples. And indeed, under ordinary circumstances, nothing that a man of Mr. Roebuck's political character and antecedents could say, would

be entitled to any notice whatever. His course toward the American people, during the late war, showed a nature controlled by a spiteful ill-temper, and the language in which he expressed himself was simply, considering his situation as a member of Parliament, grossly indecent. The part he played was that of a stirrer-up of strife between two friendly nations: he took the side of the South, not because he cared a penny for her welfare, but because he thought that the best way to destroy our Government; and he was so little of a statesman as to think that England would profit by the ruin of the United States. He did all that one man of little ability who had wriggled into a public situation could do, to irritate America against England, by taunts, and jeers, and insulting propositions, and by throwing the whole weight of his place in favor of those who were, every day, making English professions of neutrality ridiculous. This, against America, but all the time he was doing an equal wrong to England. He knew nothing of the real situation between the North and the South, and he wished to know nothing, for that ignorance left him free to invent what facts he needed, to inflame and excite the minds of his countrymen. England owes him no thanks, that she was not hurried into a wicked war with a nation which ought to be her strongest friend. To bring about such a war, Mr. Roebuck worked, unwearied, from the beginning of the Rebellion, to the end of it. Such powers as he had, he consecrated to that dishonorable purpose. And nothing but the fact that his intellectual powers are small, prevented his succeeding in his wicked attempt. Nor, when we speak in this way of Mr. Roebuck, are we by any means ignorant that he was not alone, either in his ill-will or in the expression of it. We have not forgotten Mr. Ruskin, nor Mr. Kingsley, nor Mr. Carlyle, nor Mr. Trollope. But Mr. Ruskin confined his ignorance and his insolence to the pages of those little books of his which few persons can have had the patience to read, and which no one having read could have cared to remember. Mr. Kingsley contented himself with retailing, in private, the slanders and inventions with which he was supplied from this side the water. Mr. Carlyle, who has long entertained a, no doubt perfectly sincere, contempt for the America of his imagination, continued during the war to express that contempt in epigrammatic utterances in private from his tripod, and only now and then gave vent to

his irritation in print. Last, and not least, Mr. Anthony Trollope followed in the footsteps of his famous mother, and looked at all things American through the grievance of his stolen books, as she, through the grievance of her shipwrecked "Bazaar." These people all wished us evil as cordially as did Mr. Roebuck, but they were not animated with the same persistent zeal. They could sting once, like the bees. But he had the damnable iteration of the mosquito, who can hum, and sting, and suck blood, all night.

Yet such was the man whom the Master Cutlers of Sheffield secured as their spokesman on the occasion of their first meeting the newly-appointed American minister. We believe that England is the only country in the world where people are capable of the rudeness of inviting a man to dinner and insulting him during the meal with disparaging remarks about his country and his countrymen. We, ourselves, have gone through this experience. After an evening spent in parrying attacks of this nature, made with all that graceful ease and delicacy of expression in which the English so nearly rival the French, our host, on conducting us to the door, politely expressed a hope that nothing of all that had been said would be taken by us in bad part. To this delicately veiled confession of the company's offence against good breeding, what was there to say? We could only assure our friend, that, it not being the custom in our part of the world to entertain a guest by ridiculing his government and fellow-countrymen, we had, it was true, been a little unprepared for the entertainment provided for us, but that we were quite willing to take it for granted that these were the manners of his country, and to think as charitably of them as was possible. For some reason or other not easily understood, the English newspapers, in writing on the subject of Mr. Roebuck's speech, seem to have one and all become frightfully Americanized. With one consent they refuse to look at the affair through English spectacles, but criticise it by the elevated standard of private good-manners and international civility. The tone of the entire English press, including even the *London Times*, praiseworthy as it is, is yet in almost ludicrous contrast to what it was in similar circumstances during the war. If this dinner had been in 1862, instead of in 1868, we should then have read, not this energetic rating of poor Roebuck, nor this stern rebuke of the unhappy Master Cutlers for their awkwardness in inviting such a



Bobadil to speak for them at their feast of the Lion and the Lamb, but sarcasm, none too delicate, upon the thin-skinnedness of Brother Jonathan, and polite inquiries as to why Mr. Johnson did not leave the table if he did not like what he heard there. "Punch" would have called upon Mr. Tenniel, a Swiss, who serves any cause for pay, to draw a cartoon, in which Mr. Johnson should be represented as Pistol, humbly eating the leek held out by the rough but chivalrous Fluellen-Roeback; and the wits who make that journal such a weekly storehouse of Attic salt, would have pursued our minister with a phrase whose exquisite irony was during that year heard everywhere in England, and which was enough of itself to prove how superior in delicacy and point English wit is to that of France, "How are your poor feet?" This is what we should have had to put up with in 1862. But, now, we have changed all that; and, from Liverpool to London, "etiquette" is the word, and "Oh! Fie, Mr. Roeback!" and "Pray excuse the fellow, Mr. Minister Johnson, he really doesn't know any better!"

After all, we feel some pity for Mr. Roeback. He must be a good deal astonished and chagrined at the way in which his countrymen have turned upon him. He is in something like the predicament of a mastiff, who has been encouraged by his owner, year after year, to bark at a certain neighbor against whom a long-established grudge is cherished, and who has done what was expected of him with a hearty good will, never failing to fly out at the right moment, to snap at the unoffending gentleman's legs, and occasionally treating himself to choice pieces from his calves, but who finds himself some fine morning, unexpectedly collared by his wrathful master, shaken, beaten, and left nearly for dead at the gate, for nothing but for doing with a little more zeal than usual, that for which, up to the very morning of his punishment, he had been patted, praised and treated to the very choicest bit of the roast.

As for Mr. Minister Johnson, he played exactly the part we have been long accustomed to expect from every old Democratic politician in the presence of an emergency demanding the spirit of a man of breeding. He ate the leek with humble thankfulness. His strongest remonstrance seems to have been Pistol's weakest: "Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat!" Mr. Roeback's defence is (for, actually, the hue-and-cry has

obliged him to turn, and face his pursuers!)—that Mr. Johnson is not at all displeased at what he said after dinner; that his relations with that gentleman have been most cordial; that when Mr. Johnson finds fault with him it will be time enough for other people to take him up; that all he said was true, and that nobody knows it better than Mr. Johnson, &c., &c. Now we would not, on any account, have had our minister displace the mirth, or break the good meeting with admired disorder, on the strength of any barking or snarling of Mr. Roeback's. We should be well content if he had taken no notice of that person's words in public, and refused to have any intercourse with him in private. The American minister is not called upon, we trust, to bandy words with any one, much less with Englishmen of the Roeback breed. But, we are very sure that no American of any character will thank him for having pocketed the insult in the way he did on the first public opportunity afterward, or for so treating Mr. Roeback in private as to make him feel that he had committed no offence whatever.

We believe it to be a fact, and if it be, it is certainly an unexplained one, that critics and book-buyers have an ill-concealed hostility to small volumes of poetry. With critics, indeed, this hostility cannot be said to be concealed at all. This is, perhaps, because they are called upon to deal directly with them; they must consider them, whether they will or not; they cannot ignore them, and, as a rule, they have great difficulty in finding any thing to say about them. The mere book-buyer, on the other hand, only turns up his nose at the poor, thin things, and passes by. He can, at once, despise them, and avoid them; but they come and sit down at the very table of the critic, and he can only get rid of them by expressing an opinion about them. They are seldom worth being savage upon. Still seldomer, can any thing be said in praise of them. If the book should chance to have been written by a woman, no censure is permitted, except in extreme cases, beyond what is conveyed in a paternal recommendation to the author to be contented in her sphere—it being always taken for granted that every woman has a sphere,—and not to fancy that she is a poet because Sappho was one. No critic who respects the laws of the guild will ever poke fun at a woman-writer, or praise her satirically, or say any thing unkind about her in

print. He may, if he happens to be an ill-controlled person, flirt her book from one end of the study to the other, or scribble caricatures on the margins of the leaves, or do any other rude and bearish thing. But, when he comes to write about her in the newspapers, he will lay aside his wrath, or veil it in smiles and affability. We do not remember ever to have seen a woman's writings that deserved oblivion, condemned to it without ceremony. Bold would be the man that should try it. Even Mrs. Sigourney, the feminine of the Titcomb species in this country was treated by critics, everywhere, with a charity more than Christian. Yet, how they must have longed to give her her deserts! We do remember, how, once on a time, a distinguished countryman of ours put an equally distinguished countrywoman in the pillory, and made us all laugh at his witty injustice; but, then, the lady in question had given the first blow, and had nothing to expect but a blow in return. When Elizabeth fetches Essex a box of the ear, he must be more than Essex, or less, if he do not at least clap his hand to his sword. But this striking exception only proves the rule. We should have thought nothing of it, if it had not been so uncommon. With a man's book it is vastly different. There is Humdrum, the male of the Sigourney species in this country; who ever hesitated to speak his mind about him, from any motive of pity or tenderness? There is, probably, no purer pleasure than that of picking an unfortunate poet's maiden volumes to pieces. At least, we should judge so, by the air with which it is always done, when a good hand takes up the dissecting knife and pincers. Usually, the plan is for the demonstrator to pick off little bits, one by one, some larger and some smaller, and hold them up on the point of an epigrammatic sentence for the class, the public, we mean, to examine. Sometimes the critic finds a little trembling preface, or introductory apology, or like deprecatory scrap, which he seizes with avidity, and makes the most cold-blooded remarks upon, like a professor at the dissecting table, over the heart of an infant. Or, if he thinks it will serve his purpose better, he will wait until a dozen or so of these luckless young poets, presuming on his apparent indifference, have come up in a body and rung his door-bell, when he will suddenly dart out upon them, seize them all with one fell swoop, and serve them up with whatever tickling sauce he can concoct, in one deliciously ridiculous batch

for the coarse delight of his readers. But, whichever way he takes, if the poets are of the male sex they might as well ask mercy of the rugged Russian bear, as of him. Criticism of books is, at the best, a dry and thankless task, especially when, as in these days, the books that are to be criticised have first to be read. It used to be much more entertaining to the writer, and was equally improving to the reader, when the critic exercised his imagination by guessing at the contents of the book he was reviewing, or showed his ingenuity by writing articles pretending to be about them but in which they were never alluded to after the first paragraph. Now, however, a so-called reform has invaded this domain, as every other, and people who read reviews of books are tediously pernickacious to learn something about them. The presumed duty of answering this demand makes the reviewer's province a sufficiently dreary one, and what he would do for amusement, if he were deprived of the privilege of freely hunting down, and bagging, the smaller game that he starts, in the shape of poets, male and female, we really do not know. We hope this poor remnant of his former freedom and enjoyment will not be taken away from him by the unco' guid. What are the feelings of a few unknown authors who have had the temerity to venture into the field of literature without any summons from gods or men, compared to the refined sensations of the critic, as he skilfully impales these silly butterflies on his more or less witty pen?

The above remarks are apropos of the publication of the prettiest little book we have seen for a long time in this age of the Macmillans, the Leypold-&-Holts, and the Bell-and-Daldys: the poems, namely, of the late notorious Adah Isaac Menken, whose recent death, in Paris, seems likely to draw the veil from what must have been a curious character. For several years her name has been associated, in the public mind, only with theatrical performances in which the limit of shamelessness was reached and overleaped, and with rumors of a private life that was popularly believed to have matched in lawlessness and dissoluteness all that was known of her in public. Claiming, at one time, to be the wife of Heenan the prize-fighter, but disclaimed by him, she was disclaimed by other men whose name she from time to time assumed. Of late, she had lived in Paris, and photographs representing

her sitting on the knee of the elder Dumas, he in his shirt and trousers, and she in the simple dress of an acrobat when that is simplest,—the couple looking very much like the male and female gorilla—have been freely circulated all over Europe, and in this country. As is well known, her wide-spread notoriety was gained chiefly by her performance of the character of Mazeppa, in the melodrama of that name, in which she made all the display of her person that the law allows, and by that display amassed a considerable fortune. As for her acting, it is said to have been beneath contempt, and, indeed, she never associated her name with any part that did not admit of the indecent displays she was so ready to make. Such being all that the public had ever known or heard of this woman up to the time of her death, it is not a little surprising to be told, that she was a woman of genius, that she wrote religious poetry of a high order, and that she had many excellent virtues! Her poems have been published, and, as we have said, in a very attractive form, but we do not know by whom. Before our copy reached us we read somewhere that they were to be issued by that refuge of the Bohemians, John Camden Hotten of London. But the English edition bears no publisher's name. It is printed on the most delicate toned paper, in the clearest print, and is illustrated with a number of small wood cuts, some of which are very pretty, and with a well engraved head—a steel vignette—of the author. There is also a photo-lithograph copy of a note from Mr. Dickens in which he accepts the Dedication of the volume offered him by Miss Menken herself. We presume that Mr. Dickens would not have written just the note that this is, unless he knew more of the person he addressed than the world has been permitted to know. Indeed, we have it from one who knew her that she was a woman extremely amiable, quick at repartee, and so soft-hearted to suffering fellow-mortals, that she gave away her money in charity as fast she earned it. We dare say that, in one way or another, we shall soon learn enough to enable us to judge fairly of this remarkable phenomenon. We wish it may be possible to get from some one a statement that shall depend for its value and interest on the plain unvarnished truth of it, and into which as little as possible of the "sensation" element may be allowed to enter. As for her book of poems, it is but fair to say that while the greater number of them are allied in their

structure to the rhapsodical, fragmentary, and often incoherent verses of Ossian, and Walt Whitman, and the so-called "Prophetic Books" of William Blake, they do often show the possession of the poetical sense, and are interesting not only from their origin, but in themselves. Here is a touch that recalls Tennyson's

—"And light

As flies the shadow of a bird she fled."

"Visions of Beauty, of Light and of Love,  
Born in the soul of a Dream,  
Lost like the phantom-bird under the dove,  
When she flies over a stream—"

This, too, that follows is poetic, and the epithet applied to the moon is striking—

"And promised that I should know the sweet Sisterhood of the stars,  
Promised that I should live with the crooked moon  
In her eternal beauty."

But there are not many quotable, nay, to speak frankly, there are not many readable, poems in this little volume. Two, we should like to quote, "One Year Ago" and "Working and Waiting;" this last suggested by our townsman, Carl Muller's, statue of the Seamstress, at the Dusseldorf Gallery. "Working and Waiting" is a little poem on the same subject as Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and though not so striking in form and expression, as that famous lyric, it seems to us far fuller of feeling, more touching in its sincerity. In truth, these poems have left a far deeper impression on our mind, as we have read them, than any thing in their literary execution, or even in the ideas that the writer labors, in vain for the most part, to express with clearness, would make appear reasonable, if we had room for pages of extracts. We feel that this woman carried about with her a suffering heart, that she aspired after a better life than the one she led, that she was conscious of powers misused, and that she struggled vainly in the meshes of a net woven by her want of early training, by passions she was never taught to control, and by circumstances that finally became too strong for her. If we read her verses aright, she was a mother, and she had deeply loved some one who had betrayed and abandoned her. Such a story must move any human heart to pity, and it is with the sincerest pity that we have closed this book.

PROFESSOR MORLEY's volume of selections from the Cavalier and Puritan poetry of the Seventeenth Century, has appeared, and in it we find the promised fac-simile of the new poem by Milton, of the discovery of which

we gave an account in our last number. Mr. Morley presents his readers with "The Epitaph" in two forms, first in a photo-lithograph copy of the original manuscript, and then in an exact reading of the manuscript, in modern type, retaining all the abbreviations and contractions, the old spelling, the lacunæ, and the doubtful words, these last in brackets. This reading will be found below, carefully printed from Mr. Morley's book. It shows, as the reader will perceive, the way in which the writing was made to fit the small page of the first edition of the Minor Poems. The photo-lithograph copy shows us, too, what we cannot convey by our type, the way in which the clumsy stamp of the British Museum has obliterated the first letter of the signature.

The person whose business it was to stamp the book and prevent theft, has done his office so intelligently as to make it impossible for the owners of the book to have any more benefit from the possession of the signature than the thief would have. Moreover, if the photo-lithograph has not blurred the copy, it is not altogether creditable to the judgment of Mr. Bond—the keeper of the MSS. Department of the British Museum—that he should so unhesitatingly have pronounced the first letter of the signature to be a P, and not a J. With the strongest magnifier at our command, we find it impossible to say that the letter is either one or the other. But, then, we suppose that, in the original, the ink of the stamp and that of the copy are different in color.

## AN EPITAPH.

*He whom Heaven did call away  
Out of this Hermitage of clay,  
Has left some reliques in this Urne  
As a pledge of his returne.*

*Meane while y<sup>e</sup> Muses doe deplore  
The losse of this their paramour  
W<sup>h</sup>om he sported ere y<sup>e</sup> day  
Budded forth its tender ray.*

*And now Apollo leaues his laies  
And puts on cypres for his bayes.  
The sacred sisters tune their quills  
Onely to y<sup>e</sup> blubbering rills  
And whilst his doome they thinke upon  
Make their owne teares their Helicon.*

*Leaving y<sup>e</sup> two-topt mount diuine  
To turne votaries to his shrine.  
Think not (reader) mee lesse blest  
Sleeping in this narrow cist  
Than if my ashes did lie hid  
Under some stately pyramid.*

*If a rich tombe makes happy, y<sup>e</sup>  
That Bee was happier far y<sup>e</sup> men  
Who busie in y<sup>e</sup> thymie wood  
Was fettered by y<sup>e</sup> golden flood,  
Wch frō y<sup>e</sup> Amber-weeping Tree  
Distilleth downe so plenteously.  
ffor so this little wanton Elfe  
Most gloriously enshroud it selfe.*

*A tombe whose beauty might compare  
W<sup>h</sup> Cleopatra's sepulcher.*

*In this little bed my dust  
Incurtained round I here entrust,  
Whilst my more pure and nobler part  
Lyes entomb'd in every heart.*

*Then pass on gently ye y<sup>e</sup> mourne,  
Touch not this mine hollow'd Urne*

*When this cold nummes  
shall retrace  
By a more y<sup>e</sup> chymick  
heat.  
[?] M. 10<sup>th</sup>. 1647.*

*This plant, th[us] calcined into dust  
In its Ashes rest it myght.  
Untill fauēt P[ro]p[he]cie shall Inspire  
A softning and [pro]p[he]cie fire  
And in her sojourn as me enfold  
This Heavy and this earthy mould  
Then, as I am Ile be no more  
But bloom and blesome . . . b . . . f . . .*

*These Ashes w<sup>h</sup> doe here remaine  
A vitall tincture still retain  
A feminall forme within y<sup>e</sup> deeps  
Of this little chaos sleepe.  
The thread of life untwisted is  
Into its first confusions;  
Infant nature cradled here  
In its principles appeare.*